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HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE.

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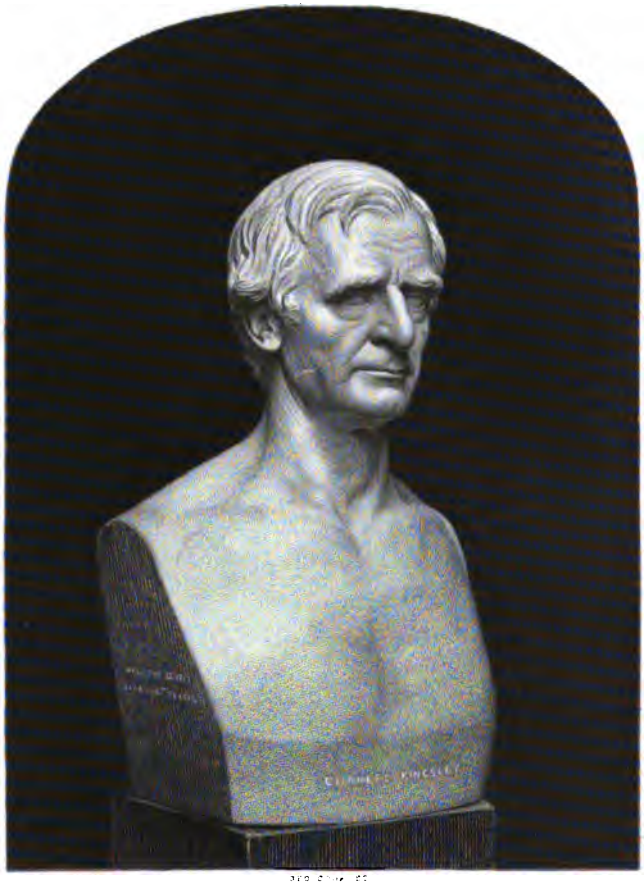

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BUST BY WOOLNER

Fame for which he cared so little has come to him. He lies beside in the Baptistery of Westminster Abbey by the side of his friend Frederick Maurice, and in the Temple of Fame which will be consecrated to the period of Victoria and Albert, Keene will be a niche for Charles Kingsley the author of "Alton Locke and Hypatia."

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CHARLES KINGSLEY

HIS LETTERS

AND

MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE.

EDITED BY HIS WIFE.

ABRIDGED FROM THE LONDON EDITION.

" Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."
SPENSER'S " FAERIE QUEEN," Book I., Canto ix.

NEW YORK:
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Dedicated

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY

OF

A RIGHTEOUS MAN

WHO LOVED GOD AND TRUTH ABOVE ALL THINGS.
A MAN OF UNTARNISHED HONOUR—
LOYAL AND CHIVALROUS—GENTLE AND STRONG—
MODEST AND HUMBLE—TENDER AND TRUE—
PITIFUL TO THE WEAK—YEARNING AFTER THE ERRING—
STERN TO ALL FORMS OF WRONG AND OPPRESSION,
YET MOST STERN TOWARDS HIMSELF—
WHO BEING ANGRY, YET SINNED NOT.
WHOSE HIGHEST VIRTUES WERE KNOWN ONLY
TO HIS WIFE, HIS CHILDREN, HIS SERVANTS, AND THE POOR.
WHO LIVED IN THE PRESENCE OF GOD HERE,
AND PASSING THROUGH THE GRAVE AND GATE OF DEATH
NOW LIVETH UNTO GOD FOR EVERMORE.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE ABRIDGMENT.

As published in London, these Memoirs of CHARLES KINGSLEY extended to two octavo volumes of five hundred pages each. These volumes are here abridged in the hope that to the American reader the interest of the Memoirs may be increased. In the English edition, long and frequent extracts were made from MR. KINGSLEY'S published works. These have been dropped from this volume, while the references to them have been retained. The Memories of MR. KINGSLEY supplied by intimate friends, at the request of his widow, have been reduced where the different writers dwelt upon the same characteristics; others which lacked point and partook more of the nature of personal panegyric, have been omitted altogether. Last of all, the abridgment has necessarily fallen upon MR. KINGSLEY'S letters, but pains have been taken to preserve his own record of the conclusions at which he arrived upon the many important problems that occupied his incessantly active mind, although it has been impossible, as indeed it has seemed unnecessary, to reproduce his record of all the phases through which he passed in arriving at these conclusions. The narrative in which MRS. KINGSLEY has supplied

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the biographical details necessary to connect these letters has been left intact, and an advantage may justly be claimed for the abridgment in the fact that the modesty, the excellent taste, and the intense affection and sincere reverence for her lamented husband which mark this part of these Memoirs are here brought into greater prominence than it was possible for them to have in the original work.

EDITOR OF THE ABRIDGMENT.

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PREFACE TO THE LONDON EDITION.

IN bringing out these Volumes, thanks are due and gratefully offered to all who have generously given their help to the work;—to the many known and unknown Correspondents who have treasured and lent the letters now first made public;—to the Publishers, who have allowed quotations to be made from Mr. Kingsley's published works;—to the Artists, especially Sheldon Williams, Esq., and Francis Goode, Esq., of Hartley Wintney, &c., whose sketches and photographs have been kindly given for the Illustrations of the book; but above all to the friends who have so eloquently borne witness to his character and genius. These written testimonies to their father's worth are a rich inheritance to his children, and God only knows the countless unwritten ones, of souls rescued from doubt, darkness, error, and sin, of work done, the worth of which can never be calculated upon earth, of seed sown which has borne, and will still bear fruit for years, perhaps for generations to come, when the name of CHARLES KINGSLEY is forgotten, while his unconscious influence will endure treasured up in the eternal world, where nothing really good or great can be

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lost or pass away, to be revealed at that Day when God's Book shall be opened and the thoughts of all hearts be made known.

For the feeble thread, imperfect and unworthy of its great subject, with which these precious records are tied together, the Editor can only ask a merciful judgment from the public.

F. E. K.

BYFLEET, *October*, 1876.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Birth and Parentage—Inherited Talents—Removal from Devonshire to Burton-on-Trent—Clifton—Barnack and its Traditions—First Sermon and Poems—Childish Character—Effect of Fen Scenery on his Mind..... 21

CHAPTER II.

1830—1838.

AGED 11–19.

Life at Clovelly—School Life at Clifton—Bristol Riots—Their Effect on his Mind—Helston—Early Friendships—Letters from Rev. Derwent Coleridge and Rev. R. C. Powles—Move to Chelsea—Enters King's College, London..... 30

CHAPTER III.

1838—1842.

AGED 19–23.

Life at Cambridge—Visit to Oxfordshire—Undergraduate Days—Decides to take Orders—Takes his Degree—Correspondence—Letters from Cambridge Friends..... 41

CHAPTER IV.

1842—1843.

AGED 23–24.

Reads for Holy Orders—Correspondence—Ordained Deacon—Settles at Eversley—Parish Work—Letters..... 54

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER V.

1842—1843.

AGED 23–24.

PAGE

Curate Life—Letter from Colonel W.—Brighter Prospects—Correspondence Renewed—Promise of Preferment—Leaves Eversley..... 67

CHAPTER VI.

1844—1847.

AGED 25–28.

Marriage—Curacy of Pimperne—Rectory of Eversley—Correspondence.... 74

CHAPTER VII.

1848.

AGED 29.

Publication of "Saint's Tragedy"—Chartist Riots—Tenth of April—Politics for the People—Professorship at Queen's College—"Yeast"—Illness.... 93

CHAPTER VIII.

1849.

AGED 30.

Winter in Devonshire—Ilfracombe—Decides on taking Pupils—Correspondence—Visit to London—Social Questions—Fever at Eversley—Renewed Illness—Returns to Devonshire—Cholera in England—Sanitary Work—Bermondsey—Letter from Mr. C. K. Paul..... 111

CHAPTER IX.

1850—1851.

AGED 31–32.

Resigns the Office of Clerk in Orders at Chelsea—Pupil Life at Eversley—Publication of "Alton Locke"—Letters from Mr. Carlyle—Writes for "Christian Socialist"—Troubled State of the Country—Burglaries—The Rectory Attacked..... 127

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER X.

1851.

AGED 32.

PAGE

Opening of the Great Exhibition—Attack on "Yeast" in the "Guardian" and Reply—Occurrence in a London Church—Goes to Germany—Letter from Mr. John Martineau..... 135

CHAPTER XI.

1852.

AGED 33.

Strike in the Iron-Trade—Correspondence on Social and Metaphysical Questions—Mr. Erskine comes to Fir Grove—Parson Lot's last Words—Birth of his youngest Daughter—Letter from Frederika Bremer..... 160

CHAPTER XII.

1853.

AGED 34.

The Rector in his Church—"Hypatia" Letters from Chevalier Bunsen—Mr. Maurice's Theological Essays—Correspondence with Thomas Cooper... 174

CHAPTER XIII.

1854.

AGED 35.

Torquay—Seaside Studies—Lectures in Edinburgh—Deutsche Theologie—Letter from Baron Bunsen—Crimean War—Settles in North Devon—Writes "Wonders of the Shore" and "Westward Ho."..... 201

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XIV.

1855.

AGED 36.

PAGE

Bideford—Crimean War—Death of his friend Charles Blachford Mansfield—"Westward Ho"—Letters from Mr. Henry Drummond and Rajah Brooke—Drawing Class for Mechanics at Bideford—Leaves Devonshire—Lectures to Ladies in London—Correspondence—Winter at Farley Court—The "Heroes" Written 215

CHAPTER XV.

1856.

AGED 37.

Winter at Farley Court—Letter from a Sailor at Hong Kong—Union Strikes—Fishing Poem and Fishing Flies—The Sabbath Question—Invitation to Snowdonia—Visit to North Wales—American Visitors—Preface to Tauler's Sermons 233

CHAPTER XVI.

The Father in his Home—An Atmosphere of Joy—The Out-door Nursery—Life on the Mount—Fear and Falsehood—The Training of Love—Favorites and Friends in the House, in the Stable, and on the Lawn 257

CHAPTER XVII.

1857.

AGED 38.

"Two Years Ago"—The Crowded Church—Unquiet Sundays—Letters to Mr. Bullar—Dr. Rigg—Mr. Tom Hughes' Pietists and θυμός—Letter from a Naval Chaplain—Indian Mutiny—The Romance of Real Life 265

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XVIII.

1858.

AGED 39.

PAGE

Eversley Work—Diphtheria—Lectures and Sermons at Aldershot—Blessing the Colors of the 22nd Regiment—Staff College—Advanced Thinkers—Poems and Santa Maura—Letter from Dr. Monsell—Letters to Dr. Monsell, Dean Stanley, &c.—Letter from Captain Congreve—Birth of his Son Grenville—Second Visit to Yorkshire..... 278

CHAPTER XIX.

1859.

AGED 40.

Sanitary Work—First Sermon at Buckingham Palace—Queen's Chaplaincy—First Visit to Windsor—Letter to an Atheist—Correspondence with Artists—Charles Bennett—Ladies' Sanitary Association—Letter from John Stuart Mill..... 286

CHAPTER XX.

1860.

AGED 41.

Professorship of Modern History—Death of his Father and of Mrs. Anthony Froude—Planting the Churchyard—Visit to Ireland—First Salmon killed—Wet Summer—Sermon on Weather—Letter from Sir Charles Lyell—Correspondence—Residence in Cambridge—Inaugural Lecture in the Senate House—Visits to Barton Hall—Letter from Sir Charles Bunbury. 303

CHAPTER XXI.

1861—1862.

AGED 42–43.

Cambridge—Lectures to the Prince of Wales—Essays and Reviews—Letters to Dr. Stanley—Bishop of Winchester—Tracts for Priests and People—Death of the Prince Consort—Letter to Sir C. Bunbury—The Water-babies—Installation Ode at Cambridge—Visit to Scotland—British Association—Lord Dundreary..... 314

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXII.

1863.

AGED 44.

PAGE

Fellow of the Geological Society—Work at Cambridge—Prince of Wales's Wedding—Wellington College Chapel and Museum—Letter from Dr. Benson—Lecture at Wellington—Letters to Sir Charles Lyell, Prof. Huxley, Charles Darwin, James A. Froude, &c.—Whitchurch Still-life—Toads in Holes—D.C.L. Degree at Oxford—Bishop Colenso—Sermons on the Pentateuch—The Water-babies—Failing Health..... 326

CHAPTER XXIII.

1864—1865.

AGED 45–46.

Illness—Controversy with Dr. Newman—Apologia—Journey to the South of France—Biarritz—Pau—An Earthquake—Narbonne—Sermons in London and at Windsor—Enclosure of Eversley Common—University Sermons at Cambridge—Mr. John Stuart Mill's London Committee—Letter on the Trinity—Letter on Subscription—Luther and Demonology—Visit of Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands to Eversley Rectory and Wellington College—The Mammoth on Ivory—Death of King Leopold—Lines written at Windsor Castle..... 346

CHAPTER XXIV.

1866—1867.

AGED 47–48.

Cambridge—Death of Dr. Whewell—The American Professorship—Monotonous Life of the Country Laboring Class—Penny Readings—Strange Correspondents—Life of Bewick—Letters to Max Müller—The Jews in Cornwall—The Meteor Shower—Letter to Professor Adams—The House of Lords—A Father's Education of his Son—"Fraser's Magazine"—Bird Life, Wood Wrens—Names and Places—Darwinism—Beauty of Color, its Influence and Attractions—Flat-Fish—Ice Problems—St. Andrews and British Association—Abergeldie Castle—Rules for Stammerers..... 363

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXV.

1868.

AGED 49.

PAGE

Attacks of the Press—Lectures on Sixteenth Century—Mr. Longfellow—Sir Henry Taylor on Crime and its Punishment—Letter from Mr. Dunn—Letter from Rev. William Harrison 386

CHAPTER XXVI.

1869—1870.

AGED 50–51.

Resignation of Professorship—Women's Suffrage Question—Letters to Mr. Maurice, John Stuart Mill—Canonry of Chester—Social Science Meeting at Bristol—Letter from Dr. E. Blackwell—Medical Education for Women—West Indian Voyage—Letters from Trinidad—Return Home—Eversley a Changed Place—Flying Columns—Heath Fires—First Residence at Chester—Botanical Class—Field Lectures—Women's Suffrage—Franco-Prussian War—Wallace on Natural Selection—Matthew Arnold and Hellenism 398

CHAPTER XXVII.

1871.

AGED 52.

Lecture on "The Theology of the Future" at Sion College—Expeditions of the Chester Natural Science Society—Lectures on Town Geology—Race Week at Chester—Letters on Betting—Camp at Bramshill—The Prince of Wales in Eversley—Prince of Wales's Illness—Lecture to Royal Artillery Officers at Woolwich 421

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1872.

AGED 53.

Opening of Chester Cathedral Nave—Deaths of Mr. Maurice and Norman McLeod—Letters to Max Müller—Mrs. Luard—Lecture at Birmingham and its Results—Lecture on Heroism at Chester—A Poem—The Athanasian Creed 434

Digitized by Google

CHAPTER XXIX.

1873—1874.

AGED 54-55.

PAGE

Harrow-on-the-Hill—Canonry of Westminster—His Son's Return—His Mother's Death—Parting from Chester—Congratulations—Sermon and Letters on Temperance—Preaching in Westminster Abbey—Voyage to America—Eastern Cities and Western Plains—Canada—Niagara—The Prairie—Salt Lake City—Yo Semite Valley and Big Trees—San Francisco—Illness—Rocky Mountains and Colorado Springs—Last Poem—Return Home—Letter from John G. Whittier 441

CHAPTER XXX.

1874-5.

AGED 55.

Return from America—Work at Eversley—Illness at Westminster—New Anxiety—Last Sermons in the Abbey—Leaves the Cloisters for ever—Last Return to Eversley—The Valley of the Shadow of Death—Last Illness and Departure—The Victory of Life over Death and Time..... 474

Digitized by Google

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES KINGSLEY ..... *Frontispiece.*

PAGE

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF THE THREE FISHERS... 156

EVERSLEY CHURCH 175

THE GREAT FIR-TREES ON THE RECTORY LAWN AT EVERSLEY..... 256

THE RECTORY AT EVERSLEY..... 263

THE STUDY WINDOW, EVERSLEY RECTORY..... 396

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S GRAVE, EVERSLEY CHURCHYARD..... 488

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CHARLES KINGSLEY:

HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Parentage—Inherited Talents—Removal from Devonshire to Burton-on-Trent—Clifton—Barnack and its Traditions—First Sermon and Poems—Childish Character—Effect of Fen Scenery on his Mind.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, son of Charles Kingsley, of Battramsley in the New Forest, was born on the 12th of June, 1819, at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, Devonshire. His family claimed descent from the Kingsleys of Kingsley or Vale Royal, in Delamere Forest, and from Rannulph de Kingsley, whose name in an old family pedigree stands as "Granteè of the Forest of Mara and Mondrem from Randall Meschines, ante 1128." Charles's father was a man of cultivation and refinement, a good linguist, an artist, a keen sportsman and natural historian. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and brought up with good expectations as a country gentleman, but having been early in life left an orphan, and his fortune squandered for him during his minority, he soon spent what was left, and at the age of thirty found himself almost penniless, and obliged, for the first time, to think of a profession. Being too old for the army, and having many friends who were owners of Church property, he decided on the Church, sold his hunters and land, and with a young wife, went for a second time to college, entering his name at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, to read for Holy Orders. While there he became acquainted with Dr. Herbert Marsh, then Margaret Professor of Divinity, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, a fine classic and first-rate German scholar. This last taste, combined with their mutual love of

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literature, attracted the two men to each other, and when Dr. Marsh was raised to a bishopric he took an early opportunity of getting Mr. Kingsley into his diocese, and making him his Examining Chaplain. His first cure was in the Fens, from which he removed to Holne, in Devonshire.

Charles's mother, a remarkable woman, full of poetry and enthusiasm, was born in the West Indies, being the daughter of Nathan Lucas, of Farley Hall, Barbadoes, and Rushford Lodge, Norfolk. Keenly alive to the charms of scenery, and highly imaginative in her younger days, as she was eminently practical in maturer life, she believed that impressions made on her own mind, before the birth of this child for whose coming she longed, by the romantic surroundings of her Devonshire home, would be mysteriously transmitted to him; and in this faith, and for his sake as well as for her own, she luxuriated in the exquisite scenery of Holne and Dartmoor, the Chase, the hills, and the lovely Dart, which flowed below the grounds of the little parsonage, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of every sight and sound which she hoped would be dear to her child in after life. These hopes were realized, and though her little son left Holne when he was six weeks old, and never saw his birthplace till he was a man of thirty, it and every Devonshire scene and association had a mysterious charm for him through life. "I am," he was proud to say, "a West Country man born and bred."

"We know, through the admirable labors of Mr. Galton," says Mr. Darwin in his "Descent of Man," "that genius which implies a wonderfully complex combination of high faculties tends to be inherited," and to prove this in the case of Charles Kingsley may not be altogether unimportant. "We are," he said himself, in 1865, when writing to Mr. Galton on his book on Hereditary Talent, where the Kingsley family are referred to,

"We are but the disjecta membra of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl." . . . .

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From his father's side he inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood—the men of his family having been soldiers for generations, some of them having led troops to battle at Naseby, Minden, and elsewhere. And from the mother's side came, not only his love of travel, science and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humor, and a force and originality which characterized the women of her family of a still older generation.

His maternal grandfather, sometime a Judge in Barbadoes, was a man of books and science, the intimate friend of Sir Joseph Banks and the distinguished John Hunter. He was also a great traveller, and had often crossed the Atlantic, in those days a more difficult work than it is now. He knew the West Indies intimately, and Demerara, where also he had estates, and had been with his friend Lord Rodney, on board H.M.S. "Formidable," in his great naval engagement off St. Lucia in 1782, "on the glorious 12th of April, when he broke Count de Grasse's line, destroying seven French ships of war and taking their commander prisoner."—("At Last," Vol. I. p. 69). In 1812, at the great eruption of the Souffriere of St. Vincent, when resident on his estate in Barbadoes, eighty miles distant, Judge Lucas gave proof of his powers of observation and of scientific induction, by at once detecting the cause of the great earthquake wave which struck the island, and of the sudden darkness which spread terror among its inhabitants. "I have a letter," says his grandson, "written by one long since dead, who had powers of description of no common order," detailing the events of that awful day and night, and who, while the negroes were shrieking in the streets, and even the white folks caught the panic, and were praying at home and in the churches as they had never prayed before, thinking the last day had come, was above the dismay and superstitious panic which prevailed; "he opened his window, found it stick, and felt upon the sill a coat of soft powder. 'The volcano at St. Vincent has broken out at last,' said the wise man, 'and this is the dust of it.' So he quieted his household and his negroes, lighted his candles, and went to his scientific books in that delight, mingled with awe not the less deep because it is rational and self-possessed, with which he, like other men of science, looked at the wonders of this wondrous world."—("At Last," Vol. I. p. 89).

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His grandfather's reminiscences of the old war times, and stories of tropical scenes, were the delight of Charles's boyhood, and gave a coloring to his life. They woke up in him that longing to see the West Indies, which was at last accomplished; and as he sailed the same seas under more peaceful circumstances, his enjoyment was enhanced by family associations and memories of the Past.

But to return, Mr. Kingsley's next curacy on leaving Holne was at Burton-on-Trent, from whence he moved to Clifton, in Nottinghamshire, where he and his wife formed the acquaintance of the Penrose family. To this fact Miss Martineau alludes in her correspondence with his son 35 years later.

"This evening I have heard of you in your infancy! Is that not odd? The Arnolds have just returned after a two months' absence, and I went to Fox How to welcome them home. They have been into Lincolnshire, at the Penroses'. They say your parents were friends of the last generation of the Penroses, and they have been looking over some old letters, in one of which there is an account of a stormy passage of a river (the Trent in flood), when your mother's chief anxiety was about her 'little delicate Charles,' whom she wrapped in her shawl, going without it herself. So now, perhaps we know something about you that you did not know yourself."

While curate of Clifton, the Bishop of Peterborough offered his friend the living of Barnack, one of the best in the diocese, to hold for his own son Herbert, then only 17. Such transactions were common in the church in those days, and Mr. Kingsley, thankfully, accepted the offer, and held the living for 6 years. Barnack Rectory was a fine old house, built in the fourteenth century, and thither the family removed. It contained a celebrated haunted room called Button Cap's, into which little Charles on one occasion was moved when ill of brain fever, which he had more than once, as a child. This naturally excited his imagination, which was haunted years afterwards with the weird sights and sounds connected with that time in his memory. To this he traced his own strong disbelief in the existence of ghosts. For, as he used to say to his children in later years, he had heard too many ghosts in old Button Cap's room at Barnack, to have much respect for them, when he had once satisfied himself as to what they really were. On being questioned about having been born there by

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Mrs. Francis Pelham, he gave her his matured opinion of Button Cap in the following letter:

EVERSLEY RECTORY,
"MY DEAR ALICE,— *June* 2, 1864.

"Of Button Cap—he lived in the Great North Room at Barnack (where I was *not* born). I knew him well. He used to walk across the room in flopping slippers, and turn over the leaves of books to find the missing deed, whereof he had defrauded the orphan and the widow. He was an old Rector of Barnack. Everybody heard him who chose. Nobody ever saw him; but in spite of that, he wore a flowered dressing-gown, and a cap with a button on it. I never heard of any skeleton being found; and Button Cap's history had nothing to do with murder, only with avarice and cheating.

"Sometimes he turned cross and played Polter-geist, as the Germans say, rolling the barrels in the cellar about with surprising noise, which was undignified. So he was always ashamed of himself, and put them all back in their places before morning.

"I suppose he is gone now. Ghosts hate mortally a certificated National Schoolmaster, and (being a vain and peevish generation) as soon as people give up believing in them, go away in a huff—or perhaps some one had been laying phosphoric paste about, and he ate thereof and ran down to the pond; and drank till he burst. He was rats.

"Your affect. Uncle,
"C. KINGSLEY."

Charles was a precocious child, and his poems and sermons date from four years old. His delight was to make a little pulpit in his nursery, arranging the chairs for an imaginary congregation, and putting on his pinafore as a surplice, gave little addresses of a rather severe tone of theology. His mother, unknown to him, took them down at the time, and showed them to the Bishop of Peterborough, who thought them so remarkable for such a young child, that he begged they might be preserved: predicting that the boy would grow up to be no common man. These are among the specimens his mother kept.

FIRST SERMON.

[Four years old.]

"It is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing. Christ has shown us true religion. We must follow God, and not follow the Devil, for if we follow the Devil we shall go into that everlasting fire, and if we follow God, we shall go to Heaven. When the tempter came to Christ in the Wilderness,

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and told him to make the stones into bread, he said, Get thee behind me, Satan. He has given us a sign and an example how we should overcome the Devil. It is written in the Bible that we should love our neighbor, and not covet his house, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his wife, nor anything that is his. It is to a certainty that we cannot describe how thousands and ten thousands have been wicked; and nobody can tell how the Devil can be chained in Hell. Nor can we describe how many men and women and children have been good. And if we go to Heaven we shall find them all singing to God in the highest. And if we go to hell, we shall find all the wicked ones gnashing and wailing their teeth, as God describes in the Bible. If humanity, honesty, and good religion fade, we can to a certainty get them back, by being good again. Religion is reading good books, doing good actions, and not telling lies and speaking evil, and not calling their brother Fool and Raca. And if we rebel against God, He will to a certainty cast us into hell. And one day, when a great generation of people came to Christ in the Wilderness, he said, Yea ye generation of vipers!"

FIRST POEMS.

[Four years and eight months old.]

MORNING.

When morning's beam first lights us,
And the cock's shrill voice is undone,
The owl flies from her retreat,
And the bat does fly away,
And morning's beam lightens every spray,
The sun shows forth his splendid train.
Everybody is rising;
Boys and girls go to school;
Everybody is at work;
Everybody is busy.
The bee wakes from her sleep to gather honey,
But the drone and the queen bee lie still
In the hive,
And a bee guards them.
Be busy when thou canst!

NIGHT.

When the dark forest glides along,
When midnight's gloom makes everybody still,
The owl flies out,
And the bat stretches his wing;
The lion roars;
The wolf and the tiger prowl about,
And the hyena cries.

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Little can be gleaned of the nursery life at Barnack, except from an old nurse who lived in his father's family, and who remembers Charles as a very delicate child between six and seven years old, subject to dangerous attacks of croup, and remarkable for his thirst for knowledge and conscientiousness of feeling.

"I have never forgotten one day," she says, "when he and his little brothers were playing together, and had a difference, which seldom happened. His mother, coming into the room, took the brothers' part, which he resented, and he said he wished she was not his mother. His grief afterwards was great, and he came crying bitterly to the kitchen door to ask me to take him up to his room. The housemaid enquired what was the matter, and said his mamma would be sure to forgive him. 'She *has* forgiven me, but don't *cant*, Elizabeth (I saw you blush). It isn't mamma's forgiveness I want, but God's.' Poor little fellow, he was soon upon his knees when he got into his mother's room where he slept."

A boy friend, now a clergyman in Essex, recalls him about this time, repeating his Latin lesson to his father in the study at Barnack, with his eyes fixed all the time on the fire in the grate. At last he could stand it no longer; there was a pause in the Latin, and Charles cried out, "I do declare, papa, there is pyrites in the coal."

Among the few relics of the Barnack days is a little love letter written when he was five or six years old, which has lately come to light, having been carefully treasured for fifty years by a lady who was often staying with his parents at that time, and who captivated the child by her kindness and great beauty.

Barnack.

"MY DEAR MISS DADE,—

"I hope you are well is fanny well? The house is completly changed since you went. I think it is nearly 3 months since you went. Mamma sends her love to you and sally browne Herbert and geraled (his brothers) but I must stop here, because I have more letters of consequence to write & here I must pause.

"Believe me always,

"Your sincere friend,

To MISS DADE. "CHARLES KINGSLEY."

The subject of his childish affection recalled herself to him thirty years later, and the answer contains the only other mention of Barnack in his own hand.

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FARLEY COURT,
November 25, 1855.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—

"Many thanks for your most kind letter, which awoke in my mind a hundred sleeping recollections. Those old Barnack years seem now like a dream—perhaps because having lost the two brothers who were there with me, anecdotes of the place have not been kept up. Yet I remember every stone and brick of it, and you, too, as one of the first persons of whom I have a clear remembrance, though your face has faded, I am ashamed to say, from my memory.

"But I am delighted to hear that my books have pleased, and still more that they have comforted you. They have been written from my heart in the hope of doing good; and now and then I have (as I have now from you) testimony that my life as yet has not been altogether useless. . . . .

"I am just bringing out a Christmas book for my children with illustrations of my own. Will you accept a copy, and allow me to renew our old friendship? . . . . You speak of sorrows, and I have heard you have past through many. God grant that a quiet evening may succeed, for you, a stormy day. I am shocked at the amount of misery in a world which has, as yet, treated me so kindly. Yet it is but a sign that others are nearer to God than I, and therefore more chastened.

"Yours ever truly,
"C. KINGSLEY."

In 1830, when Charles was eleven years old, his father had to give up Barnack to his successor. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley's parish work is still remembered there with affectionate respect, and they and their parishioners parted with mutual regret. In after years Professor Hall speaks of "Charles's excellent father as a type of the old English clergyman where the country gentleman forms the basis of the character which the minister of the gospel completes. Of such a class," he says, "were the Bishop (Otter) of Chichester, Mr. Penrose, and Mr. Kingsley." Having caught ague in the Fens, Mr. Kingsley was advised to try the climate of Devonshire, and moved his family to Ilfracombe. But the Fen scenery was never obliterated from Charles's mind. It was connected, too, with his earliest sporting recollections, for his father, while an excellent parish priest, was a keen sportsman, and as soon as the boy was old enough, he was mounted on his father's horse in front of the keeper on shooting days to bring back the game bag.

Wild duck, and even bittern and bustard, were to be found in

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those days before the draining of the Fen, and butterflies of species now extinct, were not uncommon, and used to delight the eyes of the young naturalist. The sunsets of the Great Fen, all the more striking from the wide sweep of horizon, were never forgotten, and the low flat scenery had always a charm for him in after life from the memory of those days.

Thus the seeds were sown of the story of Hereward the Wake, written in after years, produced by the scenes and traditions of this period of boyhood.

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CHAPTER II.

1830–1838.

AGED 11–19.

Life at Clovelly—School Life at Clifton—Bristol Riots—Their Effect on his Mind—Helston—Early Friendships—Letters from Rev. Derwent Coleridge and Rev. R. C. Powles—Move to Chelsea—Enters King's College, London.

WHILE the late rector of Barnack was staying at Ilfracombe, Sir James Hamlyn Williams, of Clovelly Court, presented him to the living of Clovelly, which he held till he removed to the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, in 1836.

Here a fresh life opened for Charles, whose impressions of nature had hitherto been gathered from the Eastern Counties and the scenery of the Fens. A new education began for him, a new world was revealed to him. The contrast between the sturdy Fen men and the sailors and fishermen of Clovelly—between the flat Eastern Counties and the rocky Devonshire coast, with its rich vegetation, its new fauna and flora, and the blue sea with its long Atlantic swell, filled him with delight and wonder. The boys had their boat and their ponies, and Charles at once plunged into the study of conchology, under the kind and scientific teaching of Dr. Turton, who lived in the neighborhood.

His parents, both people of excitable natures and poetic feeling, shared in the boy's enthusiasm. The new elements of their life at Clovelly, the unique scenery, the impressionable character of the people and their singular beauty, the courage of the men and boys, and the passionate sympathy of the women in the wild life of their husbands and sons, threw the new charm of romance over their parish work. The people sprang to touch the more readily under the influence of a man, who, physically their equal, feared no danger; and could steer a boat, hoist and lower a sail, 'shoot' a herring net, and haul a seine as one of themselves.

His ministrations in church and in the cottages were acceptable

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to dissenters as well as church people. And when the herring fleet put to sea, whatever the weather might be, the Rector, accompanied by his wife and boys, would start off "down street," for the Quay, to give a short parting service, at which "men who worked," and "women who wept," would join in singing out of the old Prayer Book version the 121st Psalm as those only can, who have death and danger staring them in the face; and who, "though storms be sudden, and waters deep," can say,

"Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep;
* * * * * *
Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty wings
Thou shalt securely rest." *
* * * * * *

Such were the scenes which colored his boyhood, were reflected in his after life, and produced "The Song of the Three Fishers," a song not the mere creation of his imagination, but the literal transcript of what he had seen again and again in Devonshire. "Now that you have seen Clovelly," he said to his wife, in 1854, "you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you."

The boys had a private tutor at home, till, in 1831, Charles and his brother Herbert were sent to Clifton to a preparatory school under the Rev. John Knight, who describes him as "affectionate, gentle, and fond of quiet," which often made him leave the boys' school-room and take refuge with his tutor's daughters and their governess; capable of making remarkable translations of Latin verse into English; a passionate lover of natural history; and only excited to vehement anger when the housemaid swept away as rubbish some of the treasures collected in his walks on the Downs.

The Bristol Riots, which took place in the autumn of 1831, were the marked event in his life at Clifton. He had been a timid boy previous to this time, but the horror of the scenes which he witnessed seemed to wake up a new courage in him. When giving a

* Brady and Tate's Version of the Psalms.

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lecture at Bristol in 1858, he described the effect of all this on his mind.*

While Charles was at Clifton, his parents were still undecided whether to send him to a public school. There was some talk of both Eton and Rugby. Dr. Hawtrey, who had heard through mutual friends of the boy's talent, wished to have him at Eton, where doubtless he would have distinguished himself. Dr. Arnold was at that time head-master of Rugby, but the strong Tory principles and evangelical views of his parents (in the former, Charles at that time sympathized) decided them against Rugby—a decision which their son deeply regretted for many reasons, when he grew up. It was his own conviction that nothing but a public school education would have overcome his constitutional shyness, a shyness which he never lost, and which was naturally increased by the hesitation in his speech. This hesitation was so sore a trial to him that he seldom entered a room, or spoke in private or public without a feeling, at moments amounting to terror, when he said he could have wished the earth would open and swallow him up there and then.

At that time the Grammar School at Helston was under the head-mastership of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; and Mr. Kingsley decided to send his son there. There Charles formed the dearest and most lasting friendship of his life, with Richard Cowley Powles, afterwards Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, and who in 1869, to the great joy and comfort of his old schoolfellow, became one of his parishioners at Wixenford, in Eversley. At Helston, too, he found as second-master the Rev. Charles A. Johns, afterwards himself head-master, who made himself the companion of his young pupil, encouraging his taste, or rather passion for botany, going long rambles with him on the neighboring moors and on the sea coast, in search of wild flowers, and helping him in the study which each loved so well. In later years, when both were living in Hampshire, Mr. Johns labored successfully for the cause of physical science in the diocese of Winchester, where his name will long be remembered in conjunction once more with his former pupil and distinguished friend.

* **Miscellanies, Vol. II., p. 319, Great Cities, and their influence for good and evil.**

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Of Charles's school life both Mr. Coleridge and Mr. Powles have contributed their recollections, which shall be given in their own words.

REV. D. COLERIDGE TO MRS. KINGSLEY.

HANWELL RECTORY,
October 7, 1875.

. . . . . .

". . . . Charles and Herbert Kingsley were brought to Helston Grammar School, in Cornwall, in the year 1832, by their father the Rev. Charles Kingsley, then Rector of Clovelly, in Devon. Herbert died of heart-disease, brought on by a severe attack of rheumatism in 1834. . . . . Charles was a tall, slight boy, of keen visage, and of great bodily activity, high-spirited, earnest, and energetic, giving full promise of the intellectual powers, and moral qualities, by which he was afterwards distinguished. Though not a close student, he was an eager reader and enquirer, sometimes in very out of the way quarters. I once found him busily engaged with an old copy of 'Porphyry and Iamblichus,' which he had ferreted out of my library.

"Truly a remarkable boy, original to the verge of eccentricity, and yet a thorough boy, fond of sport, and up to any enterprise—a genuine out-of-doors English boy.

"His account of a walk or run would often display considerable eloquence—the impediment in his speech, already noticeable, though not, I think, so marked as it afterwards became, rather adding to the effect. We well remember his description of a hunt after some pigs, from which he returned (not an uncommon occurrence) with his head torn with brambles, and his face beaming with fun and frolic. In manner he was strikingly courteous, and thus, with his wide and ready sympathies, and bright intelligence, was popular alike with tutor, schoolfellows, and servants.

"His health was generally very good, but in the summer of 1834 he had a violent attack of English cholera, which occasioned the more alarm as the Asiatic form of that malady had reached Helston. He bore it bravely, and recovered from it, but I believe that the apprehension this occasioned led to his removal earlier than was intended, the distance from London to the extreme west of Cornwall being felt by his parents to be too great.

"After he left Cambridge he sent me the manuscript of his tragedy of 'Elizabeth of Hungary' for my criticism and approval. This was the last occasion in which I stood to him in any degree in the relation of a tutor or adviser. From this time I saw him only at intervals; but when I paid him, as Canon of Westminster, my first, and, as it proved, alas! my last visit, on the 17th of November, 1874, he flung his arms about my neck, exclaiming, 'Oh! my dear

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old master! my dear old master!' nor was he less affected at the sight of Mrs. Coleridge—*Valeat in æternum.* . . . .

"DERWENT COLERIDGE."

REV. R. C. POWLES TO MRS. KINGSLEY.

WIXENFORD, *Oct.* 30, 1875.

"It was at Helston, in January, 1833, when we were each in our fourteenth year, that Charles and I first became acquainted. He and his brother Herbert had been spending the Christmas holidays at school, and I was introduced to them, on my arrival from London, before any of our schoolfellows had returned. I remember the long, low room, dimly lighted by a candle on a table at the further end, where the brothers were sitting, engaged at the moment of my entrance in a course of (not uncharacteristic) experiments with gunpowder.

"Almost from the time of our first introduction Charles and I became friends, and subsequently we shared a study, so that we were a good deal together. Looking back on those schoolboy days, one can trace without difficulty the elements of character that made his maturer life remarkable. Of him more than of most men who have become famous it may be said, 'the boy was father of the man.' The vehement spirit, the adventurous courage, the love of truth, the impatience of injustice, the quick and tender sympathy, that distinguished the man's entrance on public life, were all in the boy, as any of those who knew him then and are still living will remember; and there was, besides, the same eagerness in the pursuit of physical knowledge, the same keen observation of the world around him, and the same thoughtful temper of tracing facts to principles, which all who are familiar with his writings recognize as among his most notable characteristics.

"For all his good qualities, Charles was not popular as a schoolboy. He knew too much, and his mind was generally on a higher level than ours. He did not consciously snub those who knew less, but a good deal of unconscious snubbing went on; all the more resented, perhaps, because it was unconscious. Then, too, though strong and active, Charles was not expert at games. He never made "a score" at cricket. In mere feats of agility and adventure he was among the foremost; and on one of the very last times I ever saw him he was recalling an old exploit in which he had only two competitors. Our play-ground was separated by a lane, not very narrow, and very deep, from a field on the opposite side. To jump from the play-ground wall to the wall opposite, and to jump back, was a considerable trial of nerve and muscle. The walls, which were not quite on a level, were rounded at the top, and a fall into the deep lane must have involved broken bones. This jump was one of Charles's favorite performances. Again, I

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remember his climbing a tall tree to take an egg from a hawk's nest. For three or four days he had done this with impunity. There came an afternoon, however, when the hawk was on her nest, and on the intruder's putting in his hand as usual the results were disastrous. To most boys the surprise of the hawk's attack, apart from the pain inflicted by her claws, would have been fatal. They would have loosed their hold of the tree, and tumbled down. But Charles did not flinch. He came down as steadily as if nothing had happened, though his wounded hand was streaming with blood. It was wonderful how well he bore pain. On one occasion, having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by cautery. He heated the poker red-hot in the school room fire, and calmly applied it two or three times till he was satisfied that his object was attained.

"His own endurance of pain did not, however, make him careless of suffering in others. He was very tender-hearted—often more so than his schoolfellows could understand; and what they did not understand they were apt to ridicule. And this leads me to notice what, after all, I should fix on as the moral quality that pre-eminently distinguished him as a boy, the generosity with which he forgave offence. He was keenly sensitive to ridicule; nothing irritated him more; and he had often excessive provocation from those who could not enter into his feelings, or appreciate the workings of his mind. But with the moment of offence the memory of it passed away. He had no place for vindictiveness in his heart. Again and again I have seen him chafed to the intensest exasperation by boys with whom half an hour afterwards he has mixed with the frankest good humor.

"How keen his feelings were none of his surviving schoolfellows will forget, who were with us at the time his brother Herbert died. Herbert had had an attack of rheumatic fever, but was supposed to be recovering and nearly convalescent, when one afternoon he suddenly passed away. Charles was summoned from the room where we were all sitting in ignorance of what had just taken place. All at once a cry of anguish burst upon us, such as, after more than forty years, I remember as if it were yesterday. There was no need to tell the awe-struck listeners what had happened.

"Thus far I have spoken rather of Charles's moral than of his intellectual qualities. I must add something of these latter. His chief taste was, as I have hinted, for physical science. He was fond of studying all objects of the natural world, but for botany and geology he had an absolute enthusiasm. Whatever time he could spare from less congenial studies, and from ordinary play-ground games, which never specially attracted him, he gave to these. He liked nothing better than to sally out, hammer in hand and his botanical tin slung round his neck, on some long expedition in quest of new plants, and to investigate the cliffs within a few miles of Helston, dear to every geologist.

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"For the study of language he had no great liking. Later on, Greek and Latin interested him, because of their subject-matter; but for classics, in the school-boy sense of the term, he had no turn. He would work hard at them by fits and starts—on the eve of an examination, for instance; but his industry was intermittent and against the grain. Nor do I think he had any such turn for mathematics as led him to make the most of the opportunities we had for that branch of study. His passion was for natural science, and for art. With regard to the former I think his zeal was led by a strong religious feeling—a sense of the nearness of God in His works.

. . . . . .

"R. COWLEY POWLES."

To his mother he writes during the early days of his school-life:—

"I am now quite settled and very happy. I read my Bible every night, and try to profit by what I read, and I am sure I do. I am more happy now than I have been for a long time; but I do not like to talk about it, but to prove it by my conduct.

"I am keeping a journal of my actions and thoughts, and I hope it will be useful to me."

His poetical compositions, which were many at this time, were all given to his friend Mr. Powles, who has carefully preserved them. Charles kept no note of them himself, and would not have thought them worth keeping. But one more must be added, as it shows the working of the boy's mind at fifteen. He called it himself

HYPOTHESES HYPOCHONDRIACÆ.

And should she die, her grave should be
Upon the bare top of a sunny hill,
Among the moorlands of her own fair land,
Amid a ring of old and moss-grown stones
In gorse and heather all embosomed.
There should be no tall stone, no marbled tomb
Above her gentle corse;—the ponderous pile
Would press too rudely on those fairy limbs.
The turf should lightly lie, that marked her home,
A sacred spot it would be—every bird
That came to watch her lone grave should be holy.
The deer should browse around her undisturbed;
The whin bird by, her lonely nest should build
All fearless; for in life she loved to see

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Happiness in all things—
And we would come on summer days
When all around was bright, and set us down
And think of all that lay beneath that turf
On which the heedless moor-bird sits, and whistles
His long, shrill, painful song, as though he plained
For her that loved him and his pleasant hills,
And we would dream again of bygone days
Until our eyes should swell with natural tears
For brilliant hopes—all faded into air!
As, on the sands of Irāk, near approach
Destroys the traveller's vision of still lakes,
And goodly streams reed-clad, and meadows green;
And leaves behind the drear reality
Of shadeless, same, yet everchanging sand!
And when the sullen clouds rose thick on high
Mountains on mountains rolling—and dark mist
Wrapped itself round the hill-tops like a shroud,
When on her grave swept by the moaning wind
Bending the heather-bells—then would I come
And watch by her, in silent loneliness,
And smile upon the storm—as knowing well
The lightning's flash would surely turn aside,
Nor mar the lowly mound, where peaceful sleeps
All that gave life and love to one fond heart!
I talk of things that are not; and if prayers
By night and day availeth from my weak lips,
Then should they never be! till I was gone,
Before the friends I loved, to my long home.
O pardon me, if aught I say too much; my mind
Too often strangely turns to ribald mirth,
As though I had no doubt nor hope beyond—
Or brooding melancholy cloys my soul
With thoughts of days misspent, of wasted time
And bitter feelings swallowed up in jests.
Then strange and fearful thoughts flit o'er my brain
By indistinctness made more terrible,
And incubi mock at me with fierce eyes
Upon my couch: and visions, crude and dire,
Of planets, suns, millions of miles, infinity,
Space, time, thought, being, blank nonentity,
Things incorporeal, fancies of the brain,
Seen, heard, as though they were material,
All mixed in sickening mazes, trouble me,
And lead my soul away from earth and heaven
Until I doubt whether I be or not!

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And then I see all frightful shapes—lank ghosts,
Hydras, chimeras, krakens, wastes of sand,
Herbless and void of living voice—tall mountains
Cleaving the skies with height immeasurable,
On which perchance I climb for infinite years, broad seas,
Studded with islands numberless, that stretch
Beyond the regions of the sun, and fade
Away in distance vast, or dreary clouds,
Cold, dark, and watery, where wander I for ever!
Or space of ether, where I hang for aye!
A speck, an atom—inconsumable—
Immortal, hopeless, voiceless, powerless!
And oft I fancy I am weak and old,
And all who loved me, one by one, are dead,
And I am left alone—and cannot die!
Surely there is no rest on earth for souls
Whose dreams are like a madman's! I am young
And much is yet before me—after years
May bring peace with them to my weary heart!

C. K.

In 1836 the happy free country life of Clovelly was exchanged for London work and the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, to which Lord Cadogan had presented Mr. Kingsley. There the family settled, and Charles was entered, as a day student, at King's College, London, where, says Dr. Barry, the present principal, in a recent letter:—

"He became a member of the General Literature Department of the College—that is, the department for those who are simply pursuing a liberal education (with a much larger admixture of mathematics, modes, languages, and physical science, than was then usual), after leaving school before settling to a profession or going to the university. . . . It was a great pleasure to me, he adds, to have been able to invite one to whose writings I owe so much, to preach for us at the College in 1873, and to allow us to add his name to our list of Honorary fellows. . . ."

It was a great grief to Charles to leave the West Country and the society of those who were all ready to help him in his botanical and geological studies, and in picking up the old traditions of the neighborhood. The parting with his dear friend Cowley Powles, the loss of the intellectual atmosphere of Mr. Coleridge's house and his valuable library, and, above all, of the beautiful nat-

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ural surroundings of both Helston and Clovelly, was bitterly felt. The change to a London rectory, with its ceaseless parish work, the discussion of which is so wearisome to the young, the middle-class society of a suburban district as Chelsea then was, the polemical conversation all seemingly so narrow and conventional in its tone, chafed the boy's spirit, and had anything but a happy effect on his mind. His parents were busy from morning till night, the house full of district visitors and parish committees. In short, Chelsea was a prison from which he thankfully escaped two years later to the freer life of Cambridge.

To his dear friend and schoolfellow at Helston he thus pours out his heart:—

CHELSEA RECTORY.

"I find a doleful difference in the society here and at Helston, paradoxical as it may appear. . . . We have nothing but clergymen (very good and sensible men, but), talking of nothing but parochial schools, and duties, and vestries, and curates, &c., &c., &c. And as for women, there is not a woman in all Chelsea, leaving out my own mother, to be compared to Mrs. C., or ——; and the girls here have got their heads crammed full of schools, and district visiting, and baby linen, and penny clubs. Confound! ! ! and going about among the most abominable scenes of filth, wretchedness, and indecency, to visit the poor and read the Bible to them. My own mother says the places they go into are fit for no girl to see, and that they should not know such things exist. . . . I regret here, then, as you may suppose, Mrs. D., and ——; but, alas! here are nothing but ugly splay-footed beings, three-fourths of whom can't sing, and the other quarter sing miles out of tune, with voices like love-sick parrots. Confound! ! ! I have got here two or three good male acquaintances who kill the time; one is Sub-Secretary to the Geological Society. . . .

"As you may suppose all this clerical conversation (to which I am obliged to listen) has had a slight effect in settling my opinion on these subjects, and I begin to hate these dapper young-ladies-preachers like the devil, for I am sickened and enraged to see 'silly women blown about by every wind,' falling in love with the preacher instead of his sermon, and with his sermon instead of the Bible. I could say volumes on this subject that should raise both your contempt and indignation. I am sickened with its day-by-day occurrence.* As you may suppose, this hatred is *πατρόθεν*, here-

* These early experiences made him most careful in after life, when in a parish of his own, to confine all talk of parish business to its own hours, and never,

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ditary, and the governor is never more rich than when he unbends on these points."

For the next two years he had what he called hard grinding work at King's College, walking up there every day from Chelsea, reading all the way, and walking home late, to study all the evening. In his spare hours, which were few and far between, he comforted himself for the lack of all amusement by devouring every book he could lay hands on. His parents were absorbed in their parish work, and their religious views precluded all public amusements for their children: so that the only variety in Charles's life was during the summer holidays, when his father took him to Durham to stay at his friend Dr. Wellesley's, or to Clovelly.

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as he called it, "*talk shop*" before his children, or lower the tone of conversation, by letting it degenerate into mere parochial and clerical gossip.

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CHAPTER III.

1838—42.

AGED 19–23.

Life at Cambridge—Visit to Oxfordshire—Undergraduate Days—Decides to take Orders—Takes his Degree—Correspondence—Letters from Cambridge Friends.

IN the autumn of 1838 Charles Kingsley left King's College, London, and went up to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he soon gained a scholarship, being first in his year in the May Examinations, and in the joy of his heart he writes home :—

MAGDALENE COLLEGE,
May 31, 1839.

"You will be delighted to hear that I am *first* in classics and mathematics also, at the examinations, which has not happened in the College for several years. I shall bring home prizes, and a decent portion of honor—the King's College men (K.C. London) are all delighted. I am going to stay up here a few days longer if you will let me. Mr. Wand has offered to help me with my second year's subjects, so I shall read conic sections and the spherical trigonometry very hard while I am here. I know you and mamma will be glad to hear of my success, so you must pardon the wildness of my letter, for I am so happy I hardly know what to say. You know I am not accustomed to be successful. I am going to-day to a great fishing party at Sir Charles Wale's, at Shelford."

The prize he refers to was a fine edition of Plato in eleven volumes. "His selection of such a book," says Mr. Mynors Bright, an undergraduate friend, afterwards senior tutor of Magdalene, in a recent letter to the Editor,

"Speaks well for his judgment and taste. I recollect one of the examiners, a Fellow of the College, telling me, that whatever papers Kingsley sent up to any examination always showed marks of talent. As you must know, he was always of an excitable

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temperament. I recollect his telling me that he first began to smoke at Cambridge, and that it had a wonderful effect on his nervous system, and enabled him to work. He did not get a Fellowship, because there was no vacancy for him, till he obtained one which, no doubt, was more pleasing to him. When he was about to return as Professor to Cambridge, I was very much amused one morning, on saying to the College cook, 'We have a great man coming to us again, Mr. Kingsley; do you recollect anything of him?' He thought a minute, and then answered: 'Mr. Kingsley—Mr. Kingsley. Yes, I recollect him. I used to feed a dog of his, and he used to come and say' (trying to imitate Kingsley's voice), 'You con—founded beast, why can't you earn your own living, and not oblige me to pay for you!'"

In the summer of 1839 the Rector of Chelsea took duty, for the sake of country air and change, near some intimate friends, at the village of Checkenden, in Oxfordshire, and settled in the little parsonage house for two months with his wife and his family, Charles, then an undergraduate of Cambridge, Gerald in the Royal Navy (since dead), a daughter, and two schoolboys. On the 6th of July, Charles and his future wife met for the first time. "That was my real wedding day," he said, some fifteen years afterwards.

He was then full of religious doubts; and his face, with its unsatisfied hungering look, bore witness to the state of his mind. It had a sad longing expression, too, as if he had all his life been looking for a sympathy he had never found—a rest which he never would attain in this world. His peculiar character had not been understood hitherto, and his heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, and never slept again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and be met with answering sympathy. And gradually as the new friendship (which yet seemed old—from the first more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every failing, every sin, as he would call it, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given, all things in heaven and earth discussed; and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness, which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day.

He was just like his own Lancelot in Yeast, in that summer of 1839—a bold thinker, a bold rider, a most chivalrous gentleman—

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sad, shy, and serious habitually; in conversation at one moment brilliant and impassioned; the next reserved and unapproachable; by turns attracting and repelling, but pouring forth to the friend whom he could trust, stores of thought and feeling and information on every sort of unexpected subject which seemed boundless. It was a feast to the imagination and intellect to hold communion with Charles Kingsley even at the age of twenty; the originality with which he treated a subject was startling, and his genius illuminated every object it approached, whether he spoke of "the delicious shiver of those aspen leaves," on the nearest tree, or of the deepest laws of humanity and the controversies of the day. Of that intercourse truly might these friends each say with Goethe —"For the first time, I may well say, I carried on a conversation; for the first time, was the inmost sense of my words returned to me, more rich, more full, more comprehensive from another's mouth. What I had been groping for, was rendered clear to me; what I had been thinking, I was taught to see. . . ."

The Oxford Tracts had lately appeared, and, though he discussed them from the merely human and not the religious point of view, he fiercely denounced the ascetic view of sacred human ties which he foresaw would result from them. Even then he detected in them principles which, as he expressed years afterwards in his preface to Hypatia, must, if once adopted, sap the very foundation of the two divine roots of the Church, the ideas of family and national life.

Two months of such intercourse passed away only too quickly, and though from this time for the next four years and a half, the friends met but seldom, and corresponded at rare intervals, a new life had dawned for both, which neither absence nor sorrow, difference of religious opinions, opposition of friends, or adverse circumstances, could extinguish. Before he left Oxfordshire he was so far shaken in his doubts, that he promised to read his Bible once more—to pray—to open his heart to the Light, if the Light would but come. All, however, was dark for a time, and the conflict between hopes and fears for the future, and between faith and unbelief, was so fierce and bitter, that when he returned to Cambridge, he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost: he read little, went in for excitement of every kind—boating, hunting, driving, fencing, boxing, duck-shooting in the Fens,—anything to

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deaden the remembrance of the happy past, which just then promised no future. More than once he had nearly resolved to leave Cambridge and go out to the Far West and live as a wild prairie hunter; to this he refers when for the first time he found himself on the prairies of America in 1874. But through all, God kept him in those dark days for a work he little dreamed of.

He had many friends in the University who took delight in his society, some for his wit and humor, others for his sympathy on art, and deeper matters, but they knew nothing of the real state of his mind. "He was very popular," writes an intimate undergraduate friend, "amongst all classes of his companions, he mixed freely with all, the studious, the idle, the clever, and the reverse, a most agreeable companion, full of information of all kinds, and abounding in conversation. Whatever he engaged in, he threw his whole energy into; he read hard at times, but enjoyed sports of all kinds, fishing, shooting, riding, and cards." A letter from the Rev. E. Pitcairn Campbell, gives a graphic account of their under graduate life just then.

ASTON LODGE, *November*, 1875.

"My first acquaintance with your husband was formed sometime in 1840.

"We happened to be sitting together one night on the top of one of those coaches which in our time were subscribed for by a number of men 10*s.* or £1 each for various expeditions into the Fens—for instance, when Whittlesea lay broadly under water—Sir Colman Rashleigh, the Dykes of Cornwall, or other driving men taking the management, wearing wonderful coats and hats, and providing the horses. I remember the drive very well. The moon was high, and the air was frosty, and we talked about sport and natural history, while the cornopean professor astonished the natives with what he called Mr. Straw's (!) walzes.

"At last we got upon fishing, and I invited your husband to come to my rooms to view some very superior tackle which had been left me by a relative. He came at once, inviting me to join him in some of his haunts up the Granta and the Cam, where he had friends dwelling, and hospitable houses open to him.

"I never shall forget our first expedition. I was to call him, and for this purpose I had to climb over the wall of Magdalene College. This I did at two A.M., and about three we were both climbing back into the stonemason's yard, and off through Trumpington, in pouring rain all the way, nine miles to Duxford.

"We reached about 6.30. The water was clouded by rain, and

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I in courtesy to your husband yielded my heavier rod in order that he might try the lower water with the minnow.

"He was, however, scarcely out of sight, before I spied, under the alders, some glorious trout rising to caterpillars dropping from the bushes. In ten minutes I had three of these fine fellows on the bank—one of them weighed three pounds, others two pounds each. We caught nothing after the rain had ceased.

"This performance set me up in your husband's opinion, and he took me with him to Shelford, where dwelt Sir Charles Wale. It was at Shelford that I executed the feat to which he refers in his Miscellanies.*

"The Times coach used to take us up to breakfast, and many a good trout rewarded our labors. Then we dined with Sir Charles at five P.M., and walked back to Cambridge in the evening. Oh! what pleasant talk was his, so full of poetry and beauty! and, what I admired most, such boundless information.

"Besides these expeditions we made others on horseback, and I think at times we followed the great Professor Sedgwick in his adventurous rides, which the livery stable-keepers called jolly-gizing!† The old professor was generally mounted on a bony giant, whose trot kept most of us at a hand gallop. Gaunt and grim, the brave old Northern man seemed to enjoy the fun as much as we did—his was not a hunting seat—neither his hands nor his feet ever seemed exactly in the right place. But when we surrounded him at the trysting-place, even the silliest among us acknowledged that his lectures were glorious. It is too true that our method of reaching those trysting-places was not legitimate, the greater number preferring the field to the road, so that the unhappy owners of the horses found it necessary to charge more for a day's jolly-gizing than they did for a day's hunting.

"There was another professor whose lectures we attended together, but he was of a different type and character—one who taught the gentle art of self-defence—a negro of pure blood, who appeared to have more joints in his back than are usually allotted to humanity. In carrying out the science which he taught, we occasionally discolored each other's countenances, but we thought that we benefited by these lectures in more senses than one. We had our tempers braced, yea, even our Christian charity; for instance, when we learnt to feel as we knew we ought for those who had just punished us.

"To crown our sports, we have now only to add the all-absorbing boating, and, dear Mrs. Kingsley, you will have reason to think that we have so filled up our time, as to have little left for legiti-

* Chalk Stream Studies, Prose Idylls, p. 83.

† Professor Sedgwick gave Geological Field Lectures on horseback to a class in the neighborhood of Cambridge.

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mate study; and so, alack, it was with me, but not so, I fancy, with your husband. However idle we both were at first, he took to reading in sufficient time to enable him to realize the degree he wanted. . . . . After his examination, I altogether lost sight of your husband until, about the year 1865, I wrote to him and enquired if the passage in the Chalk Stream studies did not refer to me. I long to find his reply—it was a charming letter."

Now began his difficulties in theology about the Trinity, and other important doctrines. He revolted from what seemed to him then, the "bigotry, cruelty, and quibbling," of the Athanasian Creed, that very Creed which in after years was his stronghold; and he could get no clergyman to help him with advice he could rely on, on these points. Speaking of the clergy with whom he came in contact, and of his religious doubts, he writes,

"This is not so much beyond reason, as it is beyond the proper bounds of induction. From very insufficient and ambiguous grounds in the Bible, they seem unjustifiably to have built up a huge superstructure, whose details they have filled in according to their own fancies, or alas! too often according to their own interest. . . . . Do not be angry. I know I cannot shake you, and I think you will find nothing flippant or bitter—no vein of noisy and shallow blasphemy in my doubts. I feel solemn and sad on the subject. If the philosophers of old were right, and if I am right in my religion, alas! for Christendom! and if I am wrong, alas! for myself! It is a subject on which I cannot jest. . . . . I will write soon and tell you some of my temptations."

CAMBRIDGE, *November*, 1840.

"I have struggled to alter lately, and my alteration has been remarked with pleasure by some, with sneers by others. 'Kingsley, they say, is not half as reckless as he used to be.' . . . . There is another benefit you have conferred upon me—carelessness for the opinion of the unworthy. Formerly, by a strange paradox, which I see in too many minds, I was servile to the opinions of the very persons I despised. I had no rule of morality felt and believed. My morals were only theoretical, and public opinion even more than self-interest, my only God. But now . . . . that I have found a centralizing point connecting my theoretical notions of morality with my affections and my emotions, I begin to find that there is an object to be attained in morality beyond public esteem and self-interest—namely, the love and the esteem of the good, and, consequently, of God himself. The love and the esteem of the Deity, which I conceive is almost the same

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thing as loving good for its own sake, I cannot fully appreciate yet, or rather my natural feelings of the just and the beautiful, have, as you say, been dimmed by neglect." . . . .

January, 1841.

". . . . I have an instinctive, perhaps a foolish fear, of anything like the use of religious phraseology, because I am sure that if these expressions were used by any one placed as I now am to me, I should doubt the writer's sincerity. I find that if I allow myself ever to use, even to my own heart, those vague and trite expressions, which are generally used as the watchwords of religion, their familiarity makes me careless, or rather dull to their sense, while their specious glibness makes me prove myself alternately fiend or angel, hurrying me on in a mass of language, of whose precise import I have no vital knowledge. This is their effect on me. We know too well what it often is on others. Believe, then, every word I write as the painful expression of new ideas and feelings in a mind unprejudiced by conventionality in language, or (I hope) in thought. . . . I ask this because I am afraid of the very suspicion of talking myself into a fancied conversion. I see people do this often, and I see them fall back again. And this, perhaps, keeps me in terror lest I should have merely mistaken the emotions of a few passionate moments for the calm convictions which are to guide me through eternity. . . . . I have, therefore, in order to prevent myself mistaking words and feelings for thoughts, never made use of technicalities.

"I have not much time for poetry,* as I am reading steadily. How I envy, as a boy, a woman's life at the corresponding age—so free from mental control, as to the subjects of thought and reading—so subjected to it, as to the manner and the tone. We, on the other hand, are forced to drudge at the acquirement of confessedly obsolete and useless knowledge, of worn-out philosophies, and scientific theories long exploded—while our finer senses and our conscience are either scared by sensuality or suffered to run riot in imagination and excitement, and at last to find every woman who has made even a moderate use of her time, far beyond us in true philosophy.

"I wish I were free from this university system, and free to follow such a course of education as Socrates, and Bacon, and More, and Milton have sketched out." . . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *February*, 1841.

"I strive daily and hourly to be calm. Every few minutes to stop myself forcibly, and recall my mind to a sense of where I am

* During these years of trial and suspense he wrote little poetry. "Twin Stars" and "Palinodia" are all that mark the time.

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—where I am going—and whither I ought to be tending. This is most painful discipline, but wholesome, and much as I dread to look inward, I force myself to it continually. . . . . I am reading seven to eight hours a day. I have refused hunting and driving, and made a solemn vow against cards. My trial of this new mode of life has been short, but to have begun it is the greatest difficulty. There is still much more to be done, and there are more pure and unworldly motives of improvement, but actions will pave the way for motives, almost as much as motives do for actions. . . . .

"You cannot understand the excitement of animal exercise from the mere act of cutting wood or playing cricket to the manias of hunting or shooting or fishing. On these things more or less most young men live. Every moment which is taken from them for duty or for reading is felt to be lost—to be so much time sacrificed to hard circumstance. And even those who have calmed from age, or from the necessity of attention to a profession, which has become custom, have the same feelings flowing as an undercurrent in their minds; and, if they had not, they would neither think nor act like men. They might be pure and good and kind, but they would need that stern and determined activity, without which a man cannot act in an extended sphere either for his own good, or for that of his fellow-creatures. When I talk, then, of excitement, I do not wish to destroy excitability, but to direct it into the proper channel, and to bring it under subjection. I have been reading Plato on this very subject, and you would be charmed with his ideas. . . . .

"Of the existence of this quality (excitability) there can be no doubt, and you must remember the peculiar trial which this" (alluding to the necessity for hard reading and giving up all amusement for the time being) "proves to a young man whose superfluous excitement has to be broken in like that of a dog or a horse —for it is utterly animal.

At this time his physical strength was great. He walked one day from Cambridge to London, fifty-two miles, starting early and arriving in London at 9 P.M., with ease; and for many years afterwards a walk of twenty or twenty-five miles in a fresh country was a real refreshment to him.

Speaking of "renewed violent struggles to curb" himself, which made him "feel more agonizingly weak than ever," he says:

CAMBRIDGE, *February*, 1841.

"As for my degree, I can yet take high honors in the University, and ought to get my fellowship; but I was very idle—and very sinful—my first year.

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"I attend morning chapel at eight; read from nine to one or two; attend chapel generally again at five. I read for some hours in the evening. As to my studies interesting me, if you knew the system and the subjects of study, you would feel that to be impossible. . . . I wish to make duty the only reason for working, but my heart is in very different studies." . . . .

May, 1841.

"My only reasons for working for a degree are that I may enter the world with a certain *prestige* which may get me a living sooner. . . . . Several of my intimate friends here, strange to say, are going into the Church, so that our rooms, when we are not reading, are full of clerical conversation. One of my friends, the son of the English Minister at Turin, goes up for ordination next week. How I envy him his change of life. I feel as if, once in the Church, I could cling so much closer to God. I feel more and more daily that a clergyman's life is the one for which both my *physique* and *morale* were intended—that the profession will check and guide the faulty parts of my mind, while it gives full room for my energy—that energy which had so nearly ruined me; but will now be devoted utterly, I hope, to the service of God. My views of theoretical religion are getting more clear daily, as I see more completely the necessity of faith. What a noble mind Novalis's must have been. Do you know his works? or have you read the review of them in Carlyle? If not, pray do. . . . . To publish a translation of them will be one of the first results of my German studies, after my degree. . . . .

"I forgot to thank you for the books. I am utterly delighted with them."

The books referred to were Carlyle's works, and Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Carlyle's "French Revolution," sent by the same friend, had had a remarkable effect on his mind before he decided upon taking holy orders, in establishing and intensifying his belief in God's righteous government of the world. The "Miscellanies," and "Past and Present," followed it up, and were most useful to him, as was Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ," which she sent at a later period.

SULLY, *June* 12, 1841.

"My birth-night. I have been for the last hour on the sea-shore, not dreaming, but thinking deeply and strongly, and forming determinations which are to affect my destiny through time and through eternity. Before the sleeping earth and the sleepless sea and stars I have devoted myself to God; a vow never (if He gives me the faith I pray for) to be recalled." . . . .

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A great change had long been coming over him, to which in a previous letter he points when he speaks of himself as

"Saved—saved from the wild pride and darkling tempests of scepticism, and from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rashness and vanity had hurried me before I knew you. Saved from a hunter's life on the Prairies, from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse. Saved from all this, and restored to my country and my God, and able to believe. And I do believe, firmly and practically, as a subject of prayer, and a rule of every action of my life." . . . .

The Rev. James Montagu, Rector of Hawkwell, an old College friend, writing to the editor in 1876, refers to this period thus:

"Our old Cambridge intercourse was to me very pleasant. There was something in dear Charles's young days then, which drew me (his senior by some six or eight years) very much to him. There was growing up in his brain, then indistinct and shadowy, much of that which came out in riper manhood. There was a dreaminess about him at times which caused remarks to be made about him. I have had it said to me, 'You seem to be much with Kingsley, is he not a little odd and cracky?' and I can remember my answer —'It would take two or three of our heads to mend the crack.' He would come up to my room with, 'Are you busy, Monty?' 'Not too busy for a chat with you, Kingsley.' And then I must tell you how artfully and cunningly I used to slip paper and pencils within his reach; for I knew his wont to go on sketching all sorts of fanciful things, while we worried our young heads over other dreams as fanciful. Many of those pleasant memories come cropping out at times, though long years have passed—and long years make memory weak. Since those days, from his busy life, our intercourse was but slight. I have not forgotten the few pleasant days spent at Eversley; nor shall I ever lose the pride I feel in being called Charles Kingsley's friend."

His every-day college life, his love of art and drawing powers are recalled by another friend, now distinguished himself, as architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, Frank Penrose, Esq., F.S.A., &c., &c.

"My first acquaintance with Charles Kingsley was at South Clifton, Lincolnshire, when I must have had some romps with him as a little boy, say in 1823; but I saw nothing of him from that time till he came up to Magdalene College, Cambridge, as a freshman, in October, 1838, with me, and I welcomed him as something more

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than a casual acquaintance. We began duly attending the College lectures, and I saw at once that he was a man of no ordinary talents. I was ultimately the best of my years in mathematics; but, if I remember rightly, he at first held his own on those subjects, and it was by his own vacating the ground that the tortoise gave him the go-by in that department. . . . . I was always interested in your husband's conversation, and he was, I think, the only man in Cambridge with whom I ever got any art talk. . . . . In the boating department he was under my command, as captain of the Magdalene Boat Club, in 1840–41; he never, to the best of my belief, rowed in the races of our first boat. In those of the second boat he did constantly, and was regular on practising days. . . . . What I remember best are his sketches of figure subjects—his showing me his Cambridge English verse prize poem, the Crusades. It was unsuccessful, but it showed the latent poetic genius.

"I must add his dog Muzzie, a clever, sedate-looking grey Scotch terrier, of whom he was very fond. My last shall be a negative point, and you will not think it unacceptable. I never saw him do anything that I should have any objection to tell you."

"'We were both very idle,' said Mr. J. Barstow, 'in those days —he idler than I apparently, for he often asked me to finish his papers for him, that he might have something to present to our common tutor. He lived very much alone. I think he was fonder of the saddle than the boats; and I saw but little of him, but I liked and admired much what I saw.'"

During the spring of this year he decided on the Church as his profession instead of the law. His name had been down at Lincoln's-inn, but circumstances and his own convictions altered his plan of life, a change which he never regretted for a moment.

TO HIS MOTHER.

SHELFORD, CAMBRIDGE, *June* 23, 1841.

"I have been reading the *Edinburgh Review* (April, 1841), on No. 90 of the Tracts for the Times, and I wish I could transcribe every word, and send it to ——. Whether wilful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the Articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of their authors. All the worst doctrinal features of Popery Mr. Newman professes to believe in."

Dr. Bateson, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, his tutor much beloved, whose kindly reception of him when he returned

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as Regius Professor of Modern History in 1860, was a source of grateful joy to him, thus recalls the undergraduate, to whom his help was so important:

ST. JOHN'S, *December*, 1875.

"Charles Kingsley came to Cambridge sufficiently well prepared. He was almost immediately made a scholar of Magdalene, and he was prizeman at the college examination of freshmen in June, 1839.

"I look back with much satisfaction, and shall always reflect with pride on my engagement to serve him in the capacity of classical private tutor. He was my pupil for his three first terms, from October, 1838, to Midsummer, 1839, and again from October, 1840, to the end of the Long Vacation, 1841. Being appointed in the Michaelmas term of that year an examiner for the classical tripos for the following year, for which he was to be a candidate, I was unable to continue my engagement for a longer time.

"It is too true, as no one lamented more than himself, that from various causes he made but an indifferent use of the opportunities which his residence in Cambridge afforded him, at all events for the greater part of the time. In this respect he differs little from many of the men of poetic genius who have been undergraduates at our universities. Whether it is that our system of training and of frequent examinations, has something in it which is repulsive and uncongenial, or that their fervid and impulsive natures are unable to brook the restraint of our discipline, certain it is that many youths of most brilliant promise, who have lived to achieve great things in after years, have left our colleges with but little cause to congratulate themselves on time well spent or talents well employed. My own relations with Charles Kingsley in those early days were always agreeable, although I was unable to induce him to apply himself with any energy to his classical work, until quite the close of his undergraduate career. Then, indeed, he seemed an altered man. With wonderful ability and surprising quickness during the last few months he made rapid strides, and I can well remember admiring his papers, more especially those of Latin prose and verse, which he sent up for the classical tripos. They exhibited excellence and power, due far more to native talent than to industry or study, and raised him to a place in the first class of the classical tripos. For after all his degree was a good one, as senior optime in mathematics, and a first class in classics; but I must add that it was nothing compared to what might have been attained by a man of his powers. If he had worked as an undergraduate with only a small portion of the industry and energy which he exhibited after he left Cambridge, there was no academic distinction that would not have been within his reach."

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An incident occurred during the examination which was much talked of at the time, and is recalled by the Rev. Rigby Kewley, now Rector of Baldock, and Honorary Canon of Rochester:

"On one morning but one question remained of a paper on mechanics, 'Describe a Common Pump.' Of the internal machinery of a pump Kingsley was unable to render a scientific account, but of the outside his vivid imagination supplied a picture which his facile pencil soon transferred to paper. Under the heading, 'Describe a Pump,' he drew a grand village pump in the midst of a broad green, and opposite the porch of an ancient church. By the side of the pump stood, in all pomposity of his office, the village beadle, with uniform and baton. Around were women and children of all ages, shapes, dress, and sizes, each carrying a crock, a jug, a bucket, or some vessel large or small. These were drawn with considerable power, and the whole was lighted up with his deep vein of humor; while around the pump itself was a huge chain, padlocked, and surrounded by a notice, 'This pump locked during Divine service.' This, Kingsley sent up to the examiner as his answer to the question. I know not whether he got any marks for it; but it was so clever that the moderator of the year had it framed and hung up on the wall of his room."

He left Cambridge in February, much exhausted in body and mind, from having, by six months' desperate reading, done work which should have been spread over his three years of University life. He came out in honors, first-class in classics, and senior opt. in mathematics.

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CHAPTER IV.

1842—1843.

AGED 23–24.

Reads for Holy Orders—Correspondence—Ordained Deacon—Settles at Eversley—Parish Work—Letters.

DURING the spring, while slowly recovering the exhaustion of his degree and reading for Holy Orders, he had the offer of two curacies in Hampshire, at Kingsley and Eversley. He chose the latter.

CHELSEA, *April*, 1842.

". . . I hope to be ordained in July to the Curacy of Eversley in Hampshire. In the midst of lovely scenery—rich—but not exciting. And you will be with me in your thoughts, in my village visits, and my moorland walks, when I am drinking in from man, and nature, the good and the beautiful, while I purge in my vocation the evil, and raise up the falling and the faint. Can I not do it? for have I not fainted and fallen? And do I not know too well the bitterness that is from without, as well as the more dire one, from within . . . . My reading at present must be exclusively confined to divinity—not so yours. You may still range freely among the meadows of the beautiful, while I am mining in the deep mountains of the true. And so it should be through life. The woman's part should be to cultivate the affections and the imagination; the man's the intellect of their common soul. She must teach him how to apply his knowledge to men's hearts. He must teach her how to arrange that knowledge into practical and theoretical forms. In this the woman has the nobler task. But there is one more noble still—to find out from the notices of the universe, and the revelation of God, and the *uninspired* truth which he has made his creatures to declare even in heathen lands, to find out from all these the pure mind of God, and the eternal laws whereby He made us and governs us. This is true science; and this, as we discover it, will replace phantasms by reality, and that darkling taper of 'common sense,' by the glorious light of cer-

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tainty. For this the man must bring his philosophy, and the woman her exquisite sense of the beautiful and the just, and all hearts and all lands shall lie open before them, as they gradually know them one by one! That glorious word *know*—it is God's attribute, and includes in itself all others. Love—truth—all are parts of that awful power of knowing, at a single glance, from and to all eternity, what a thing is in its essence, its properties, and its relations to the whole universe through all time! I feel awe-struck whenever I see that word used rightly, and I never, if I can remember, use it myself of myself. But to us, as to dying Schiller, hereafter many things will become plain and clear. And this is no dream of romance. It is what many have approximated to before us, with less intellectual, and no greater spiritual advantages, and strange to say, some of them *alone*—buried in cloisters seldom—in studies often—some, worst of all, worn down by the hourly misery of a wife who neither loved them nor felt for them: but to those who, through love, have once caught a glimpse of 'the great secret,' what may they not do by it in years of love and thought? For this heavenly knowledge is not, as boyish enthusiasts fancy, the work of a day or a year. Youth will pass before we shall have made anything but a slight approximation to it, and having handed down to our children the little wisdom we shall have amassed while here, we shall commend them to God, and enter eternity very little wiser in proportion to the *universal* knowledge than we were when we left it at our birth.

"But still if our plans are not for time, but for eternity, our knowledge, and therefore our love to God, to each other, to ourselves, to everything, will progress for ever.

"And this scheme is practical too—for the attainment of this heavenly wisdom requires neither ecstasy nor revelation, but prayer, and watchfulness, and observation, and deep and solemn thought. And two great rules for its attainment are simple enough—'Never forget what and where you are;' and, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit.' And it is not only compatible with our duties as priests of the Eternal, but includes them as one of the means to its attainment, for 'if a man will do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' They do not speak without scriptural as well as theoretical foundation, who think that we may hereafter be called upon to preach God to other worlds beside our own; and if this be so, does not the acquirement of this knowledge become a duty? Knowledge and love are reciprocal. He who loves knows. He who knows loves. Saint John is the example of the first, Saint Paul of the second."

In the interval between Cambridge and his curacy he began to write the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, his ideal saint, not

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intending it for publication, but as a gift book to his wife on his marriage day, if that day should ever come.

May, 1842.

"When it is finished," he says, "I have another work of the same kind to begin—a life of St. Theresa—as a specimen of the dreamy mystic, in contrast with the working ascetic, St. Elizabeth, and to contrast the celibate saint with the married one.

"For this we must read Tersteegen, Jacob Behmen, Madame Guyon, Alban Butler, Fénelon, some of Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Coleridge's 'Aids,' &c., also some of Kant, and a German history of mysticism. In order to understand puritanism and evangelicalism, we must thoroughly understand asceticism and mysticism, which have to be eradicated from them in preaching our 'Message.'"

June 8, 1842.

"Amuse yourself—get poetry and read it—I have a book called 'Tennyson's Poems,' the most beautiful poetry of the last fifteen years . . . . Shall I send it you? . . . .

"Tell me if I am ever obscure in my expressions, and do not fancy that if I am obscure I am therefore deep. If I were really deep, all the world would understand, though they might not appreciate. The perfectly popular style is the perfectly scientific one. Tell me then when I am obscure, for to me an obscurity is a reason for suspecting a fallacy . . . . Pray simply, 'O God lead us into all Truth, and make us like little children.' Do not repine when you feel no pleasure in the offices of religion, the change is in you, and not in God, and the fact of your being sensible of, and sorry for this change, shows that it is caused by no cessation of your love to God or his grace to you—but by physical weakness."

Early in July he went to Farnham for his ordination. From whence he writes:—

July 7, 1842.

"I have finished the first day's examination better than I expected, and though I was so nervous at first that I could hardly stand, I recovered myself tolerably afterwards. . . ."

"I shall hope to do tolerably to-morrow, and the greater part of Saturday I shall give up to prayer and meditation, and fasting."

FARNHAM, *July* 10, 1842.

". . . God's mercies are new every morning. Here I am waiting to be admitted in a few hours to His holy ministry, and take refuge for ever in His Temple! . . . . Yet it is an awful thing! for we promise, virtually at least, to renounce this day not

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only the devil and the flesh, but the world;—to do nothing, know nothing, which shall not tend to the furtherance of God's Kingdom, or the assimilation of ourselves to the Great Ideal, and to our proper place and rank in the great system whose harmony we are to labor to restore. And can we restore harmony to the Church, unless we have restored it to ourselves? If our own souls are discords to the celestial key, the immutable symphonies which revelation gives us to hear, can we restore the concord of the perplexed vibrations round us? . . . . We must be holy! and to be holy we must believe rightly as well as pray earnestly. We must bring to the well of truth a spirit purified from all previous fancies, all medicines of our own which may adulterate the water of life! We must take of that and not of our own, and show it to mankind. It is that glory in the beauty of truth, which was my idol, even when I did not practise or even know truth. But now that I know it, I can practise it, and carry it out into the details of life; now I am happy; now I am safe! . . . .

"But back! back to the thought that in a few hours my whole soul will be waiting silently for the seals of admission to God's service, of which honor I dare hardly think myself worthy, while I dare not think that God would allow me to enter on them unworthily . . . . Night and morning, for months, my prayer has been: 'O God if I am not worthy; if my sin in leading souls from Thee is still unpardoned; if I am desiring to be a deacon not wholly for the sake of serving Thee; if it be necessary to show me my weakness and the holiness of Thy office still more strongly, O God reject me!' and while I shuddered for your sake at the idea of a repulse, I prayed to be repulsed if it were necessary, and included *that* in the meaning of my petition 'Thy will be done.' After this what can I consider my acceptance but as a proof that I have not sinned too deeply for escape! as an earnest that God has heard my prayer and will bless my ministry, and enable me not only to raise myself, but to lift others with me! Oh! my soul, my body, my intellect, my very love, I dedicate you all to God! And not mine only . . . . to be an example and an instrument of holiness before the Lord for ever, to dwell in His courts, to purge His Temple, to feed His sheep, to carry the lambs and bear them to that foster-mother whose love never fails, whose eye never sleeps, the Bride of God, the Church of Christ! . . . . I would have written when I knew of my success yesterday, but there was no town post.

"Direct to me next at Eversley! . . . ."

And now Charles Kingsley settled down, at the age of twenty-three, in Eversley; little thinking it would be his home for thirty-three years.

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The parish of Eversley (Aper's lea) was mostly common land when he became curate, divided into three hamlets, each standing on its own little green, surrounded by the moorland, with young forests of self-sown fir trees cropping up in every direction. The population was very scattered—"heth croppers" from time immemorial and poachers by instinct and heritage. It was on the borders of Old Windsor Forest, the boundaries of which reached the adjoining parish of Finchampstead; and the old men could remember the time when many a royal deer used to stray into Eversley parish. Every man in those days could snare his hare, and catch a good dinner of fish in waters not then strictly preserved; and the old women would tell of the handsome muffs and tippets, made of pheasants' feathers, not bought with silver, which they wore in their young days.

Eversley Manor, it is said, was granted to the monks of Westminster by a charter from Edward the Confessor. We know from the charter that there was then a church at Eversley. William the Conqueror renewed the grant of the manor.

It appears still to have belonged to the church of Westminster, in 1280; but it must ere long have passed from its possession, for Bishop Woodlock of Winchester, in the early years of the fourteenth century, instituted a priest to Eversley, on the presentation of Nicholas Heigheman. The chancel of the church dates from about the time of Henry VII.

The great peculiarity of the parish are the fir trees, of which there are three fine specimens on the rectory lawn.

For the first six weeks of his curate life he lived in the rectory house, and the following letter contained a sketch of the lawn and glebe from the drawing-room windows and a plan of the room.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *July* 14, 1842.

"Can you understand my sketch? I am no drawer of trees, but the view is beautiful. The ground slopes upward from the windows to a sunk fence and road, without banks or hedges, and rises in the furze hill in the drawing, which hill is perfectly beautiful in light and shade, and color . . . . Behind the acacia on the lawn you get the first glimpse of the fir-forests and moors, of which five-sixths of my parish consist. Those delicious self-sown firs! Every step I wander they whisper to me of you, the delicious past melting into the more delicious future. 'What has been, shall be,' they say! I went the other day to Bramshill Park, the home

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of the *seigneur du pays* here, Sir John Cope. And there I saw the very tree where an ancestor of mine, Archbishop Abbot, in James the First's time, shot the keeper by accident! I sat under the tree, and it all seemed to me like a present reality. I could fancy the noble old man, very different then from his picture as it hangs in the dining room at Chelsea. I could fancy the deer sweeping by, and the rattle of the cross-bow, and the white splinters sparkling off the fated tree as the bolt glanced and turned—and then the death shriek, and the stagger, and the heavy fall of the sturdy forester—and the bow dropping from the old man's hands, and the blood sinking to his heart in one chilling rush, and his glorious features collapsing into that look of changeless and rigid sorrow, which haunted me in the portrait upon the wall in childhood. He never smiled again! And that solemn form always spoke to me, though I did not then know what it meant. It is strange that this is almost the only portrait saved in the wreck of our family.* As I sat under the tree, there seemed to be a solemn and remorseful moan in the long branches, mixed with the airy whisper of the lighter leaves that told of present as well as past!

"I go to the school every day, and teach as long as I can stand the heat and smell. The few children are in a room ten feet square and seven feet high. I am going after dinner to read to an old woman of 87; so you see I have begun. This is a plan of my room. It is a large, low, front room, with a light paper and drab curtains, and a large bow window, where I sit, poor me, solitary in one corner."

Before his coming, the church services had been utterly neglected. It sometimes happened that when the rector had a cold, or some trifling ailment, he would send the clerk to the church door at eleven, to inform the few who attended that there would be no service. In consequence the ale-houses were full on Sunday and the church empty, and it was up-hill work getting a congregation together.

July 17th was the young curate's first day of public ministration in Eversley Church, and he felt it deeply.

* This picture of Archbishop Abbot, by Vandyke, came into the family through William Kingsley, born 1626, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Charles II. son of William Kingsley, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and Damaris his wife, who was niece to Robertus Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop was a great friend of Lord Zouche, then owner of Bramshill Park, and while on a visit to him killed the keeper by accident with a bolt from his cross-bow aimed at a stag. He was suspended for a time, and, it is said, never smiled again.

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"I was not nervous," he says, "for I had prayed before going into the desk that I might remember that I was not speaking on my own authority, but on God's, and the feeling that the responsibility (if I may so speak) was on God and not on me quieted the weak terror I have of offending people."

EVERSLEY, *Aug.*, 1842.

"My views of poverty are very strange. Had I been a Haroun Alraschid, with every sense 'lapped in Elysium,' I could have enjoyed all. 'The man who cannot enjoy, cannot be healthy, and cannot be self-denying.' But had I been a prairie hunter, cold and nakedness and toil would have been no evils to me. I could have enjoyed that which was given me, and never, I believe firmly, remembered that there were greater sensual pleasures in life."

. . . . . .

"Never depreciate, according to the foolish way of sentimentalists, the brotherly love of men. . . . . Remember the sanctity attached to it in Scripture, and believe that in this, as in other things, the man is the stronger vessel. There is something awful! spiritual, in men's love for each other! It requires not even the presence of the beloved brother or friend—it requires no expression—it is too deep for emotion. It goes on its way like a mighty unconscious stream, that brother's love, and sacrifices itself often for a man with whom it never exchanges a word. I could tell you a thousand stories—I will some day—to prove the mysterious abysses of a man's heart—God's image! Here is one. There were two Dover coachmen—twins. One drove the up coach the other the down for thirty years, so that they never saw each other night or day, but when they whirled past once a day, each on his box, on their restless homeless errand. They never noticed each other in passing but by the jerk of the wrist, which is the cant sign of recognition among horse-driving men. Brutes! the sentimentalist will say—for they were both fat, jolly men! And when one of them died, the other took to his bed in a few days, in perfect health, and pined away and died also! His words were 'Now Tom is gone, I can't stay.' Was not that spirit love? That story always makes me ready to cry. And cases as strong are common."

EVERSLEY, 1842.

". . . The body the temple of the Living God. . . . . There has always seemed to me something impious in the neglect of personal health, strength, and beauty, which the religious and sometimes clergymen of this day affect. It is very often a mere form of laziness and untidiness! . . . . I should be ashamed of being weak. I could not do half the little good I do do here, if

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it were not for that strength and activity which some consider coarse and degrading. Many clergymen would half kill themselves if they did what I do. And though they might walk about as much, they would neglect exercise of the arms and chest, and become dyspeptic or consumptive. Do not be afraid of my overworking myself. If I stop, I go down. I must work. . . . . How merciful God has been in turning all the strength and hardihood I gained in snipe shooting and hunting, and rowing and jack-fishing in those magnificent fens to His work! While I was following my own fancies He was preparing me for His work. I could wish I were an Apollo for His sake! Strange idea, yet it seems so harmonious to me! . . . Is it not an awful proof that matter is not necessarily evil, that we shall be clothed in bodies even in our perfect state? Think of that! . . . It seems all so harmonious to me. It is all so full of God, that I see no inconsistency in making my sermons while I am cutting wood, and no 'bizarrerie' in talking one moment to one man about the points of a horse, and the next moment to another about the mercy of God to sinners. I try to catch men by their leading ideas, and so draw them off insensibly to my leading idea. And so I find—shall I tell you? you know it is not vanity, but the wish to make you happy in the thought that God is really permitting me to do His work—I find that dissent is decreasing; people are coming to church who never went anywhere before; that I am loved and respected—or rather that God's ministry, which has been here deservedly despised, alas! is beginning to be respected; and above all, that the young wild fellows who are considered as hopeless by most men, because most men are what they call 'spoony Methodists,' *i. e.*, effeminate ascetics, dare not gainsay, but rather look up to a man who they see is their superior, if he chose to exert his power in physical as well as intellectual skill.

"So I am trying to become (harmoniously and consistently) all things to all men, and I thank God for the versatile mind He has given me. But I am becoming egotistical."

This was one secret of his influence in Eversley: he could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the hay-makers in the pasture. From knowing every fox earth on the moor, the "reedy hover" of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he had always a word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the laborer the science of hedging and ditching. And yet while he seemed to ask for information, he unconsciously gave more than he received.

At this time Mr. Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ" was put into

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his hands. It was in a great crisis of his life, and he always said that he owed more to that book than to any he had ever read, for by it his views were cleared and his faith established.

It may seem strange to some that Carlyle's works should have laid the foundation to which Coleridge's "Aids" and Maurice's works were the superstructure: but so it was. The friend who gave them all to him little thought that Chevalier Bunsen, in his "Hyppolytus" at a later period would strike the point of contact between these three authors which explains their effect on Charles Kingsley's mind.

Circumstances now caused a long break in this correspondence, but the faith and patience with which the trial was met may be seen in these parting words, or perhaps still more in some rules, intended for one eye only, but from which extracts have been made, in the hope they may help others who have the same thorny road to travel, without such a friend and guide.

EVERSLEY, *August*, 1842.

". . . Though there may be clouds between us now, yet they are safe and dry, free from storm and rains—our parted state now is quiet grey weather, under which all tender things will spring up and grow, beneath the warm damp air, till they are ready for the next burst of sunshine to hurry them into blossom and fruit. Let us plant and rear all tender thoughts, knowing surely that those who sow in tears shall reap in joy. . . . I can understand people's losing by trusting too little to God, but I cannot understand any one's losing by trusting too much to Him! . . . . ."

"There are two ways of looking at every occurrence—a bright and a dark side. Two modes of action—Which is most worthy of a rational being, a Christian and a friend? It is absurd, as a rational being, to torture one's self unnecessarily. It is inconsistent in a Christian to see God's wrath, rather than His mercy in everything. . . . . How to avoid this morbidity of mind—by prayer. 'Resist the devil and he will flee from you.' By turning your mind from the dark view. Never begin to look darkly at a subject, without checking yourself and saying, 'Is there not a bright side to this? Has not God promised the bright side to me? Is not my happiness in my own power? Do I not know that I am ruining my mind and endangering the happiness of those dear to me—by looking at the wrong side?' Make this your habit. Every gift of God is good, and given for our happiness; and we sin if we abuse it. To use our fancy to our own misery is to abuse it and to sin—the realm of the possible was given to man to hope,

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and not to fear in. . . . . If (in sorrow) the thought strikes you that we are punished for our sins—mourn for them, and not for the happiness which they have prevented. Rather thank God that He has stopped us in time, and remember His promises of restoring us if we profit by his chastisement.

"In cases of love to God and working to His glory in the first and second intention read Taylor's 'Holy Living.' But eschew his Popish fallacy about duties as different from perfections. Every step in love and to God, and devotion to Him is a duty! That doctrine was invented to allow mankind to exist, while a few self-conceited shut themselves up in a state of unnatural celibacy and morbid excitement, in order to avoid their duty, instead of doing it. Avoid the Fathers, after Origen (including him), on this account—their theories are not universal . . . .

" . . . We may think too much! There is such a thing as mystifying one's self! Mystifying one's self is thinking a dozen thoughts in order to get to a conclusion, to which one might arrive by thinking one; getting at ideas by an unnecessarily subtle and circuitous path: then, because one has been through many steps, one fancies one has gone deep. This is one form of want of simplicity. This is not being like a little child, any more than analysing one's own feelings. A child goes straight to its point, and it hardly knows why. When you have done a thing, leave it alone. You mystify yourself after the idea, not before. Second thoughts may be best before action—they are folly after action, unless we find we have sinned. The consistent Christian should have no second thoughts, but do good by the first impulse. How few attain to this. I do not object to subtlety of thought: but it is dangerous for one who has no scientific guide of logic, &c.

"Aim at depth. A thought is deep in proportion as it is near God. You may be subtle, and only perceive a trifling property of the subject, which others do not. To be deep, you must see the subject in its relation to God—yourself—and the universe; and the more harmonious and simple it seems, the nearer God and the deeper it is. All the deep things of God are bright—for God is light. The religion of terror is the most superficial of all religions. God's arbitrary will, and almighty power, may seem dark by themselves, though deep, as they do to the Calvinists; but that is because they do not involve His moral character. Join them with the fact that He is a God of mercy as well as justice; remember that His essence is love;—and the thunder-cloud will blaze with dewy gold, full of soft rain, and pure light!

"Again: remember that habit, more than reason, will cure one both of mystifying subtlety and morbid fear; and remember that habits are a series of individual voluntary actions, continued till they become involuntary. One would not wish to become good by habit, as the Aristotle-loving Tractarians do; but one must ac-

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quire tones of mind by habit, in cases in which intellectual, not moral obliquity, or constitutional ill-health is the cause of failure.

"Some minds are too 'subjective.' What I mean is, that they may devote themselves too much to the subject of self and mankind. Now man is not 'the noblest study of man.' (What lies the trashy poets of Pope and Johnson's age tell, which are taken as gospel, and acted upon, because the idol said so!) God is the noblest study of man. He is the only study fit for a woman devoted to Him. And Him you can study in three ways.

"1st. From His dealings in History. This is the real Philosophy of History. Read Arnold's 'Lectures on Modern History.' (Oh! why did that noblest of men die? God have mercy upon England! He takes the shining lights from us, for our National sins!) And read as he tells us to read, not to study man à la Rochefoucauld, but God à la David!

"2nd. From His image as developed in Christ the ideal, and in all good men—great good men—David, Moses, St. Paul, Hooker, the four Oxford martyrs, Luther, Taylor, Howard. Read about that glorious Luther! and like him strive all your life to free men from the bondage of custom and self, the two great elements of the world that lieth in wickedness! Read Maurice for this purpose, and Carlyle.

"3rd. From His works. Study nature—not scientifically—that would take eternity, to do it so as to reap much moral good from it. Superficial physical science is the devil's spade, with which he loosens the roots of the trees prepared for the burning! Do not study matter for its own sake, but as the countenance of God! Try to extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling from it. Study the forms and colors of leaves and flowers, and the growth and habits of plants; not to classify them, but to admire them and adore God. Study the sky! Study water! Study trees! Study the sounds and scents of nature! Study all these, as beautiful in themselves, in order to re-combine the elements of beauty; next, as allegories and examples from whence moral reflections may be drawn; next, as types of certain tones of feeling, &c.; but remain (yourself) in God-dependence, superior to them. Learn what feelings they express, but do not let them mould the tone of your mind; else by allowing a melancholy day to make you melancholy, you worship the creature more than the Creator. No sight but has some beauty and harmony!

"Read geology—Buckland's 'Bridgewater Treatise' and you will rise up awe-struck and cling to God!

"Study the human figure, both as intrinsically beautiful and as expressing mind. It only expresses the broad natural childish emotions, which are just what you want to return to. Study 'natural language'—I mean the 'language of attitude.' It is an inexhaust

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ible source of knowledge and delight, and enables one human being to understand another so perfectly. Draw,—learn to draw and paint figures. No one with such freedom of touch in landscape and perception of physical beauty requires anything but a few simple rules, and some common attention to attitudes, to draw exquisitely. If you can command your hand in drawing a tree, you can in drawing a face. Perfect your coloring . . . . It will keep your mind employed on objective studies, and save you from morbid introversion of mind—brooding over fallen man. It will increase your perception of beauty, and thereby your own harmony of soul and love to God!

"Practise music—I am going to learn myself, merely to be able to look after my singers . . . . Music is such a vent for the feelings. . . . .

"Study medicine . . . . I am studying it . . . . Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the wages, wants, and habits, and prevalent diseases of the poor, wherever you go.

"Let your mind freely forth. Only turn it inwards at prayer time, to recollect sins of which you were conscious at the time, not to look for fresh ones. They are provided against by prayer for pardon of unintentional sins. What wisdom in our Church! She knew that if she allowed sin hunting, people would fancy, like some Dissenters, that pretending everything they had done was sinful, was a sign of holiness!

"Let your studies, then, be objective entirely. Look forward to the future with hope. Build castles, if you will, but only bright ones, and not too many—better to live in the Past. We cannot help thanking God for that! Blessed Past! Has not God led us like sheep through the desert? Think of all He has done for us. . . . . Be happy. . . . . Weep, but let them be tears of thankfulness.

"Do not be too solicitous to find deep meanings in men's words. Most men do, and all men ought to mean only what is evident at first sight on their books (unless they be inspired or write for a private eye). This is the great danger of such men as Novalis, that you never know how much he means. Beware of subtlety again. The quantity of sounding nonsense in the world is incredible! If you wish to be like a little child, study what a little child could understand—nature; and do what a little child could do—love.

"Use your senses much, and your mind little. Feed on Nature, and do not try to understand it. It will digest itself. It did so when you were a baby the first time! Look round you much. Think little and read less! Never give way to reveries. Have always some employment in your hands. . . . . When you are doing nothing at night, pray and praise!

"See how much a day can do! I have since nine this morning,

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cut wood for an hour; spent an hour and more in prayer and humiliation, and thereby established a chastened but happy tone, which lasts till now; written six or seven pages of a difficult part of my essay; taught in the school; thought over many things while walking; gone round two-thirds of the parish visiting and doctoring; and written all this. Such days are lives—and happy ones. One has no time to be miserable, and one is ashamed to invent little sorrows for one's self while one is trying to relieve such grief in others as would kill us, if we gave way or fancied about them!

"Pray over every truth, for though the renewed heart is not 'desperately wicked,' it is quite 'deceitful' enough to become so, if God be forgotten a moment! . . .

"Keep a common-place book, and put into it, not only facts and thoughts, but observations on form, and color, and nature, and little sketches, even to the form of beautiful leaves. They will all have their charm, all do their work in consolidating your ideas. Put everything into it. . . . Strive to put every idea into a tangible form, and write it down. Distrust every idea which you cannot put into words; or rather distrust your own conception of it. Not so with feelings. Therefore write much. Try to put everything in its place in the great system . . . seeing the realities of Heaven and Earth."

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CHAPTER V.

1842—1843.

AGED 23–24.

Curate Life—Letter from Colonel W.—Brighter Prospects—Correspondence Renewed—Promise of Preferment—Leaves Eversley.

A YEAR passed by of silence and self-discipline, hard reading and parish duties. That sorrow was doing its work, his own words to his parents will testify.

". . . Christianity heightens as well as deepens the human as well as the divine affections. I am happy, for the less hope, the more faith. . . . . God knows what is best for us, and very lucky that He does, for I am sure we do not. Continual resignation, at last I begin to find, is the secret of continual strength. 'Daily *dying*,' as Behmen interprets it, is the path of daily *living*. . . ."

His mother now paid him a visit, and she gives this account of his surroundings:—

EVERSLEY, 1842.

"Here I am, in a humble cottage in the corner of a sunny green, a little garden, whose flower-beds are surrounded with tall and aged box, is fenced in from the path with a low white paling. The green is gay with dogs, and pigs, and geese, some running frolic races, and others swimming in triumph in a glassy pond, where they are safe from all intruders. Every object around is either picturesque or happy, fulfilling in their different natures the end of their creation. . . . . Surely it must have been the especial providence of God that directed us to this place! and the thought of this brightens every trial. There is independence in every good sense of the word, and yet no loneliness. The family at the Brewery are devoted to Charles, and think they cannot do enough for him. The dear old man says he has been praying for years for such a time to come, and that Eversley has not been so blessed for sixty years. Need I say rejoice with me. Here I sit surrounded by your books and little things which speak of you."

To his college friend, Peter A. L. H. Wood, Esq. (now Rector of Copford, Essex), he writes to beg for a visit in his solitude.

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"PETER! EVERSLEY, *August* 5, 1842.

"Whether in the glaring saloons of Almack's, or making love in the equestrian stateliness of the park, or the luxurious recumbency of the ottoman, whether breakfasting at one, or going to bed at three, thou art still Peter, the beloved of my youth, the staff of my academic days, the regret of my parochial retirement!—Peter! I am alone! Around me are the everlasting hills, and the everlasting bores of the country! My parish is peculiar for nothing but want of houses and abundance of peat bogs; my parishioners remarkable only for aversion to education, and a predilection for fat bacon. I am wasting my sweetness on the desert air—I say my sweetness, for I have given up smoking, and smell no more. Oh, Peter, Peter, come down and see me! Oh that I could behold your head towering above the fir-trees that surround my lonely dwelling. Take pity on me! I am 'like a kitten in the washhouse copper with the lid on!' And, Peter, prevail on some of your friends here to give me a day's trout-fishing, for my hand is getting out of practice. But, Peter, I am, considering the oscillations and perplex circumgurgitations of this piece-meal world, an improved man. I am much more happy, much more comfortable, reading, thinking, and doing my duty—much more than ever I did before in my life. Therefore I am not discontented with my situation, or regretful that I buried my first-class in a country curacy, like the girl who shut herself up in a band-box on her wedding night (*vide* Rogers's 'Italy.') And my lamentations are not general (for I do not want an inundation of the froth and tide-wash of Babylon the Great), but particular, being solely excited by want of thee, oh Peter, who art very pleasant to me, and wouldst be more so if thou wouldst come and eat my mutton, and drink my wine, and admire my sermons, some Sunday at Eversley.

"Your faithful friend,

"BOANERGES ROAR-AT-THE-CLODS."

His friend responded to the call. "I paid him a visit," he says, "at Eversley, where he lived in a thatched cottage. So roughly was he lodged that I recollect taking him some game, which was dried to a cinder in the cooking and quite spoiled; but he was as happy as if he were in a palace. . . ."

And now the young curate, who had gained the love and respect of the parish, was rewarded by brigher prospects. He had little society, during his first year of curate life, except in the parish and at Sandhurst, where he had one or two friends in the Senior department of the Military College. One of these friends thus describes their intercourse at this time:—

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FROM COLONEL W.

"My memory often runs back to the days at Sandhurst, when I used to meet dear Kingsley continually in his little curate room, at the corner of the Green at Eversley; when he told me of his attachment to one whom he feared he should never be able to marry, and that he supposed that he should live the rest of his life reading old books, and knocking his head against the ceiling of his room, like a caged bird. And well I remember a particular Sunday, when walking with him to his church in the afternoon, having dined with him at mid-day. It was a lovely afternoon in the autumn—passing through the corn in sheaf, the bells ringing, and people, young and old, gathering together near the church. He, looking down on the Rectory house, said to me——

"'Oh! how hard it is to go through life without wishing for the goods of others! Look at the Rectory! Oh, if I were there with a wife, how happy,' &c. God seemed to hear the desire of his creature, for when the next year's corn was in sheaf, *you* were with him at the Rectory. And he has told me in after years that his life with you was one of constantly increasing love. I called at his cottage one morning, and I found him almost beside himself, stamping his things into a portmanteau. 'What is the matter, dear Kingsley?'—'I am engaged. I am going to see her *now—to-day*.' I was so glad, and left him to his joy.

"My tears will come to my eyes in writing these lines, for I loved Kingsley as well as man can love man. I have only one little scratch of a drawing of his. I have many pleasant reminiscences, sparks of his large mind, as in friendly chat we would sit and draw together, or walk by river side and think of Nature,—and all one's strongest desires,—for a heart to share every thought and sight. And now this picture in life is over. . . . ."

In September, 1843, through the kindness of Lord Sidney Osborne, a relation of his future wife, Lord Portman promised to give Charles Kingsley one of the first small livings that fell to his gift, and in the mean time advised him to apply for the curacy of Pimperne, near Blandford, which with a good house would be vacant in the following spring. This being secured, Bishop Sumner gave permission for his resigning the curacy of Eversley at Christmas.

The correspondence, which had dropped for a year, was now resumed.

EVERSLEY CROSS, *October*, 1843.

"I am getting very strong, and have been threshing wheat a good deal these last two wet days, which is splendid exercise. I look forward to working in the garden at Pimperne. What a place for summer nights! We will go and sit in the church sometimes

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on summer nights, too . . . . but I am not fond, you know, of going into churches to pray. We must go up into the chase in the evenings, and pray there with nothing but God's cloud temple between us and His heaven! And His choir of small birds and night crickets and booming beetles, and all happy things who praise Him all night long! And in the still summer noon, too, with the lazy-paced clouds above, and the distant sheep-bell, and the bee humming in the beds of thyme, and one bird making the hollies ring a moment, and then all still—hushed—awe-bound, as the great thunderclouds slide up from the far south! Then, there to praise God! Ay, even when the heaven is black with wind, the thunder crackling over our heads, then to join in the pæan of the storm-spirits to Him whose pageant of power passes over the earth and harms us not in its mercy!

"I once scandalized a man who had been sentimentalising about Gothic aisles, by telling him that all agreed that they were built in imitation of the glades of forest trees, with branches interlacing overhead! and that I liked God's work better than man's! In the Cathedral, we worship alone and the place is dumb, or speaks only to *us*, raising a semi-selfish emotion; that is, having its beginning and end in us. In the forest, every branch and leaf, with the thousand living things which cluster on them, all worship with us!"

EVERSLEY, *November*, 1843.

". . . As to self-improvement, the true Catholic mode of learning is, to 'prove all things,' as far as we can without sin or the danger of it, and 'hold fast that which is good.' Let us never be afraid of trying anything, though copied from people of different opinions to our own. And let us never, never be afraid of changing our opinions—not our knowledge. If we should find fasting unsuccessful, we will simply give it up—and so on with all practices and opinions not expressed in Scripture. That is a form of pride which haunts the more powerful minds, the unwillingness to go back from one's declared opinion, but it is not found in great child-like geniuses. Fools may hold fast to their scanty stock through life, and we must be very cautious in drawing them from it—for where can they supply its place? Therefore, there is no more unloving, heartless man-murderer, than the man who goes about trying, for the display of his own 'talents' (a word I dislike), to shake people in their belief, even when that belief is not quite sound. Better believe in ghosts 'with no heads and jackboots on,' like my Eversley people, than believe in nothing but self! Therefore Maurice's loving, Christian rule is, 'Never take away from a man even the shadow of a spiritual truth, unless you can give him substance in return.' Therefore, let those less educated or less holy minds, who have found some truth, hold it in peace—

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not tear up all their belief along with their prejudices, tares and wheat together, as the Tractarians are doing to the poor of England now! But those who discover much truth—ay, who make perhaps only one truth really their own, a living integral law of their spirits—must, in developing it, pass through many changes of opinion. They must rise and fall back, and rise higher again, and fall and rise again, till they reach the level table-land of truth, and can look down on men toiling and stumbling in the misty valleys, where the rising sunlight has not yet found its way. Or perhaps, their own minds will oscillate, like a pendulum, between Dualism and Unitarianism, or High Church and Low Church, until the oscillations become gradually smaller, and subside into the Rest of Truth!—the peace which passes understanding! I fancy it is a law, that the greater the mind, the stronger the heart, the larger will the oscillations be, but the less they will be visible to the world, because the wise man will not act outwardly upon his opinions until they have become knowledge, and his mind is in a state of rest. This I think the true, the only doctrine of Reserve—reserve of our own fancies, not of immutable truth.

". . . People smile at the 'enthusiasm of youth'—that enthusiasm which they themselves secretly look back at with a sigh, perhaps unconscious that it is partly their own fault that they ever lost it. Is it not strange, that the only persons who appear to me to carry to the grave with them the joyousness, simplicity, and lovingness and trust of children, are the most exalted Christians? Think of St. John, carried into the Church at Smyrna, at the age of ninety-nine, and with his dying breath repeating the same simple words, 'Little children, love one another.'"

EVERSLEY, *October 27.*

". . . I have been making a fool of myself for the last ten minutes, according to the world's notion of folly, for there have been some strolling fiddlers under the window, and I have been listening and crying like a child. Some quick music is so inexpressibly mournful. It seems just like one's own feelings—exultation and action, with the remembrance of past sorrow wailing up, yet without bitterness, tender in its shrillness, through the mingled tide of present joy; and the notes seem thoughts—thoughts pure of words, and a spirit seems to call to me in them and cry, 'Hast thou not felt all this?' And I start when I find myself answering unconsciously, 'Yes, yes, I know it all!' Surely we are a part of all we see and hear! And then the harmony thickens, and all distinct sound is pressed together and absorbed in a confused paroxysm of delight, where still the female treble and the male base are distinct for a moment, and then one again—absorbed into each other's being—sweetened and strengthened by each

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other's melody . . . . why should I not cry? Those men have unconsciously told me my own tale! why should I not love them and pray for them? Are they not my benefactors? Have they not given me more than food and drink? Let us never despise the wandering minstrel. He is an unconscious witness for God's harmony—a preacher of the world-music—the power of sweet sounds, which is a link between every age and race—the language which all can understand, though few can speak. And who knows what tender thoughts his own sweet music stirs within him, though he eat in pot-houses, and sleep in barns! Ay, thoughts too deep for words are in those simple notes—why should not we feel them? . . . ."

EVERSLEY, *October*, 1843.

". . . I have been thinking of how we are to order our establishment at Pimperne. The best way will be, while we are in Somersetshire (a season of solemn and delightful preparation for our work) we will hunt out all the texts in the Bible about masters and servants, to form rules upon them; and our rules we will alter and improve upon in time, as we find out more and more of the true relation in which we ought to stand to those whom God has placed under us. . . . . I feel more and more that the new principle of considering a servant as a trader, who sells you a certain amount of work for a certain sum of money, is a devil's principle, and that we must have none of it, but return as far as we can to the patriarchial and feudal spirit towards them. . . . ."*

". . . And religion, that is, truth, shall be the only thing in our house. All things must be made to tend to it; and if they cannot be made to tend to God's glory, the belief in, and knowledge of the spiritual world, and the duties and ties of humanity, they must be turned out of doors as part of 'the world.' One thing we must keep up, if we intend to be anything like witnesses for God, in perhaps the most sensual generation since Alaric destroyed Rome, —I mean the continual open verbal reference of everything, even to the breaking of a plate, to God and God's providence, as the Easterns do. The reason why God's name is so seldom in people's mouths is not that they reverence Him, as they say, too much to talk of Him (! ! !), but because they do not think of him!

"About our Parish. No clergyman knows less about the working of a parish than I do; but one thing I do know, that I have to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and to be instant in that, in season and out of season and at all risks. . . . . And therefore I pray daily for the Spirit of love to guide us, and the Spirit of

* He carried out this principle in daily life, and at his death all the servants in his house had lived with him from seventeen to twenty-six years, and most of those who had left the rectory, left to go to a home of their own.

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earnestness to keep us at work. For our work must be done by praying for our people, by preaching to them, in church and out of church (for all instruction is preaching—*vide Hooker*—by leading them to pray and worship in the liturgy, and by setting them an example ;—an example in every look, word, and motion,—in the paying of a bill, the hiring of a servant, the reproving of a child.

"We will have no innovations in ceremony. But we will not let public worship become 'dead bones.' We will strive and pray, day and night, till we put life into it, till our parish feels that God is the great Idea, and that all things are in Him, and He in all things. The local means, to which so much importance is attached now-a-days, by those very sects who pretend to despise outward instruments, I mean the schools, charities, &c., I know nothing of, in Pimperne. But we must attend to them (not alter them), and make them tools for our work, which is to teach men that there is a God, and that nothing done without Him is done at all, but a mere sham and makeshift. We must attend the schools and superintend the teaching, going round to the different classes, and not hearing them the letter, but trying by a few seasonable words to awaken them to the spirit ; this is the distinction which is so neglected between the duty of the parson and his wife, and that of the schoolmaster and mistress. . . . . The Church Catechism must be the main point of instruction. Of the Bible, the Proverbs and the Gospels, with parts picked from the leading points of Old Testament history, are all they need know. They will soon learn the rest, if they can master the real meaning and spirit of Solomon and St. John. Few have done that, and therefore the Bible is a sealed book to the very people who swear by it, *i. e.*, by some twenty texts in it which lay down their favorite doctrines plainly enough to be patched into a system, and those not understood skin deep. Let us observe the Ember days, . . praying over the sins of the clergy, one's own especially. . . . . entreating God's mercy on the country, as children of a land fast hurrying to ruin in her mad love of intellectuality, mammonism, and false liberty ! and to avert some portion of the coming evil from Church and nation. . . . . I see the dawn of better knowledge. Puseyism is a struggle after it. It has failed—already failed, because unsound ; but the answer which it found in ten thousand hearts shows that men are yearning for better things than money, or dogmas, and that God's Spirit has not left us. Maurice is a struggle after it—Thomas Carlyle is a struggle—This book of Bosanquet's ('The Perils of the Nation') is a struggle—All more or less sound, towards true Christianity, and therefore true national prosperity. But will they hear the voices which warn them? . . . .

"But now I must bid good-night, and read my psalms and lessons and pray. . . . ."

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CHAPTER VI.

1844—1847.

AGED 25–28.

Marriage—Curacy of Pimperne—Rectory of Eversley—Correspondence.

EARLY in 1844 Charles Kingsley was married to Fanny, daughter of Pascoe Grenfell and Georgiana St. Leger his wife. He had settled to take possession of the curacy of Pimperne, in Dorsetshire, in the following spring, but the living of Eversley falling vacant at that time, a strong effort was made by the parishioners to get the curate who had worked among them so indefatigably appointed rector. While the matter was pending, he went down into Dorsetshire for a few weeks alone to do the duty, staying either at Durweston Rectory or at Blandford, during which interval the following letters were written :—

SALISBURY, *March* 31, 1844.

". . . I spent a delightful day yesterday. Conceive my pleasure at finding myself in Bemerton, George Herbert's parish, and seeing his house and church, and fishing in the very meadows where he, and Dr. Donne, and Izaak Walton, may have fished before me. I killed several trout and a brace of grayling, about three-quarters of a pound each—a fish quite new to me, smelling just like cucumbers. The dazzling chalk-wolds sleeping in the sun, the clear river rushing and boiling down in one ever-sliding sheet of transparent silver, the birds bursting into song, and mating and toying in every hedge-row—everything stirred with the gleam of God's eyes, when 'He reneweth the face of the earth!' I had many happy thoughts; but I am very lonely. No time for more, as I am going to prayers in the cathedral."

DURWESTON RECTORY, *April* 1, 1844.

"I looked into and read much of 'Henry Martyn's Life' (East Indian missionary) last night. My mind is in a chaos about him. Sometimes one feels inclined to take him at his own word, and believe him, as he says, a mere hypochondriac: then the next

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moment he seems a saint. I cannot fathom it. Of this I am certain, that he is a much better man than I am."

BLANDFORD, *April* 17, 1844.

". . . More and more I find that these* writings of Carlyle's do not lead to gloomy discontent—that theirs is not a dark but a bright view of life: in reality, more evil speaking against the age and its inhabitants is thundered from the pulpit daily, by both Evangelical and Tractarian, than Carlyle has been guilty of in all his works; but he finds fault in tangible original language—they speak evil of every one except their own party, but in such conventional language that no ear is shocked by the oft-repeated formulæ of 'original sin' and 'unconverted hearts,' and so on; and the man who would be furious if Carlyle had classed him among the '*valets*,' bears with perfect equanimity the information of Mr. B***, that he is a 'vessel of wrath,' or of Dr. P***, that he has put himself beyond the pale of Christ's atonement by sin after baptism. Let us in all things take Dr. Johnson's golden rule: 'First clear your mind of cant."

PIMPERNE, *April* 21, 1844.

"I have been reading Wordsworth's 'Excursion,' with many tears and prayers too. To me he is not only poet, but preacher and prophet of God's new and divine philosophy—a man raised as a light in a dark time, and rewarded by an honored age, for the simple faith in man and God with which he delivered his message; whose real nobility is independent of rank, or conventionalities of language or manner, which is but the fashion of this world and passes away. I am trying, in my way, to do good; but what is the use of talking to hungry paupers about heaven? 'Sir,' as my clerk said to me yesterday, 'there is a weight upon their hearts, and they care for no hope and no change, for they know they can be no worse off than they are.' And so they have no spirit to arise and go to their Father! Those who lounge upon down beds, and throw away thousands at Crockford's and Almack's—they, the refined of this earth, have crushed it out of them. I have been very sad lately seeing this, and seeing, too, the horrid effects of that new Poor Law. You must be behind the scenes to see the truth, in places which the Malthus's and —— ——'s know nothing of." . . . .

"S. G. O. is deep in statistics and abuses. Heaven knows, when there are so many abuses, we ought to thank a man who will hunt them out. I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and beautiful, except he attacks the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it! Therefore you must make up your mind

* "The Miscellanies," and "Past and Present."

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to see me, with God's help, a hunter out of abuses till the abuses cease—only till then. It is very easy to turn our eyes away from ugly sights, and so consider ourselves refined. The refined man to me is he who cannot rest in peace with a coal-mine, or a factory, or a Dorsetshire peasant's house near him, in the state in which they are. . . . . I am deep in 'The Perils of the Nation.' . . . ."

SUNDAY NIGHT.

"You know, I suppose, all that I can tell you. I am to see Sir John Cope at Arthur's Club House, to-morrow afternoon, and, at all events, shall return to you Monday, perhaps Rector of Eversley! Forgive this short letter, as I am worn out; but a bright future opens. Blessed be God. . . ."

MONDAY.

"All is settled at last. Sir John has given me the living, and is going to see the Bishop to-day, and I am to go down to Eversley to-morrow. He wishes me to settle there as soon as possible. God never fails those who put their trust in him. . . . ."

". . . The presentation is to be ready in a few days. I am then to be instituted here in town, and then, please God, we shall get to Eversley on Friday or Saturday. The packing, van, &c., and some little comforts before we take possession, I have settled. Congratulations, as you may suppose, are plentiful . . . . and I had the pleasure of bringing the news myself to Eversley. . . . . I go to the Bishop of Winchester to-morrow. I took the whole duty at St. George's Hospital yesterday morning, and preached a charity sermon at St. Luke's in the afternoon, and at the old church in the evening; and am very tired, body and mind. . . . . My brain has been in such a whirl that I have had no time for deep thoughts. I can understand, by the events of the last few days, how the minds of men of business, at the very moment they are wielding the vastest commercial or physical power, may yet be degraded and superficial. One seems to do so much in 'business,' and yet with how little fruit: *we* bustle, and *God* works. That glorious, silent Providence—such a contrast to physical power, with its blast furnaces and roaring steam engines!

"Farewell till to-morrow. . . . ."

He now settled as rector, at Eversley, with his wife; and life flowed on peacefully, notwithstanding the anxieties of a sorely neglected parish, and the expenses of an old house which had not been repaired for more than a hundred years. Owing to the circumstances under which the living fell vacant, the incoming tenant got no dilapidation-money, and had arrears of Poor Rates and

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the pay of the curate to meet. The house itself was damp and unwholesome, surrounded with ponds which overflowed with every heavy rain, and flooded not only the garden and stables, but all the rooms on the ground floor, keeping up master and servants sometimes all night, bailing out the water in buckets for hours together; and drainage works had to be done before it was habitable. From these causes, and from the charities falling almost entirely on the incumbent, the living, though a good one, was for years unremunerative; but the young rector, happy in his home and his work, met all difficulties bravely; and gradually in the course of years, the land was drained; the ponds which ran through the garden and stood above the level of the dwelling rooms were filled up, and though the house was never healthy, it was habitable.

New clubs for the poor, shoe club, coal club, maternal society, a loan fund and lending library, were established one after another. An intelligent young parishioner, who is still school-master, was sent by the rector to the Winchester Training College; an adult school was held in the rectory three nights a week for all the winter months; a Sunday school met there every Sunday morning and afternoon; and weekly cottage lectures were established in all the out-lying districts for the old and feeble. The fact of there being no school-house had a good effect in drawing the people within the humanizing influences of the rectory, which was always open to them, and will ever be associated in the minds of young and old of this generation at Eversley, with the kind and courteous sympathy and the living teaching which they all got from their rector.

At the beginning of his ministry there was not a grown-up man or woman among the laboring class who could read or write—for as boys and girls they had all been glad to escape early to field work from the parish clerk's little stifling room, ten feet square, where cobbling shoes, teaching, and caning went on together. As to religious instruction, they had had none.

The church was nearly empty before the new curate came in 1842. The farmers' sheep, when pasture was scarce, were turned into the neglected churchyard. Holy Communion was celebrated only three times a year; the communicants were few; the alms were collected in an old wooden saucer. A cracked kitchen basin inside the font held the water for Holy Baptism. At the altar, which was covered by a moth-eaten cloth, stood one old broken

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chair; and so averse were the parish authorities to any change that when the new rector made a proposal for monthly communions, it was only accepted on his promising himself to supply the wine for the celebration, the churchwardens refusing to provide except for the three great festivals. This he continued to do till a few years since, when Sir William Cope undertook the office of rector's churchwarden, and at once put this matter on a right footing.

The evil results of such years of neglect could only be conquered by incessant labor, and the young rector's whole energies were devoted to the parish. He had to redeem it from barbarism: but it was a gentle barbarism, for the people, though not intelligently responsive, were a kindly people, civil and grateful for notice, and as yet wholly uninjured by indiscriminate almsgiving. He was daily with them in their cottages, and made a point of talking to the men and boys at their field work, till he was personally intimate with every soul in the parish, from the women at their wash-tubs, to the babies in the cradle, for whom he always had a loving word or look. Nothing escaped his eye. That hunger for knowledge on every subject, which characterized him through life, and made him ready to learn from every laboring man what he could tell him of his own farm work or the traditions of the place, had put him when he was curate on an easy human footing with the parishioners and was one secret of his influence; so that before the state of his health obliged him, in 1848, to take a curate, he had got the parish thoroughly in hand.

It was from his regular house to house visiting in the week, still more than his church services, that he acquired his power. If a man or woman were suffering or dying, he would go to them five and six times a day—and night as well as day—for his own heart's sake as well as for their soul's sake. Such visiting was very rare in those days. For years he seldom dined out; never during the winter months, when the adult school and the cottage readings took up six evenings in the week; and he seldom left the parish except for a few days at a time to take his family to the sea-side, which occurred the more frequently from the constant illness produced by the damp rectory; but he was never easy away from his work.

His only relaxation was a few hours' fishing in some stream close

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by. He never took a gun in hand, because from the poaching tastes of his people he felt it might bring him into unpleasant collision with them, and for this reason he never wished to be made a magistrate, lest he should have to sit on the bench in judgment on his parishioners. He could not afford to hunt, and when in after years he took a gallop now and then to refresh himself, and to see his friends in the hunting-field, where he was always welcome, it was on some old horse which he had picked up cheap for parson's work. "Another old screw, Mr. Kingsley," was said to him often by middle class men, who were well aware that he could ride, and that he knew a good horse when he saw it. They perhaps respected him all the more for his self-denial. At this time there were kennels in the parish; the fox-hounds (now known as Mr. Garth's) were kept at Bramshill, Sir John Cope being Master. His stablemen were a very respectable set of men, and most regular at church; and the rector, though he could not afford to ride, had always a friendly word with the huntsman and whips; his love of horses and dogs and knowledge of sport made an intimacy between them, and he soon won their respect and affection. Of this they gave early proof, for when the first confirmation after his induction was given out in church, and he invited all who wished to be confirmed to come down to the rectory for weekly instruction, the stud groom, a respectable man of five-and-thirty, was among the first to come, bringing a message from the whips and stablemen to say they had all been confirmed once, but if Mr. Kingsley wished it they would all be happy to come again!

It had hitherto been the custom in Eversley and the neighboring parishes to let the confirmation candidates get over as they could to some distant church, where the catechumens of four or five parishes assembled to meet the bishop. Consequently the public-houses were usually full on confirmation-day, which often ended in a mere drunken holiday for boys and girls, who had many miles to walk, and had neither superintendence nor refreshment by the way provided for them. When he became rector, matters were arranged very differently for the Eversley people. Each candidate was prepared separately as well as in class, for six weeks beforehand, and for the six Sundays previous to the confirmation, the catechism, creeds, and office of confirmation explained publicly On the day itself the young people assembled early for refreshment

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at the rectory, whence they started in two vans for Heckfield church. He himself went with the boys, and his wife or some trustworthy person with the girls, and never lost sight of them till they returned, the girls to their homes, the boys and young men, some of them married men, who, from long years of neglect, had never been confirmed, to the rectory, where a good dinner awaited them, and they spent the evening in wandering over the glebe, or looking at curiosities and picture-books indoors, ending with a few words on their duty. So henceforth the solemn day was always associated with pleasant thoughts and an innocent holiday, which made the young people more inclined to come to him the week following to be prepared for Holy Communion. The appearance and manner of the Eversley catechumens were often remarked on —the quiet dresses of the girls, and the neat caps provided for them. These seem trifling matters to dwell on in days when such things are done decently and in order in all parishes: but thirty-two years ago Eversley set the example on Confirmation as well as on many other days.

His preaching was always remarkable. The only fault which Bishop Sumner found with the sermons he took up to show him when he went to Farnham for his Priest's Ordination, was that they were too colloquial: but it was this very peculiarity which arrested and attracted his hearers, and helped to fill a very empty church. His original mind and common sense alike revolted from the use of an unmeaning phraseology, and as all the facts of life were to him sacred, he was unfettered as to subject-matter and modes of expression.

During the summer of 1844 he made acquaintance with Mr. Maurice, to whose writings he owed so much; and the acquaintance soon strengthened into a deep and enduring friendship. In the following letter he first ventured to consult him on his difficulties.

"My Dear Sir,

"I must apologise for addressing one so much my superior, and so slightly acquainted with me, but where shall the young priest go for advice, but to the elder prophet? To your works I am indebted for the foundation of any coherent view of the word of God, the meaning of the Church of England, and the spiritual phenomena of the present and past ages. And as through your thoughts God's spirit has given me catholicity, to whom therefore can I better go for details on any of these points?

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"Two things are very troublesome to me at present. The want of any philosophical method of reading the Scriptures, without seeing in them merely proofs of human systems; and the great prevalence of the Baptist form of dissent in my parish. The latter I find myself unable to cope with, founded as it is on supra-lapsarian Calvinistic dogmas, which have been received into the heart as the deepest counsels of God.

"I therefore beg the favor of your advice upon these two subjects, and feeling that much may be said that would not be written, I must beg, if I am not guilty of too great an intrusion, that you would grant me an interview with you in London.

"I know that the request is informal according to the ways of the world, but I have faith enough in you to be sure that you will take the request for what it is, an earnest struggle to get wisdom at all risks from any quarter where it may be found." . . . .

The reply was as follows, and is given by the kind permission of Mr. Maurice's executors.

REV. F. D. MAURICE TO REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

July 22, 1844.

". . . I should be sorry not to give you the experience of any blunders I may have committed in past time, with such experience as has been the fruit of them, and it is sometimes easier to recover the different fragments of this experience, and to piece them together in writing than in speaking.

"With respect to the study of the Scriptures, my own great error has been that I have formed and abandoned so many plans, any one of which, honestly pursued, might have led to good results. I fancy this is a prevalent temptation, though I have yielded to it and suffered from it more than any of my acquaintances. As I would turn diseases to commodity, or, at least, as God is sometimes mercifully pleased to do this for us, I think I may say that all the deplorable waste of time which these changes have occasioned, has brought with it this compensation, that I have been solemnly and inwardly impressed with the truth, that the Bible, as a means of attaining to the knowledge of the living God, is precious beyond all expression or conception; when made a substitute for that knowledge, may become a greater deadener to the human spirit than all other books.

"The method of the Bible itself, and the means of its being overlooked, I think become more and more clear to us, as we keep this consideration before us. If it be a human history, containing a gradual discovery of God, which discovery awakens the very faculties and apprehensions which are to receive it, the treatment of it as a collection of notions, either about the invisible world or our

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own duty, must entirely mislead us in all our studies; and whether we rate it high or low, whether we extol it as the one rule of faith, maintain its authority to be concurrent with that of Church tradition, or look upon it merely as a set of fragments containing the speculations of a certain nation about religious questions, the result will be much the same. In each case the end of the book will be lost, and therefore all the steps to that end will be confused and incomprehensible. But if once the teachers in our theological schools would have courage to proclaim theology to be the knowledge of God, and not the teaching of a religion, I am satisfied that the scientific character of the Bible could be brought out as conspicuously as its practical character, one being seen to be involved in the other. Then it would not be necessary to assert for theology its place in the *scientia scientiarum*, or to bid others fall into their places in connection with it, and subordination to it; nor would it be necessary to be perpetually proclaiming church authority in favor of such and such doctrines. The truths concerning God would be felt so essential to the elucidation of those concerning man and nature, the relations of one to the other would be so evident, there would be such a life infused into the features of human knowledge, and such a beautiful order and unity in the whole of it, that the opposition to them would be recognized as proceeding just as much from prejudice and ignorance, sure to disappear whenever there were not moral causes to sustain them, as the opposition to gravitation or any of the most acknowledged physical or mathematical principles. I do not mean that this effect would follow suddenly, or that the actual impediments to the gospel from human pride and wickedness would be less felt. I suppose they would be more felt after it had followed. But we should not then be obliged to acknowledge that much of the resistance to the most precious principles may actually proceed from a love to some others, or even to those same; we should not hear such a din of voices crying out for this thing and that; and nearly forgetting God in their love for abstractions; we should not see so much violent straining and perverting of texts to serve a purpose; we should have much less idolatry of the Bible, and much more reverence for it. And the hard-working clergy of our parishes, having been trained in such a school before they entered upon practical duty, would feel a clearness in their minds, a readiness for occasions, a power of bringing their studies to bear upon life, instead of being obliged, as is now so much the case, either to shut their eyes against any new light, or else to destroy and reconstruct their system each time that any is vouchsafed to them. But since our universities afford us no teaching of this kind at present, we must try to profit by the helps which we have. Our actual work is, I think, the best of these helps. It forces us, whether we will or no, out of the routine of systems, and leads us to seek for something in scripture which is

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altogether unlike them. And though I would strongly urge every one not to lose sight of the idea of that system of which I have spoken, I would by no means recommend any one who was not working as a professed theologian in the schools, to spend his time in contriving how he may adjust his own reading to it. The use of it to him will be far greater if he recollects that it exists when he is reading a single book, or chapter, or text, than if he determines doggedly to follow out the traces of it from Genesis to Revelation. The subject of his studies, I should think, must be always best determined by the wants of his parish. In preaching, I have always found it best to follow the order of the services, taking my subject from the epistle, gospel, collect, or first lesson, and I think if we read on a plan, we can hardly find a much better one. The study of words also is, I think, of immense profit, especially of families of words, as *e.g.*, δικαιόω, ωσις, ωμα, οσύνη, through an epistle, or through many. Schmidt's 'Concordance' is worth much more, it seems to me, than Schleusner's or Bretschneider's Lexicons; though I do not mean to say they are of no value. I think, too, that it is desirable, cautiously and deliberately to question ourselves about the leading idea of any Epistle; I say cautiously and deliberately, because the mere taking up with customary formulas on the subject, such as that, the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians are about justification, will, I am satisfied, lead us astray. These Epistles are, I am convinced, strikingly different in their object and character. With respect to the Romans, the great mischief is, that commentators generally start from the third chapter, looking upon the first and second as merely an introduction or prologue, whereas any simple reader must perceive that St. Paul enters at once on his subject, and that it is really the φανέρωσις τῆς δικαίοσυνης τοῦ θεοῦ, and not an abstract theory of justification."

". . . It is difficult to speak on the second point in your letter—the Baptists in your parish—without knowing how far they are, or are not, practically Antinomian. In many places they are, and a very vulgar brutal sect of Antinomians. Mr. Hall, who was a Baptist, describes such a class of men as existing in his body, and attacks them with a fury which proves that they must have acquired great influence, and have been very numerous in his lifetime. In that case I should not be inclined to argue with them against their ultra-Calvinism, or to show them how it strengthens them in their evil courses; I would rather admit what they say when they refer man's goodness and conversion to the will of God, and press the assertion of the apostle, 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification,' that all the purposes of God's decrees must be to make men righteous as He is, and that if the decrees to which they appeal do not produce this result, they are not His, but the devil's. And since their complaint of infant baptism must be on the ground that the children have yet given no sign of faith in

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God, you may, without any personality, or any direct allusion tc themselves, ask how far the facts warrant us in expecting any better result from the mature conscious baptism. Supposing, however, they should be honest, earnest men, however outrageous may be their statements, I should be disposed rather to take advantage of their doctrine, than to repudiate it. You say that man's fall, and all other events, were parts of a great scheme of God. Well! I grant you that the fall did not in the least frustrate the scheme of God. I grant you that it is very wrong to speak as if He had merely devised a scheme as a remedy for the consequences of the fall. Christ was before all things, and by Him all things consist. In Him He created man, and His incarnation, though it came later than the fall, was really in God's purpose before it. What we preach is, that men, being endued with that flesh and blood which Christ took, are to be looked upon as objects of God's love, and that they are to be accused of setting at nought that love. We do not set aside election; our baptism is the witness for it. By it we refer all things to God; we testify that He chooses without reference to their previous merits or holiness, and that all gifts and graces come from Him. Of course such a statement as this will be varied according to the capacities of the auditor, and the nature of his objections; but it is the kind of language I should use, and that not from any calculation as to the effects it might produce, but from believing it to be the truest and honestest. In supra-lapsarian Calvinism, there lies a deep recognition of God as a living being, an originating will, which the feeble, frittering phrases of Arminianism can provide no substitute for. The great misery of the Calvinist is, his constant substitution of the idea of sovereignty for that of righteousness, which is the one always brought before us in Scripture. I would seek to deliver him from that evil, but as far as possible keeping entire and unhurt that which he has already." . . . .

We return to his own letters.

The news of his brother Lieut. Kingsley's death from fever in Torres Straits, on board H.M.S. "Royalist," now reached England, and he writes to his wife from

CHELSEA, *February* 26, 1845.

". . . It is sad—very sad—but what is to be said? I saw him twice last night in two different dreams—strong and well—and so much grown—and I kissed him and wept over him—and woke to the everlasting No!

"As far as externals go, it has been very sad. The sailors say commonly that there is but a sheet of paper between Torres Straits

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and Hell. And there he lay, and the wretched crew, in the little brig, roasting and pining, day after day—never heard of, or hearing of living soul for a year and a half. The commander died—half the crew died—and so they died and died on, till in May no officer was left but Gerald, and on the 17th of September he died too, and so faded away, and we shall never see him more—for ever? God that saved me knows. Then one Parkinson, the boatswain, had to promote himself to keep the pendant flying, all the officers being dead, and in despair left his post and so brought the brig home to Singapore, with great difficulty, leaking, with her mast sprung—her crew half dead—a doomed vessel. O God, Thou alone knowest the long bitter withering baptism of fire, wherewith the poor boy was baptized, day and night alone with his own soul. And yet Thou wert right—as ever—perhaps there was no way but that to bring him to look himself in the face, and know that life was a reality, and not a game! And who dare say that in those weary, weary months of hope deferred, the heart eating at itself, did not gnaw through the crust of vanities (not of so very long growth either), and the living water which he did drink in his childhood find vent and bubble up! Why not—seeing that God is love?" . . . .

Early in 1845 Dean Wood, of the Collegiate Church of Middleham, having two vacant stalls to dispose of, offered one to his son, the Rev. Peter Wood, now Rector of Copford, and the other to Charles Kingsley, his son's old college friend. The canonries were honorary, and had no duties connected with them, but being of historic interest, the two friends accepted the honor, and went down together to be inducted, to the stalls of St. Anthony and St. George. The deanery was abolished in 1856, on the death of Dean Wood. This was his first visit to Yorkshire, a county attractive to him, from its people as much as from its scenery.

The rest of the year was spent quietly at Eversley in parish work and sermon writing: but the state of parties in Church and State, especially the former, lay heavy on his heart, and made him very anxious to join or start some periodical in which the young men of the day could find a vehicle for free expression of their opinions. The 'Oxford and Cambridge Review' was then in existence, and it was proposed to make that the vehicle, and if not, to start a new one. On all these points Mr. Maurice was consulted, though he would not join.

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TO THE REV. R. COWLEY POWLES.

CHELSEA, *December* 11, 1845.

"About the 'Oxford and Cambridge Review.'—Froude seems to dread any fresh start, ... and I shall chew the cud and try to find out my own way a little longer before I begin trying to lead others.

"God help us all! for such a distempered tangled juncture must end in the cutting of the Gordian knot, by the higher or lower powers; and as the higher have fairly denied their cutting ability and have given it up, perhaps the lower may try their hands at it. I would, if I were hovering between nine shillings a week and the workhouse, as the sum of all attainabilities this side of heaven. God help us all! I say again; for there is no counsel to be got anywhere from man, and as for God's book, men have made it mean anything and nothing, with their commenting and squabbling, and doctrine picking, till one asks with Pilate, 'What is truth?' Well, at all events, God knows, and Christ the King knows, and so all must go right at last, but in the meantime?

"I am just now a sort of religious Shelley, an Ishmael of catholicity, a John the Baptist, minus his spirit and power, alas! bemoaning myself in the wilderness. Were I to stop praying, and remembering my own sins daily, I could become a Democritus Junior, and sitting upon the bench of contemplation, make the world my cock-pit, wherein main after main of cocklets—the 'shell,' alas! scarce 'off their heads,' come forth to slay and be slain, mutually, for no quarrel, except 'thou-cock art not me-cock, therefore fight!' But I had as soon be the devil as old Lucretius, to sit with him in the 'Sapientum templa serena, despicere unde queas alios, atque, cernere passim errantes.' One must feel for one's fellows—so much better, two out of three of them than one's self, though they will fill themselves with the east wind, and be proportionably dyspeptic and sulky.

"Nobody trusts nobody. The clergy are split up into innumerable parties, principally nomadic. Every one afraid to speak. Every one unwilling to listen to his neighbor; and in the meantime vast sums are spent, and vast work undertaken, and yet nobody is content. Everybody swears we are going backward. Everybody swears it is not his fault, but the Evangelicals, or the Puseyites, or the Papists, or the ministry; or everybody, in shor, who does not agree with him. Pardon this jeremiad, but I am an owl in the desert, and it is too sad to see a huge and busy body of clergy, utterly unable to gain the confidence or spiritual guidance of the nation, and yet never honestly taking the blame each man upon himself, and saying, 'I, not ye have sinned.'

"Pardon, again, this threnodia, but I am sick of matters, and do earnestly wish for some one to whom to pour out my heart. The

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principles which the great kings and bishops of the middle ages, and our reformers of the 16th century felt to be the foundation of a Church and nation, are now set at nought equally by those who pretend to worship the middle ages, and those who swear by the reformers. And Popery and Puritanism seem to be fighting their battle over again in England, on the foul middle ground of mammonite infidelity. They are re-appearing in weaker and less sincere forms, but does that indicate the approach of their individual death, or our general decay? He who will tell me this shall be my prophet; till then I must be my own. . . . .

". . . . My game is gradually opening before me, and my ideas getting developed, and 'fixed,' as the Germans would say. But, alas! as Hare has it, is not in one sense 'every man a liar?' false to his own idea, again and again, even if, which is rare now-a-days, we have one?"

TO HIS WIFE.

EVERSLEY, *May*, 1846.

". . . I got home at four this morning after a delicious walk—a poem in itself. I never saw such a sight before as the mists on the heath and valleys, and never knew what a real bird chorus was. I am lonely enough, but right glad I came, as there is plenty to do. . . . . I shall start to-morrow morning, and will lose no time waiting for coaches at Ryde, but walk on at once to Shanklin. St. Elizabeth progresses, and consolidates. . . . . I have had a great treat to-day; saw a swarm of bees hived, for the first time in my life. Smith was gone to Heckfield, so G. White sent his cart for old Horne; and I stood in the middle of the flying army, and saw the whole to my great delight. Certainly man, even in the lowest grade, is infinitely wonderful, and infinitely brave—give him habit and self-confidence. To see all those little poisonous insects crawling over Horne, wrapt in the one thought of their new-born sister-queen! I hate to think that it is vile self-interest—much less mere brute magnetism (called by the ignorant 'instinct'), which takes with them the form of loyalty, prudence, order, self-sacrifice. How do we know that they have no souls? 'The beasts which perish?' Ay, but put against that 'the spirit of the beast which goeth downward to the earth'—and whither then? 'Man perisheth,' too, in scripture language, yet not for ever. But I will not dream.

"I fancy you and baby playing in the morning. Bless you, my two treasures. . . . . I had a most busy and interesting day yesterday in London. Called on * * * and found him undergoing all the horrors of a deep, and as I do think, healthy baptism of fire—not only a conversion, but a discovery that God and the devil are living realities, fighting for his body and soul. This, in a man of vast thought and feeling, who has been for years a

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confirmed materialist, is hard work. He entreated me not to leave him. . . . .

"God help us all, and save our country—not so much from the fate of France, as from the fate of Rome—internal decay, and falling to pieces by its own weight; but I will say no more of this—perhaps I think too much about it." . . . .

TO THE REV. R. C. POWLES.

December, 1846.

"Do not, for God's sake, compliment me. If you knew the mean, inconsistent, desultory being I am in action, in spite of my fine words, you would be ashamed of me, as I am of myself. But I cannot stave off the conviction of present danger and radical disease in our national religion. And though I laugh at myself sometimes for conceit and uncharitableness—tamen usque recurrit—that hand-writing on the wall; that 'mene, mene' against Anglicanism and Evangelicalism at once—both of which more and more daily prove to me their utter impotence to meet our social evils. Six months in a country parish is enough to prove it. What is to be done I do not see. A crisis, political and social, seems approaching, and religion, like a rootless plant, may be brushed away in the struggle. Maurice is full of fear—I had almost said despondence—and he, as you know, has said in his last book, that 'The real struggle of the day will be, not between Popery and Protestantism, but between Atheism and Christ.' And here we are daubing walls with untempered mortar—quarrelling about how we shall patch the superstructure, forgetting that the foundation is gone—Faith in anything. As in the days of Noah with the Titans—as in the days of Mahomet with the Christian sects of the East, they were eating, and drinking, and quarrelling, no doubt, and behold the flood came and swept them all away. And even such to me seems the prospect of the English Church.

"People say indignantly, 'Oh! but look at her piety; look at the revival; her gospel doctrines; her church-building. She is beginning to live and not to die.' But we who have read history know how the candle always flames up at the last with a false galvanic life, when the spirit is gone. Remember the Church in England just before the Reformation, how she burst out into new life; how she reformed her monasteries; how she filled her pulpits; how she built more churches and colleges in fifty years than she had in two hundred before—Somersetshire as a single example—how she was in every respect, within as well as without, immeasurably improved just before the monasteries were dissolved. But her time was come. 'The old order' was to 'change,' 'giving place to the new' while God 'fulfils Himself in many ways,' as Tennyson has it. And not even a More and a Fisher could save her from

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her fire-death, and phœnix resurrection. Mene! Mene! I say again for us.

"But we must, in the widest and divinest sense, make friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. It is the new commercial aristocracy; it is the scientific go-ahead-ism of the day which must save us, and which we must save. We have licked the feet of the feudal aristocrats for centuries, and see whither they have brought us, or let us bring ourselves. In plain truth, the English clergy must Arnold-ise, if they do not wish to go either to Rome or to the workhouse, before fifty years are out. There is, I do believe, an Arnoldite spirit rising; but most 'laudant, non sequuntur.' Decent Anglicanism, decent Evangelical Conservatism (or Evangelicalism) having become the majority, is now quite Conservative, and each party playing Canute and the tide, as it can scramble into the chair of authority. I would devote soul and body to get together an Arnoldite party of young men. If we could but begin a periodical in which every one should be responsible by name for his own article, thereby covering any little differences of opinion, such as must always exist in a reforming party (though not in a dead-bone-galvanising one, like the Tractarians). If we could but start anything daring and earnest as a 'coroccio,' or flag of misery, round which, as round David in the mountains, the spiritual ragtag might rally, and howl harmonious the wrongs of the clergy and of literary men, it were a great thing gained!

"I have had serious thoughts of what such a thing ought to be. Its two mottoes should be Anti Manichæism—(and therefore Anti-Tractarian, and Anti-Evangelical) and Anti-Atheism. To attack unsparingly those two things in every one, from the bishop to the peasant; and to try, on the positive side, to show how all this progress of society in the present day is really of God, and God's work, and has potential and latent spiritual elements, which it is the duty and the glory of the clergy, if they are a clergy, to unfold and christen. We should require a set of articles on Church Reform, a set on the Art of Worship, which should show that the worshipless state of Evangelicalism is no more necessary than good, and that Protestantism can just as much inspire itself into a glorious artistic ritual of its own, as Popery and Anglicanism have into one of their own. Then we should want a set of Condition-of-the-Poor-Ballads or articles, or anything 'spicy' on that point. A set on the Religion of Science, and a set on Modern Poetry and the Drama, cursing the opera and praying for the revival of the legitimate.

"This, I think, might keep the game alive, if men would only be bold and 'ride recklessly across country.' As soon as a man's blood is cool, the faster he goes the safer he goes. Try to pick your way and you tumble down. If men would but believe this and be bold; we want some of that 'absolutism' which gave

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strength to the Middle Ages; and it is only the tyranny of fashion and respectability which keeps us from it; for put the Englishman into a new country, break the thrall of habit and the fear of man, and he becomes great, absolute, Titanic at once."

The Magazine plan came to nothing, and 1846 passed uneventless in the routine of parish work and home happiness. Adult classes, a music class on Hullah's plan to improve the church music (which had been entirely in the hands of three or four poor men, with a trombone and two clarionets) brought his people on several nights in the week up to the rectory, where the long, unfurnished dining-room served the purpose of schoolroom. He never cared to leave his quiet home, doubly enriched by the presence of a little daughter.

The following year his "Life of St. Elizabeth," which was begun in prose in 1842, and had been gradually growing under his hand, took the form of a drama. After working at it in this new form for some months, the thought of publishing it crossed his mind; but he was so uncertain as to whether it was worth printing, that he decided nothing till he had consulted four friends on whose judgment and poetical verdict he could rely—the Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, then Rector of Strathfieldsaye, now Dean of Windsor; Rev. F. D. Maurice; Rev. Derwent Coleridge, of St. Mark's; and the Rev. R. C. Powles. Their opinion was unanimous, but the difficulty was to find a publisher who would undertake the work of a young and unknown author. He took the MSS. to London, from whence he wrote home.

"I breakfasted with Maurice this morning, and went over a great deal of St. Elizabeth, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to God about it. He has quite changed his mind about scene 1 of act ii., Elizabeth's bower. He read it to Powles, who is decidedly for keeping it in just as it is, and thinks it ought to offend no one. He is very desirous to show the MSS. to A. G. Scott, Mrs. H. Coleridge, Tennyson, and Van Artevelde Taylor. He says that it ought to do great good with those who can take it in, but for those who cannot, it ought to have a preface: and has more than hinted that he will help me to one, by writing me something which, if I like, I can prefix. What more would you have? . . . ."

"Coleridge's opinion of the poem is far higher than I expected. He sent me to Pickering with a highly recommendatory note; which however, joined with Maurice's preface, was not sufficient to make him take the risk off my hands.

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"I am now going to Parker's, in the Strand. I am at once very happy, very lonely, and very anxious. How absence increases love! It is positively good sometimes to be parted, that one's affection may become conscious of itself, and proud, and humble, and thankful accordingly. . . . ."

Messrs. Parker, of 445 West Strand, undertook the publication, and he writes joyfully to Mr. Powles:

"St. Elizabeth is in the press, having been taken off my hands by the heroic magnanimity of Mr. J. Parker, West Strand, who, though a burnt child, does not dread the fire. No one else would have it.

"Maurice's preface comes out with it, and is inestimably not only to I myself I, but to all men who shall have the luck to read it, and the wit to understand it. I had hoped to have shown it to you before it went, but 'non concessere columnæ.'"

His eldest son was born this year, and named after Mr. Maurice, who with Mr. Powles, stood sponsors to the boy. In the summer he took his wife and two children for six weeks to Milford, a little sea-side place near the edge of the New Forest. It was his first six weeks' holiday since his marriage, which he earned by taking the Sunday services of Pennington, near Lymington. Here he had a horse, and the rides in the beautiful scenery of the New Forest, dear to him from old association with his father's youth and manhood, excited his imagination. It was only either at a great crisis in his life, or in a time when all his surroundings were in perfect harmony, that he could compose poetry. And now, when in the forest, and in the saddle once more, or alone with his beloved ones, with leisure to watch his babies, his heart's spring bubbled up into song, and he composed several ballads:—"Oh she tripped over Ocknell plain," "The Red King," and "The Outlaw."

He explored the forest day after day, with deep delight, and laid up a store of impressions which in later years he began to work up into a New Forest Novel. This, however, was never completed.

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CHAPTER VII.

1848.

AGED 29.

Publication of "Saint's Tragedy"—Chartist Riots—Tenth of April—Politics for the People—Professorship at Queen's College—"Yeast"—Illness.

THIS year, so marked in the history of Europe, was one of the most important of Charles Kingsley's life. "The Saint's Tragedy" was published soon after Christmas, and, though it made little impression on the literary world in England, yet gave him in one sense a new position, especially among young men at the universities. The Drama was eagerly read at Oxford, and fiercely attacked by the high church party, who were to be made still more bitter against its author by the publication of "Yeast," which came out later in the year as a serial in "Fraser's Magazine." He was surprised himself to find the interest "The Saint's Tragedy" had excited at Oxford. In Germany it was read and appreciated, and Chevalier Bunsen expressed his opinion in very strong terms about it. In higher quarters still the genius of the author was recognized.

The Tragedy was reviewed, not very favorably, by Mr. (afterwards Professor) Conington at Oxford. This, however, led to an acquaintance, between author and critic, which soon ripened into friendship; and when, in the course of a few months, "Politics for the People" were published, Mr. Conington became not only a warm ally in the cause, but a regular contributor, and constant visitor at Eversley.

During the winter he went to Oxford to stay a few days with his friend, Mr. Powles, Fellow of Exeter: and he writes to his wife:—

OXFORD, *March* 30, 1848.

". . . I may, I suppose, tell you that I am here undergoing the new process of being made a lion of, at least so Powles tells me. They got up a meeting for me, and the club was crowded

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with men merely to see poor me, so I found out afterwards: very lucky that I did not know it during the process of being trotted out. It is very funny and new. I dine this afternoon with Conington; to-morrow with Palgrave; Monday with Stanley, and so on. I like Conington very much; he is a good, hearty piece of nature; and I like his review very much. Of course he did not go to the bottom on the Love and Marriage question; but there he showed his sense. Froude gets more and more interesting. We had such a conversation this morning—the crust is breaking, and the *man* coming through that cold polished shell. My darling babies! kiss them very much for me. Monday I go to Chalgrove Field, to see Hampden's martyr place."

His parish work this year was if possible more vigorous than ever. Every winter's evening was occupied with either night-school at the rectory, about thirty men attending; or little services in the outlying cottages for the infirm and laboring men after their day's work. During the spring and summer a writing class was held for girls in the empty coach-house; a cottage school for infants was also begun on the common—all preparing the way for the National School that was to be built some years later, and for which the teacher was in training. The parish made a great step forward. The number of communicants increased. The daily services and evening sermons in Passion week seemed to borrow intenser fervor and interest from the strange events of the great world outside the small quiet parish, and though poorly attended, still gathered together a few laboring folk.

The political events which shook all Europe to its very foundations, stirred his blood, and seemed for the time to give him a supernatural strength, which kept up till the autumn, when he completely broke down. He wrote an article for "Fraser's Magazine" (the first he ever contributed to a periodical) on Popery: "Why should we fear the Romish Priests?" following up his "Saint's Tragedy," which had struck the key note of the after work of his life; and "Yeast" now was seething in his mind. Of his contributions to "Politics for the People" more will be said hereafter. He preached to his people on emigration, on poaching, and on the political and social disturbances of the day. In addition to parish and literary work he accepted the Professorship of English Literature and Composition at Queen's College, Harley Street, then in its infancy, of which Mr. Maurice was President,

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and he went up to London to give a lecture once a week. He was also proposed for a professorship at King's College. He was in constant communication with Mr. Maurice and the knot of remarkable men who gathered round him. He made acquaintance with Bishop Stanley, of Norwich, and his distinguished son; with Archdeacon Hare, Arthur Helps, John Hullah, James Anthony Froude, John Malcolm Ludlow, and many other men of mark, but to none did he become more strongly attached than to Mr. Thomas Hughes.

On the news of the Chartist rising and petition reaching Eversley, he determined, having closed his evening classes in the parish for the winter, to go to London for a few days; and on the morning of the 10th of April, with his friend Mr. John Parker, jun., who had been spending the Sunday at Eversley, he went up to see what was going on. Mr. Parker, like many owners of property in London, was nervous and anxious about the results of the day, telling Mrs. Kingsley, half in joke as he left the door, that she might expect to hear of his shop having been broken into, and himself thrown into the Trafalgar Square fountains by the mob.

On arriving in London, they went to the house of business at 445 West Strand, then on to Mr. Maurice's; and in the afternoon he and Mr. Ludlow walked to Kennington Common, where pouring rain damped the spirits of the crowds assembled. By mid-day post he wrote to Eversley.

LONDON, *April* 10, MONDAY.

". . . All is right as yet. Large crowds, but no one expects any row, as the Chartists will not face Westminster Bridge, but are gone round by London Bridge and Holborn, and are going to send up only the legal number of Delegates to the House. I am just going on to Maurice. The only fear is maurauding in the suburbs at night; but do not fear for me, I shall be safe at Chelsea at 5. I met Colonel Herman, who says there is no danger at all, and the two Mansfields, who are gone as specials, to get hot, dusty, and tired—nothing else. I will send down a letter by the latest post."

April 11, EVENING.

"The events of a week have been crowded into a few hours. I was up till 4 this morning, writing posting placards under Maurice's auspices, one of which is to be got out to-morrow morning, the rest when we can get money. Could you not beg a few sovereigns

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somewhere, to help these poor wretches to the truest alms?—to words—texts from the Psalms, anything which may keep one man from cutting his brother's throat to-morrow or Friday? Pray, pray, help us. Maurice has given me the highest proof of confidence. He has taken me into counsel, and we are to have meetngs for prayer and study, when I come up to London, and we are to bring out a new set of real 'Tracts for the Times,' addressed to the higher orders. Maurice is *à la hauteur des circonstances*—determined to make a decisive move. He says: 'If the Oxford tracts did wonders, why should not we? Pray for us. A glorious future is opening, and both Maurice and Ludlow seem to have driven away all my doubts and sorrows, and I see the blue sky again and my Father's face!"

On Wednesday, the 12th, all was still quiet, and this placard which he had written was posted up, in London.

"WORKMEN OF ENGLAND!

"You say that you are wronged. Many of you are wronged; and many besides yourselves know it. Almost all men who have heads and hearts know it—above all, the working clergy know it. They go into your houses, they see the shameful filth and darkness* in which you are forced to live crowded together; they see your children growing up in ignorance and temptation, for want of fit education; they see intelligent and well-read men among you, shut out from a Freeman's just right of voting; and they see too the noble patience and self-control with which you have as yet borne these evils. They see it, and God sees it.

"WORKMEN OF ENGLAND! You have more friends than you think for. Friends who expect nothing from you, but who love you, because you are their brothers, and who fear God, and therefore dare not neglect you, His children; men who are drudging and sacrificing themselves to get you your rights; men who know what your rights are, better than you know yourselves, who are trying to get for you something nobler than charters and dozens of Acts of Parliament—more useful than this 'fifty thousandth share in a Talker in the National Palaver at Westminster'† can give you. You may disbelieve them, insult them—you cannot stop their working for you, beseeching you as you love yourselves, to turn back from the precipice of riot, which ends in the gulf of universal distrust, stagnation, starvation.

"You think the Charter would make you free—would to God it would! The Charter is not bad; *if the men who use it are not bad!* But will the Charter make you free? Will it free you from

* The Window tax was not then taken off. † Carlyle.

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slavery to ten-pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every spouter who flatters your self-conceit, and stirs up bitterness and headlong rage in you? That, I guess, is real slavery; to be a slave to one's own stomach, one's own pocket, one's own temper. Will the Charter cure *that?* Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give.

"Englishmen! Saxons! Workers of the great, cool-headed, strong-handed nation of England, the workshop of the world, the leader of freedom for 700 years, men say you have common-sense! then do not humbug yourselves into meaning 'licence,' when you cry for 'liberty;' who would dare refuse you freedom? for the Almighty God, and Jesus Christ, the poor Man, who died for poor men, will bring it about for you, though all the Mammonites of the earth were against you. A nobler day is dawning for England, a day of freedom, science, industry!

"But there will be no true freedom without virtue, no true science without religion, no true industry without the fear of God, and love to your fellow-citizens.

"Workers of England, be wise, and then you *must* be free, for you will be *fit* to be free.

"A WORKING PARSON."

On the evening of the 12th, Archdeacon Hare, Mr. Maurice, and this little group of friends assembled at Mr. John Parker's rooms, West Strand, whence he writes home,

PARKER'S, STRAND, *April* 12, 6 P.M.

". . . I really cannot go home this afternoon. I have spent it with Archdeacon Hare, and Parker, starting a new periodical—a Penny 'People's Friend,' in which Maurice, Hare, Ludlow, Mansfield, and I, &c. are going to set to work, to supply the place of the defunct 'Saturday Magazine.' I send you my first placard. Maurice is delighted with it. I cannot tell you the interest which it has excited with every one who has seen it. It brought the tears into old Parker's eyes, who was once a working printer's boy. I have got already £2 10*s.* towards bringing out more, and Maurice is subscription-hunting for me. He took me to Jelf today, the King's College principal, who received me very kindly, and expressed himself very anxious to get me the professorship, and will write to me as soon as the advertisements are out. I will be down at Winchfield to-morrow. Kiss the babes for me. Parker begs to remark that he has not been thrown into the Trafalgar fountain."

On the 13th he returned to Eversley much exhausted, and preached on the Chartist riots to his own people the following

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Sunday. And now working in his parish, writing for the "Politics," preparing his lecture for Queen's College, and sending in testimonials * for a professorship at King's College, for which Mr. Maurice had proposed him to the Council, filled up every moment of time. The various writers for the "Politics," including Mr. Conington, were continually coming to Eversley to talk over their work and consult "Parson Lot."

As one of the few survivors of those most intimately associated with the author of "Alton Locke," his friend, Mr. Tom Hughes, has written an eloquent preface to a fresh reprint of that work and of "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty," from which he has kindly allowed the following extracts to be used. Mr. Hughes, speaking of the distinct period of Charles Kingsley's life extending from 1848 to 1856, says :—

". . . My first meeting with him was in the autumn of 1847, at the house of Mr. Maurice, who had lately been appointed Reader of Lincoln's Inn. No parochial work is attached to that post, so Mr. Maurice had undertaken the charge of a small district in the parish in which he lived, and had set a number of young men, chiefly students of the Inns of Court, who had been attracted by his teaching, to work in it. Once a week, on Monday evenings, they used to meet at his house for tea, when their own work was reported upon and talked over. Suggestions were made and plans considered; and afterwards a chapter of the Bible was read and discussed. Friends and old pupils of Mr. Maurice's, residing in the country, or in distant parts of London, were in the habit of coming occasionally to these meetings, amongst whom was Charles Kingsley.

"His poem,† and the high regard and admiration which Mr. Maurice had for him, made him a notable figure in that small society, and his presence was always eagerly looked for. What impressed me most about him when we first met was, his affectionate deference to Mr. Maurice, and the vigor and incisiveness of everything he said and did. He had the power of cutting out what he meant in a few clear words, beyond any one I have ever met. The next thing that struck one was, the ease with which he could turn from playfulness, or even broad humor, to the deepest earnest. At first I think this startled most persons, until they came to find

* These testimonials were chiefly based on the historic power displayed in the "Saint's Tragedy," and on his own high personal character, from the Bishop of his Diocese, Archdeacon Hare, and many other friends.

† "The Saint's Tragedy."

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out the real deep nature of the man; and that his broadest humor had its root in a faith which realized, with extraordinary vividness, the fact that God's Spirit is actively abroad in the world, and that Christ is in every man, and made him hold fast, even in his saddest moments,—and sad moments were not infrequent with him,—the assurance that, in spite of all appearances, the world was going right, and would go right somehow, 'Not your way, or my way, but God's way.' The contrast of his humility and audacity, of his distrust in himself and confidence in himself, was one of those puzzles which meet us daily in this world of paradox. But both qualities gave him a peculiar power for the work he had to do at that time, with which the name of Parson Lot is associated. It was at one of these gatherings, towards the end of 1847 or early in 1848, when Kingsley found himself in a minority of one, that he said jokingly, he felt much as Lot must have felt in the Cities of the Plain, when he seemed as one that mocked to his sons-in-law. The name Parson Lot was then and there suggested, and adopted by him, as a familiar *nom de plume*. He used it from 1848 up to 1856; at first constantly, latterly much more rarely. But the name was chiefly made famous by his writings in 'Politics for the People,' 'The Christian Socialist,' and the 'Journal of Association,' three periodicals which covered the years from '48 to '52; by 'Alton Locke,' and by tracts and pamphlets, of which the best known, 'Cheap Clothes, and Nasty,' is now republished.

"In order to understand and judge the sayings and writings of Parson Lot fairly, it is necessary to recall the condition of the England of that day. Through the winter of 1847–8, amidst widespread distress, the cloud of discontent, of which chartism was the most violent symptom, had been growing darker and more menacing, while Ireland was only held down by main force. The breaking out of the revolution on the Continent in February increased the danger. In March there were riots in London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and other large towns. On April 7th, 'the Crown and Government Security Bill,' commonly called 'the Gagging Act,' was introduced by the Government, the first reading carried by 265 to 24, and the second, a few days later, by 452 to 35. On the 10th of April the Government had to fill London with troops, and put the Duke of Wellington in command, who barricaded the bridges and Downing street, garrisoned the Bank and other public buildings, and closed the Horse Guards. When the momentary crisis had passed, the old soldier declared in the House of Lords, that no great society had ever suffered as London had during the preceding days, while the Home Secretary telegraphed to all the chief magistrates of the kingdom the joyful news that the peace had been kept in London. In April, the Lord Chancellor, in introducing the Crown and Government Security Bill in the House of Lords, referred to the fact, that 'meetings were daily held, not only in

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London, but in most of the manufacturing towns, the avowed object of which was to array the people against the constituted authority of these realms.' For months afterwards the Chartist movement, though plainly subsiding, kept the Government in constant anxiety; and again in June, 1848, the Bank, the Mint, the Custom House, and other public offices were filled with troops, and the Houses of Parliament were not only garrisoned but provisioned as if for a siege.

"From that time, all fear of serious danger passed away. The Chartists were completely discouraged, and their leaders in prison; and the upper and middle classes were recovering rapidly from the alarm which had converted a million of them into special constables, and were beginning to doubt whether the crisis had been so serious after all, whether the disaffection had ever been more than skin deep. At this juncture a series of articles appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, on London labor and the London poor, which startled the well-to-do classes out of their jubilant and scornful attitude, and disclosed a state of things which made all fair-minded people wonder, not that there had been violent speaking and some rioting, but that the metropolis had escaped the scenes which had lately been enacted in Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and other Continental capitals.

"It is only by an effort that one can now realize the strain to which the nation was subjected during that winter and spring, and which, of course, tried every individual man also, according to the depth and earnestness of his political and social convictions and sympathies. The group of men who were working under Mr. Maurice were no exceptions to the rule. The work of teaching and visiting was not, indeed, neglected, but the larger questions which were being so strenuously mooted—the points of the people's charter, the right of public meeting, the attitude of the laboring class to the other classes, absorbed more and more of their attention. Kingsley was very deeply impressed with the gravity and danger of the crisis—more so, I think, than almost any of his friends; probably because, as a country parson, he was more directly in contact with one class of the poor than any of them. How deeply he felt for the agricultural poor, how faithfully he reflected the passionate and restless sadness of the time, may be read in the pages of 'Yeast,' which came out later in 'Fraser.' As the winter months went on this sadness increased, and seriously affected his health."*

On the 6th of May the first number of "Politics for the People" appeared. Its regular contributors were nearly all university men,

* From Mr. Thomas Hughes's Preface to "Alton Locke," and "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty," by Parson Lot.

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clergymen of the Church of England, London barristers, men of science, and among them Archdeacon Hare, Sir Arthur (then Mr.) Helps, and a distinguished London physician. A few letters from workingmen, one signed "One of the wicked Chartists of Kennington Common," were readily admitted. Three papers on the National Gallery and British Museum, three letters to Chartists, some poetry, and a tale, "The Nun's Pool," which was rejected by the publisher as too strong, were Mr. Kingsley's only contributions. His weekly lecture at Queen's College, with two sermons every Sunday, and his indefatigable parish work (he had then no curate), prevented his doing more for the "Politics." It was a remarkable though short-lived publication, and those whose opinions of the "Radicals, Socialists, Chartists," who set it on foot, were formed by the public press, without reading the book itself, would be surprised at the loyal, conservative, serious tone of its contents, and the gravity, if not severity, with which it attacked physical force Chartism, monster meetings, and the demand for universal suffrage by men who had neither education nor moral self-government to qualify them for a vote.

But to return to Mr. Hughes's Preface. "But it may be said, apart from his writings, did not Parson Lot declare himself a Chartist in a public meeting in London; and did he not preach in a London pulpit a political sermon,* which brought up the incumbent, who had invited him, to protest from the altar against the doctrine which had just been delivered?

"Yes! both statements are true. Here are the facts as to the speech. In the early summer of 1848, some of those who felt with Charles Kingsley that the 'People's Charter' had not had fair play or courteous treatment, and that those who signed it had real wrongs to complain of, put themselves into communication with the leaders, and met and talked with them. At last it seemed that the time was come for some more public meeting, and one was called at the Cranbourn Tavern, over which Mr. Maurice presided. After the president's address several very bitter speeches followed, and a vehement attack was especially directed against the Church and and clergy. The meeting waxed warm, and seemed likely to come to no good, when Kingsley arose, folded his arms across his chest, threw his head back, and began—with the stammer which always came at first when much moved, but which fixed every one's attention at once—'I am a Church of England Parson'—a long pause —'and a Chartist;' and then he went on to explain how far he

* This incident belongs to a later period, 1851, and will be given in its place

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thought them right in their claim for a reform of Parliament; how deeply he sympathized with their sense of the injustice of the law as it affected them; how ready he was to help in all ways to get these things set right; and then to denounce their methods in very much the same terms as I have already quoted from his letters to the Chartists. Probably no one who was present ever heard a speech which told more at the time. I had a singular proof that the effect did not pass away. The most violent speaker on that occasion was one of the staff of the leading Chartist newspaper. I lost sight of him entirely for more than twenty years, and saw him again, a little grey shrivelled man, by Kingsley's side, at the grave of Mr. Maurice, in the cemetery at Hampstead.

"The experience of this meeting encouraged its promoters to continue the series of Tracts, which they did with a success which surprised no one more than themselves.

"The fact is, that Charles Kingsley was born a fighting man, and believed in bold attack. 'No human power ever beat back a resolute forlorn hope,' he used to say; 'to be got rid of, they must be blown back with grape and canister, because the attacking party have all the universe behind them, the defence only that small part which is shut up in their walls.' And he felt most strongly at this time that hard fighting was needed. 'It is a pity,' he writes to Mr. Ludlow, 'that telling people what's right won't make them do it; but not a new fact, though the world has quite forgotten it, and assures you that the dear sweet *incompris* mankind only wants to be told the way to the millennium to walk willingly into it—which is a lie.

. . . . . .

"The memorials of his many controversies lie about in the periodicals of that time, and any one who cares to hunt them up will be well repaid, and struck with the vigor of the defence, and still more with the complete change in public opinion which has brought the England of to-day clean round to the side of Parson Lot. The most complete, perhaps, of his fugitive pieces of this kind, is the pamphlet 'Who are the Friends of Order?' published by J. W. Parker & Son, in answer to a very fair and moderate article in 'Fraser's Magazine.' The Parson there points out how he and his friends were 'cursed by demagogues as aristocrats, and by tories as democrats, when in reality they were neither,' and urges that the very fact of the continent being overrun with communist fanatics, is the best argument for preaching association here." *

To those who cannot look back on the political storms of 1848–49, his contributions on the subject of Art, on the pictures in

* Preface to "Alton Locke," by T. Hughes. 1876.

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the National Gallery, and on the British Museum will be more congenial. This last we give entire:

BRITISH MUSEUM.

"My friend, Will Willow Wren is bringing before our readers the beauty and meaning of the living natural world—the great Green-book which holds 'the open secret,' as Goethe calls it, seen by all, but read by, alas! how few. And I feel as much as he, that nature is infinitely more wonderful than the highest art; and in the commonest hedgeside leaf lies a mystery and beauty greater than that of the greatest picture, the noblest statue—as infinitely greater as God's work is infinitely greater than man's. But to those who have no leisure to study nature in the green fields (and there are now-a-days too many such, though the time may come when all will have that blessing), to such I say, go to the British Musem; there at least, if you cannot go to nature's wonders, some of nature's wonders are brought to you.

"The British Museum is my glory and joy; because it is almost the only place which is free to English citizens as such—where the poor and the rich may meet together, and before those works of God's spirit, 'who is no respecter of persons,' feel that 'the Lord is the maker of them all.' In the British Museum and the National Gallery alone the Englishman may say, 'Whatever my coat or my purse, I am an Englishman, and therefore I have a right here. I can glory in these noble halls, as if they were my own house.'

"English commerce, the joint enterprise and industry of the poor sailor as well as the rich merchant, brought home these treasures from foreign lands, and those glorious statues—though it was the wealth and taste of English noblemen and gentlemen (who in that proved themselves truly noble and gentle) which placed them here, yet it was the genius of English artists—men at once above and below all ranks—men who have worked their way up, not by money or birth, but by worth and genius, which taught the noble and wealthy the value of those antiques, and which proclaimed their beauty to the world. The British Museum is a truly equalizing place, in the deepest and most spiritual sense; therefore I love it.

"And it gives the lie, too, to that common slander, 'that the English are not worthy of free admission to valuable and curious collections because they have such a trick of seeing with their fingers; such a trick of scribbling their names, of defiling and disfiguring works of art. On the Continent it may do, but you cannot trust the English.'

"This has been, like many other untruths, so often repeated, that people now take it for granted; but I believe that it is utterly

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groundless, and I say so on the experience of the British Museum and the National Gallery. In the only two cases, I believe, in which injury has been done to anything in either place, the destroyers were neither artisans, nor even poor reckless heathen street-boys, but persons who had received what is too often miscalled 'a liberal education.' The truth is, that where people pay their money (as they do in some great houses) for the empty pleasure of staring at luxuries which they cannot enjoy, vulgar curiosity too often ends in jealous spite; and where people consider themselves unjustly excluded from works of art, which ought, as far as possible, to be made as free as the common air, mean minds will sometimes avenge their fancied wrongs by doing wrong themselves. But *national property will always be respected*, because all will be content, while they feel that they have their rights, and all will be careful while they feel that they have a share in the treasure.

"Would that the rich, who, not from selfishness so much as from thoughtlessness, lock up the splendid collections from the eyes of all but a favored few, would go to the British Museum in Easter week! Would that the Deans and Chapters, who persist (in spite of the struggles of many of their own body) in making penny-peep-shows of God's houses, built by public piety and benevolence—of St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, which belongs not to them at all, but to God and the people of England, would go to the British Museum in Easter week and see there hundreds of thousands, of every rank and age, wandering past sculptures and paintings, which would be ruined by a blow—past jewels and curiosities, any one of which would buy many a poor soul there a month's food and lodging—only protected by a pane of glass, if by that; and then see not a thing disfigured—much less stolen. Everywhere order, care, attention, honest pride in their country's wealth and science; earnest reverence for the mighty works of God, and of the God-inspired. I say, the people of England prove themselves worthy of free admission to all works of art, and it is therefore the duty of those who can to help them to that free admission.

"What a noble, and righteous, and truly brotherly plan it would be, if all classes would join to form a free National Gallery of Art and Science, which might combine the advantages of the present Polytechnic, Society of Arts, and British Institution, gratis. Manufacturers and men of science might send thither specimens of their new inventions. The rich might send, for a few months in the year—as they do now to the British Institution—ancient and modern pictures, and not only pictures, but all sorts of curious works of art and nature, which are now hidden in their drawing-rooms and libraries. There might be free liberty to copy any object, on the copyist's name and residence being registered. And surely artists and men of science might be found, with enough of the spirit of patriotism and love, to explain gratuitously to all com-

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ers, whatever their rank or class, the wonders of the Museum. I really believe that if once the spirit of brotherhood got abroad among us; if men once saw that here was a vast means of educating, and softening and uniting those who have no leisure to study, and few means of enjoyment, except the gin-shop and Cremorne Gardens; if they could but once feel that here was a project, equally blessed for rich and poor, the money for it would be at once forthcoming from many a rich man, who is longing to do good, if he could only be shown the way; and from many a poor journeyman, who would gladly contribute his mite to a truly national museum, founded on the principles of spiritual liberty, equality and fraternity. All that is wanted is the spirit of self-sacrifice, patriotism and brotherly love—which God alone can give—which I believe He is giving more and more in these very days.

"I never felt this more strongly than some six months ago, as I was looking in at the windows of a splendid curiosity-shop in Oxford Street, at a case of humming-birds. I was gloating over the beauty of those feathered jewels, and then wondering what was the meaning, what was the use of it all?—why those exquisite little creatures should have been hidden for ages, in all their splendors of ruby and emerald and gold, in the South American forests, breeding and fluttering and dying, that some dozen out of all those millions might be brought over here to astonish the eyes of men. And as I asked myself, why were all these boundless varieties, these treasures of unseen beauty, created? my brain grew dizzy between pleasure and thought; and, as always happens when one is most innocently delighted, 'I turned to share the joy,' as Wordsworth says; and next to me stood a huge, brawny coal-heaver, in his shovel hat, and white stockings and high-lows, gazing at the humming-birds as earnestly as myself. As I turned he turned, and I saw a bright manly face, with a broad, soot-grimed forehead, from under which a pair of keen flashing eyes gleamed wondering, smiling sympathy into mine. In that moment we felt ourselves friends. If we had been Frenchmen, we should, I suppose, have rushed into each other's arms and 'fraternised' upon the spot. As we were a pair of dumb, awkward Englishmen, we only gazed a half-minute, staring into each other's eyes, with a delightful feeling of understanding each other, and then burst out both at once with—'Isn't that beautiful?' 'Well, that is!' And then both turned back again, to stare at our humming-birds.

"I never felt more thoroughly than at that minute (though, thank God, I had often felt it before) that all men were brothers; that fraternity and equality were not mere political doctrines, but blessed God-ordained facts; that the party-walls of rank and fashion and money were but a paper prison of our own making, which we might break through any moment by a single hearty and kindly feeling; that the one spirit of God was given without

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respect of persons; that the beautiful things were beautiful alike to the coal-heaver and the parson; and that before the wondrous works of God and of God's inspired genius, the rich and the poor might meet together, and feel that whatever the coat or the creed may be, 'A man's a man for a' that,' and one Lord the maker of them all.

"For believe me, my friends, rich and poor—and I beseech you to think deeply over this great truth—that men will never be joined in true brotherhood by mere plans to give them a self-interest in common, as the Socialists have tried to do. No; to feel *for* each other, they must first feel *with* each other. To have their sympathies in common, they must have not one object of gain, but an object of admiration in common; to know that they are brothers, they must feel that they have one Father; and a way to feel that they have one common Father, is to see each other wondering, side by side, at His glorious works!

"PARSON LOT."

He had a sore battle to go through at this time with his own heart, and with those friends and relations, religious and worldly, who each and all from their own particular standpoint deprecated the line he took, and urged him to withdraw from this sympathy with the people, which was likely to spoil his prospects in life. In reference to this he writes to his wife:—

". . . I will not be a liar. I will speak in season and out of season. I will not shun to declare the whole counsel of God. I will not take counsel with flesh and blood, and flatter myself into the dream that while every man on earth, from Maurice back to Abel, who ever tried to testify against the world, has been laughed at, misunderstood, slandered, and that, bitterest of all, by the very people he loved best, and understood best, I alone am to escape. My path is clear, and I will follow in it. He who died for me, and who gave me you, shall I not trust Him through whatsoever new and strange paths He may lead me? . . . ."

TO MR. LUDLOW.

EVERSLEY, *July*, 1848.

"I should have answered yesterday your noble and kind letter, had not my afternoon been employed in forcing a cruel, lazy farmer to shoot a miserable horse which was rotting alive in front of my house, and superintending its death by aid of one of my own bullets. What an awful wonderful thing a violent death is, even in a dumb beast! I would not have lost the sight for a great deal. But now to business. You take a strange way to frighten a man off from novel-writing, by telling a man that he may become the greatest

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novelist of the age. If your good opinion of me was true, I should have less fear for myself, for a man could not become that in this wonderful era, without having ideas and longings which would force him to become something far better than a novelist; but for myself, chaotic, piecemeal, passionate, 'lâchemar' as I am, I have fears as great as your own. I know the miserable, peevish, lazy, conceited, faithless, prayerless wretch I am, but I know this, too, that One is guiding me, and driving me when I will not be guided, who will make me, and has made me go His way and do His work, by fair means or by foul. He set me on writing this 'novel.' He has taught me things about the heart of fast sporting men, and about the condition of the poor, and our duty to them, which I have no doubt He has taught many more, but He has not set any one else to speak about them in the way in which I am speaking. He has given me a certain artistic knack of utterance (nothing but a knack), but He has done more. He has made the 'Word of the Lord like fire within my bones,' giving me no peace till I have spoken out. I know I may seem presumptuous—to myself most of all, because I know best the 'liar to my own idea' which I am. I know that He has made me a parish priest, and that that is the duty which lies nearest me, and that I may seem to be leaving my calling in novel-writing. But has He not taught me all these very things by my parish-priest life? Did He, too, let me become a strong, daring, sporting wild-man-of-the-woods for nothing? Surely the education which He has given me, so different from that which authors generally receive, points out to me a peculiar calling to preach on these points, from my own experience, as it did to good old Isaac Walton, as it has done in our day to that truly noble man, Captain Marryat. Therefore I must believe 'Se tu segui la tua stella' with Dante, that He who ordained my star will not lead me into temptation, but through it, as Maurice says. Without Him all places and methods of life are equally dangerous—with Him, all equally safe. Pray for me, for in myself I am weaker of purpose than a lost greyhound, lazier than a dog in rainy weather.

"But I feel intensely the weight of your advice to write no more novels. Why should I? I have no more to say. When this is done I must set to and read. The symbolism of nature and the meaning of history must be my studies. Believe me I long for that day—the pangs of intellectual labor, the burden of spiritual pregnancy, are not pleasant things. A man cannot write in the fear of God without running against the devil at every step. He cannot sit down to speak the truth without disturbing in his own soul a hornet swarm of lies. Your hack-writer of no creed, your bigot Polyphemus, whose one eye just helps him to see to eat men, they do not understand this; their pens run on joyful and light of heart. But no more talk about myself.

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"Read a poem written by an acquaintance of mine, Clough of Oxford, 'The Bothie of Toper-na-Voirlich,' and tell me if you do not think it a noble specimen of Pantagruelism, and a hopeful sign for 'Young Oxford,' of which he is one of the leaders. . . . ."

Having been appointed Professor of English Literature at Queen's College, Harley Street, he gave his first introductory lecture on May 13th, and continued lecturing weekly.

In the summer he made an expedition with Mr. Maurice to Crowland Abbey, near Peterborough, which deeply impressed him at the time, and formed one of the strong features in his story of "Hereward" at a later date. "We spent there a priceless day," he says; "these days with Maurice have taught me more than I can tell. Like all great things, he grows upon one more and more." He wrote several letters to his little daughter at this time, full of poetry and natural history, of which one is given.

TO HIS LITTLE GIRL ROSE.

DUXFORD, *Cambridge.*

"MY DEAR MISS ROSE,

"I am writing in such a curious place. A mill where they grind corn and bones, and such a funny little room in it full of stuffed birds. And there is a flamingo, such a funny red bird, with long legs and a long neck, as big as Miss Rose, and sharks' jaws, and an armadillo all over great scales, and now I will tell you about the stork. He is called Peter, and here is a picture of him. See what long legs he has, and a white body and black wings, and he catches all the frogs and snails, and eats them, and when he is cross, he opens his long bill, and makes such a horrible clattering like a rattle. And he comes to the window at tea time, to eat bread and butter, and he is so greedy, and he gobbled down a great pinch of snuff out of Daddy's box, and he was so sick, and we all laughed at him, for being so foolish and greedy. And do you know there are such curious frogs here that people eat, and there were never any found in England before Mr. Thurnall found them, and he sent them to the British Museum and the wise men were so pleased, and sent him leave to go to the British Museum and see all the wonderful things whenever he liked. And he has got such beautiful butterflies in boxes, and whole cupboards full of birds' eggs, and a river full of beautiful fish, and Daddy went fishing yesterday, and caught an immense trout, very nearly four pounds weight, and he raged and ran about in the river so long, and Daddy was quite tired before he could get him out. And to-day Daddy is going back to Cambridge to get a letter from his dear home. And do you know when Mr. Thurnall saw me drawing the stork, he gave

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me a real live stork of my own to bring home to Miss Rose, and we will put him in the kitchen garden to run about—what fun! And to-morrow Daddy is going to see the beautiful pictures at the Fitzwilliam Museum, and the next day he is going to fish at Shelford, and the next day, perhaps, he is coming home to his darlings at Eversley Rectory, for he does not know what to do without them. . . . . How happy Miss Rose must be with her dear mother. She must say, 'thank God for giving me such a darling mother!'

"Kiss her for me and Maurice, and now good-bye, and I will bring home the stork.

"Your own DADDY."

His acquaintance with Mr. Thomas Cooper, Chartist, was made this year, and out of it grew a long correspondence, of which this is the first letter. The rest will come at a later period.

EVERSLEY, *June* 19, 1848.

"Ever since I read your brilliant poem, 'The Purgatory of Suicides,' and its most affecting preface, I have been possessed by a desire to thrust myself, at all risks, into your acquaintance. The risk which I felt keenly, was the fear that you might distrust me, as a clergyman; having, I am afraid, no great reason to love that body of men. Still, I thought, the poetic spirit ought to be a bond of communion between us. Shall God make us brother poets, as well as brother men, and we refuse to fraternise? I thought also that you, if you have a poet's heart, as well as the poet's brain which you have manifested, ought to be more able than other men to appreciate and sympathise with my feelings towards 'the working classes.'

"You can understand why I held back—from shame—a false shame, perhaps, lest you should fancy me a hypocrite. But my mind was made up when I found an attack in the 'Commonwealth,' on certain papers which I had published in the 'Politics of the People,' under the name of Parson Lot. Now I had hailed with cordial pleasure the appearance of the 'Commonwealth,' and sympathised thoroughly with it—and here was this very 'Commonwealth' attacking me on some of the very points on which I most agreed with it. It seemed to me intolerable to be so misunderstood. It had been long intolerable to me, to be regarded as an object of distrust and aversion by thousands of my countrymen, my equals in privilege, and too often, alas! far my superiors in worth, just because I was a clergyman, the very office which *ought* to have testified above all others, for liberty, equality, brotherhood, for time and eternity. I felt myself bound, then, to write to you, to see if among the nobler spirits of the working classes I could not make one friend who would understand me. My ancestors

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fought in Cromwell's army, and left all for the sake of God and liberty, among the pilgrim fathers, and here were men accusing me of 'mediæval tyranny.' I would shed the last drop of my life blood for the social and political emancipation of the people of England, as God is my witness; and here are the very men for whom I would die, fancying me an 'aristocrat.' It is not enough for me that they are mistaken in me. I want to work with them. I want to realize my brotherhood with them. I want some one like yourself, intimately acquainted with the mind of the working classes, to give me such an insight into their life and thoughts, as may enable me to consecrate my powers effectually to their service. For them I have lived for several years. I come to you to ask you if you can tell me how to live more completely for them. If you distrust and reject my overtures, I shall not be astonished—pained I shall be—and you must know as well as I, that there is no bitterer pain than to be called a rogue because you are honester than your neighbors, and a time-server, because you have intellect enough to see both sides of a question."

In the autumn he quite broke down, while writing "Yeast," as a series of papers in "Fraser's Magazine." He had not recovered the excitement of the Chartist movement, and having at that time no curate, every hour was occupied with sermon writing, cottage visiting, and he was forced to write "Yeast" at night when the day's work was over, and the house still. This was too much for brain and nerves, and one Sunday evening, after his two services had been got through with difficulty, he fell asleep, slept late into the next day, and awoke so exhausted that his medical man was alarmed at his weakness, ordered complete rest and change to Bournemouth. From thence, after a month's rest, he returned to Eversley only to sink again.

TO AN OXFORD FRIEND.

EVERSLEY, *December*, 1848.

"I have delayed answering your letter because I did not wish to speak in a hurry on a subject so important to you. I am afraid that ——'s report of my opinion has pained you—really it ought not; I spoke only as a friend and in sincerity. I cannot advise you to publish the poems of yours which I have seen—at least for some years, and I will give you my reasons. . . . .

"First, you write too easily; that same imp 'facility' must not be let to ruin you, as it helped to ruin Theodore Hook. You must never put two words or lines where one will do; the age is too busy and hurried to stand it. Again, you want to see a great

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deal more, and study more—that is the only way to have materials. Poets cannot create till they have learnt to recombine. The study of man and nature; the study of poets and fiction writers of all schools is necessary. And, believe me, you can never write like Byron, or anybody else worth hearing, unless by reading and using poetry of a very different school from his. The early dramatists, Shakespeare above all; and not less the two schools which made Shakespeare; the Northern ballad literature; nay even, I find the Norse myths. And, on the other hand, the Romance literature must be known, to acquire that objective power of embodying thoughts, without which poetry degenerates into the mere intellectual reflective, and thence into the metrical-prose didactic. Read, mark, and learn, and do not write. I never wrote five hundred lines in my life before the 'Saint's Tragedy,' but from my childhood I had worked at poetry from Southey's 'Thalaba,' Ariosto, Spenser, and the 'Old Ballads,' through almost every school, classic and modern, except the Spanish, and, alas! a very little German, and that by translations. And I have not read half enough. I have been studying all physical sciences which deal with phenomena; I have been watching nature in every mood; I have been poring over sculptures and paintings since I was a little boy—and all I can say is, I do not know half enough to be a poet in the nineteenth century, and have cut the Muse *pro tempore*.

"Again, you have an infinity to learn about rhythm and metre, and about the coloring and chiaroscuro of poetry; how to break up your masses, and how to make masses; high lights and shadows; major and minor keys of metre; rich coloring alternating with delicate. All these things have to be learnt, if you wish to avoid monotony, to arrest the interest, to gain the cardinal secret of giving 'continual surprise in expectation,' and 'expectation in surprise.'

"Now don't be angry with me. I think you have a poetic faculty in you, from the mere fact of your having been always lusting to get your thoughts into poetry; and because I think you have one, therefore I don't want you to publish, or even write, till you have learnt enough really to enable you to embody your thoughts. They are good and vigorous, and profitable to the age; but they are as yet too bare-backed—you must go clothes-hunting for the poor naked babbies.

Let me hear from you again, for I am very much interested in all you do, and your true friend and well wisher."

After a second prostration of strength, he was advised to give up all work entirely, and the winter and spring were spent in North Devon, at Ilfracombe and Lynmouth.

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CHAPTER VIII.

1849.

AGED 30.

Winter in Devonshire—Ilfracombe—Decides on taking Pupils—Correspondence—Visit to London—Social Questions—Fever at Eversley—Renewed Illness—Returns to Devonshire—Cholera in England—Sanitary Work—Bermondsey—Letter from Mr. C. K. Paul.

THIS year began in ill-health at Ilfracombe, where Mr. Maurice with other friends came to visit him, and went away depressed at seeing the utter exhaustion, mental and bodily, of one who had been the life and soul of their band of workers in 1848. He was able to do nothing for months—riding, walking, and even conversation were too much for him; and wandering on the sea-shore, collecting shells and zoophytes, with his wife and children, was all the exertion that he could bear, while dreaming over "The Autobiography of a Cockney Poet," which in the autumn was to develop into "Alton Locke." With much difficulty he got through an article on Mrs. Jamieson's Sacred and Legendary Art" for "Fraser's Magazine," which he had promised.* Mr. Froude came to him from Oxford in February, and then and there made acquaintance with his future wife, Mrs. Kingsley's sister, who was also at Ilfracombe. There are few letters to mark the winter and spring of 1849, and fewer poems.

During a solitary ride on Morte Sands, he composed some elegiacs, of which he speaks in the following letter:

TO J. MALCOLM LUDLOW, ESQ.

ILFRACOMBE, *February*, 1849.

". . . . I send you the enclosed lines as some proof that the exquisite elegiac metre suits our English language (as indeed everything beautiful does). They are but a fragment. You were the cause of their not being finished; for your kindness swept away

* Since published in his Miscellanies.

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the evil spirit of despondency, and I hold it a sin to turn on the Werterian tap, of malice prepense. If they are worth finishing, I shall have sorrows enough ere I die, no doubt, to put me in the proper vein for them again. I send them off to escape the torment of continually fidgeting and polishing at them; for whatever I may say in defence of my own case, I dare not let anything go forth, except as highly finished as I can make it. Show them to the 'oak of the mountain,' the Master (Mr. Maurice), he will recognize the place, and the feeling of much of them, and ask him whether, with a palinode, setting forth how out of winter must come spring, out of death life, they would not be tolerably true. . . . .

Wearily stretches the land to the surge, and the surge to the cloudland;
Wearily onward I ride, watching the water alone.
Not as of old, like Homeric Achilles, *κύδεϊ γαίων*,
Joyous knight errant of God, thirsting for labor and strife.
No more on magical steed borne free through the regions of ether,
But, like the hack which I ride, selling my sinew for gold.
Fruit-bearing autumn is gone; let the sad, quiet winter hang o'er me—
What were the spring to a soul laden with sorrow and shame?
Blossoms would fret me with beauty; my heart has no time to be-praise them;
Grey rock, bough, surge, cloud, waken no yearning within.
Sing not, thou skylark above! Even angels pass hushed by the weeper.
Scream on, ye sea fowl! my heart echoes your desolate cry.
Sweep the dry sand on, thou wild wind, to drift o'er the shell and the sea-weed;
Sea-weed and shell, like my dreams, swept down the pitiless tide.
Just is the wave which uptore us; 'tis Nature's own law which condemns us;
Woe to the weak who, in pride, build on the faith of the sand!
Joy to the oak of the mountain; he trusts to the might of the rock-clefts;
Deeply he mines, and in peace feeds on the wealth of the stone.

* * * * *

". . . . I have hope also of the book which I am writing, the Autobiography of a Cockney Poet, which has revealed itself to me so rapidly and methodically, that I feel it comes down from above, and that only my folly can spoil it—which I pray against daily.

". . . . I never felt the reality and blessing of that church confession and absolution more than I did in this morning's service. Thank you for all and every hint. . . . .

"Tell Charles Mansfield I have found to-day another huge comatula, and bottled him with his legs, by great dodging. I am always finding something fresh. . . . .

"Best love to all our friends. Poor Maurice! But a little persecution is a blessing to any man. Still it does make one sick to hear these quill-driving cowards and bigots attacking him."

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The expenses of illness, and his inability to meet them by writing, obliged him now to think of some other means, and he consulted Mr. Maurice about taking pupils. Mr. Maurice wrote at once to Professor Thompson, now Master of Trinity, Cambridge:

"Kingsley, who, I think, is known to you, has been disabled for some time, and has been obliged to leave his living. He is much better, and wishes very much for a pupil to prepare for orders or even for college. He is now at Ilfracombe. At Eversley he would have accommodation in a very pleasant house. I do not know a man more fitted for the work—scarcely any one equally fitted. He is a good, accurate, and enthusiastic scholar, full of knowledge of all things about him, and delight in them; and more likely to give a young man of the day a good direction in divinity, meeting his difficulties and dealing honestly with them, than any person I have fallen in with. His conversation is full of interest even when he is ill; when he is well he is the freshest, freest hearted man in England. . . . . His home is altogether most pleasant, and those who dwell in it. If you can give him help, I shall be most grateful to you.

"Yours ever truly,
"F. D. MAURICE."

He gives his own plan of teaching, or rather training a pupil, in a characteristic letter to Mrs. Scott, wife of Rev. A. J. Scott, afterwards Principal of Owens College, Manchester:

"Will you excuse my burdening you with another word about pupils? . . . . I am not going to talk of what I *can* teach; but what I should try to teach, would be principally physical science, history, English literature, and modern languages. In my eyes the question is not what to teach, but how to educate; how to train not scholars, but men; bold, energetic, methodic, liberal-minded, magnanimous. If I can succeed in doing that, I shall do what no salary can repay—and what is not generally done, or expected to be done, by private tutors. . . . ."

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Scott remarked, "That is what is wanted, and it is what Charles Kingsley will do." Notwithstanding the efforts of his friends, the pupils were not forthcoming. His writings had caused a strong prejudice against him; and it was not till the following year that he succeeded. The long waiting was repaid when the pupil came, and the labor, which throughout was a labor of love, was more than repaid, being spent on one who

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realised the tutor's ideal in after life. That pupil will speak for himself in another chapter.

It had been a great sorrow to him to give up his work at Queen's College, and he was never able to resume it. Besides two introductory lectures on literature and composition, instinct with genius, now out of print, he only delivered one course on Early English Literature. The Rev. Alfred Strettell took his place.

From Clovelly, where he went with his wife's sister and Mr. Froude, he writes home:

"Only a few lines, for the post starts before breakfast. We got here all safe. C. enjoyed herself by lying in misery at the bottom of the boat all the way. . . . I cannot believe my eyes: the same place, the pavement, the same dear old smells, the dear old handsome loving faces again. It is as if I was a little boy again, or the place had stood still while all the world had been rushing and rumbling on past it; and then I suddenly recollect your face, and those two ducks on the pier; and it is no dream; *this* is the dream, and I am your husband; what have I not to thank God for? I have been thanking Him; but where can I stop? We talk of sailing home again, as cheapest and pleasantest; most probably Friday or Saturday. To-day I lionize Charlotte over everything. Kiss the children for me."

The following letter, addressed to a young man going over to Rome, though incomplete, is too valuable to omit. Several pages have been lost, which will account for any want of sequence.

HARLEY HOUSE, CLIFTON, *May* 11, 1849.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I have just heard from Charles Mansfield, to my inexpressible grief, that you are inclined to join the Roman Communion; and at the risk of being called impertinent, I cannot but write my whole heart to you.

"What I say may be *παρὰ τὸν λογόν*, after all; if so, pray write and let me know what your real reasons are for such a step. I think, as one Christian man writing to another, I may dare to entreat this of you. For believe me I am no bigot. I shall not trouble you with denunciations about the 'scarlet woman' or the 'little horn.' I cannot but regard with awe, at least, if not reverence, a form of faith which God thinks good enough still for one half (though it be the more brutal, profligate, and helpless half) of Europe. Believe me, I can sympathise with you. I have been through it; I have longed for Rome, and boldly faced the conse-

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quences of joining Rome; and though I now have, thank God, cast all wish of change behind me years ago, as a great lying devil's temptation, yet I still long as ardently as ever to see in the Church of England much which only now exists, alas! in the Church of Rome. Can I not feel for you? Do I not long for a visible, one, organized Church? Do I not shudder at the ghastly dulness of our services? Do I not pray that I may see the day when the art and poetry of the nineteenth century shall be again among us, turned to their only true destination—the worship of God? Have I shed no bitter, bitter tears of shame and indignation in cathedral aisles, and ruined abbeys, and groaned aloud 'Ichabod, Ichabod, the glory is departed,' etc."

[Here some pages are lost.]

"Can you not commit the saving of your soul to Him that made your soul? I think it will be in good keeping, unless you take it out of His hands, by running off where he has *not* put you. Did you never read how 'He that saveth his soul shall lose it.' Beware.

"Had you been born an Italian Romanist I would have said to you, Don't leave Rome; stay where you are and try to mend the Church of your fathers; if it casts you out, the sin be on its own head; and so I say to you. Do you want to know God's will about you? What plainer signs of it, than the fact that he has made you, and educated you as a Protestant Englishman. Here, believe it—believe the providentiam, 'Dei in rebus revelatam.'—Here He intends you to work, and to do the duty which lies nearest. Hold what doctrines you will, but do not take yourself out of communion with your countrymen, to bind yourself to a system which is utterly foreign to us and our thoughts, and only by casting off which, have we risen to be the most mighty, and, with all our sins, perhaps the most righteous and pure of nations (a fact which the Jesuits do not deny). I assure you that they tell their converts that the reason why Protestant England is allowed to be so much more righteous than the Romish nations is—to try the faith of the elect!! You will surely be above listening to such anile sophistry!

"But still, you think, 'you may be holier there than here.' Ah, sir, 'cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt.' Ultramontanism will be a new system; but not, I think, a new character. Certain outward acts, and certain inward feelings, which are all very nice, and right, and pleasant, will be made easier for you there than here: you will live so charmingly by rule and measure; not a moment in the day but will be allotted out for you, with its appropriate acts of devotion. True, now you are a man, standing face to face with God; then you will (believe one who knows) find yourself a machine, face to face, not with God, but with a priest and a system, and hosts of inferior deities, of which

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hereafter. Oh! sir, you, a free-born Englishman, brought up in that liberty for which your forefathers died on scaffolds and in battle-fields—that liberty which begot a Shakspeare, a Raleigh, a Bacon, Milton, Newton, Faraday, Brooke—will you barter away that inestimable gift because Italian pedants, who know nothing of human nature but from the books of prurient celibates, tell you that they have got a surer 'dodge' for saving your soul than those have, among whom God's will, not your own, has begotten and educated you? But you 'will be able to rise to a greater holiness there.' Holiness, sir? Devoutness, you mean. The 'will of God' is your holiness already, and you may trust Him to perfect His will in you here—for here He has put you—if by holiness you mean godliness and manliness, justice and mercy, honesty and usefulness. But if by holiness you mean 'saintliness,' I quite agree that Rome is the place to get *that*, and a poor pitiful thing it is when it is got—not God's ideal of a man, but an effeminate shaveling's ideal. Look at St. Francis de Sales, or St. Vincent de Paul's face, and then say, does not your English spirit loathe to see *that?* God made man in His image, not in an imaginary Virgin Mary's image. And do not fancy that you will really get any spiritual gain by going over. The very devotional system which will educe and develop the souls of people born and bred up under it, and cast, constitutionally and by hereditary associations, into its mould, will only prove a dead leaden crushing weight on an Englishman, who has, as you have, tasted from his boyhood the liberty of the Spirit of God. You will wake, my dear brother, you will wake, not altogether, but just enough to find yourself not *believing* in Romish doctrines about saints and virgins, absolutions and indulgences, but only *believing in believing them*—an awful and infinite difference, on which I beseech you earnestly to meditate. You will find yourself crushing the voice of conscience, common-sense, and humanity—I mean the voice of God within you, in order to swallow down things at which your gorge rises in disgust. You will find the Romish practice as different from the Romish ideal as the English is from the English ideal, and you will find amid all your discontents and doubts, that the habits of religious excitement, and of leaning on priests whom you will neither revere nor trust for themselves, will have enchained you like the habits of a drunkard or an opium-eater, so that you must go back again and again for self-forgetfulness to the spiritual laudanum-bottle, which gives now no more pleasant dreams, but only painful heartache, and miserable depression afterwards. I know what I have seen and heard from eye-witnesses.

"I know you may answer—This may be all very fine, but if Rome be the only true Church, thither I must go, loss or gain. Most true. But take care how you get at this conviction that Rome is the true Church; if by a process of the logical understanding,

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that is most unfair, for you have to renounce the conclusions of the understanding when you go to Rome. How then can you let it lead you, to a system which asserts *in limine* that it has no right to lead you any where at all?

"But I must defer this question, and also that of Romish æsthetics, to another letter. I make no apology for plain speaking; these are times in which we must be open with each other. And I was greatly attracted by the little I saw of you. I know there is a sympathy between us; and having passed through these temptations in my own person, God would judge me if I did not speak what He has revealed to me in bitter struggles. One word more. Pray, answer this, and pray *wait*. Never take so important a step without at least six months' deliberate waiting, not till, but after your mind is made up. Five-and-twenty years God has let you remain a Protestant. Even if you were wrong in being one, He will surely pardon your remaining one six months longer, in a world where the roads of error are so many and broad that a man may need to look hard to find the narrow way.

Before resuming work again at Eversley, he went to London, and took up the old thread by attending a Chartist meeting on the 3d of June, and on the 19th a workmen's meeting on the Land Colonization question, and from Chelsea he writes home:

". . . . I could not write yesterday, being kept by a poor boy who had fallen off a truck at Croydon and smashed himself, whom I escorted to Guy's Hospital. I have spent the whole day running up and down London on business. I breakfasted with Bunsen, such a divine-looking man, and so kind. I have worlds to tell you. Met F. Newman last night, and breakfast with him to-morrow. I had a long and interesting talk with Froude last night. . . . .

"Monday.—I spent yesterday with Ludlow, and went with him to Dr. Thorpe's, and to Lincoln's-inn Chapel in the afternoon—a noble sight.—Maurice's head looked like some great, awful Giorgione portrait in the pulpit, but oh, so worn, and the face worked so at certain passages of the sermon.

. . . . . .

"Long and most interesting talk with Mons. Chevallier this morning. London is perfectly *horrible*. To you alone I look for help and advice—God and you,—else I think at times I should cry myself to death. . . . . The women's shoe-makers are not set up yet. My sermons ('Village Sermons') are being lent from man to man, among the South London Chartists, at such a pace that Cooper can't get them back again. And the Manchester men stole his copy of the Saint's Tragedy. . . . .

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"I have just been to see Carlyle."

(Later) "On Friday I dined at Maurice's. Met Mrs. Augustus Hare, and a brother of the Archdeacon's, an officer in the Prussian army, also Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who were very kind indeed. I took George to a soirée at Parker's, and introduced him to all the set there. On Saturday we dined at Ludlow's, met dear Charles Mansfield and a Frenchman, now being tried in Paris for the June Row, a complete Red Republican and Fourierist; he says nothing but Christianity can save France or the world. I had an intensely interesting talk with him. In the evening the Campbells, Shorter the Chartist, and Dr. Walsh, came in, and we had a glorious evening. . . . ."

June 12, 1849 (My Birthday).

"Last night will never be forgotten by many, many men. Maurice was—I cannot describe it. Chartists told me this morning that many were affected even to tears. The man was inspired—gigantic. No one commented on what he said. He stunned us! I will tell you all when I can collect myself. . . . .

"This morning I breakfasted with Dr. Guy, and went with him Tailor hunting, very satisfactory as yet. . . . . Yesterday afternoon with Professor Owen at the College of Surgeons, where I saw unspeakable things. . . . ."

. . . . . .

He now settled at Eversley again, and threw himself into the full tide of parish work with the loving help of the Rev. H. Percy Smith, of Baliol, who was ordained to the curacy of Eversley. The season was unhealthy; cholera was brooding over England, and a bad low fever broke out at Eversley, which gave the rector incessant work and anxiety. The parishioners got frightened. It was difficult to get nurses for the sick, so that he was with them at all hours; and after sitting up a whole night with one bad case, a laborer's wife, the mother of a large family, that he might himself give the nourishment every half-hour on which the poor woman's life depended, he once more completely broke down, and London physicians advised his taking a sea voyage. A trip to America and back was proposed; but he dreaded the loneliness, and his parents being strongly averse to the plan, he went again to Devonshire, hoping that a month's quiet and idleness would restore him.

From thence he writes home.

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TORRIDGE MOORS, WEST COUNTRY INN.

"I have been fishing the Torridge to day. Caught 1½ dozen—very bright sun, which was against me. To-morrow I return to Clovelly. I have got a companion here who is fishing and collecting his rents. Gentleman-like man, and friend of Hawker's the West Country Poet. Tennyson was down here last year, and walked in on Hawker to collect Arthur legends."

CLOVELLY, *Aug.* 16, 1849.

"I have read Rabelais right through, and learnt immensely from him. I have been reading P. Leroux's book on Christianity and Democracy, and am now reading Ruskin. The weather has been too stormy for trawling, but I have got a few nice shells. . . . . My landlady is an extraordinary woman, a face and figure as of a queen, but all thought, sensibility and excitement; a great 'dévote' and a true Christian; between grief and religion she has learnt a blessed lesson. Old Wim. potters in, like an old grey-headed Newfoundland dog, about three times a day to look after me in all sorts of kind and unnecessary ways. I have been pestered with letter after letter asking me to join this new popular Church paper, but have of course fought off. I am convinced at moments that, after all, the best place for me is at home. . . . ."

"Saturday I start. I am quite in spirits at the notion of the Moor. It will give me continual excitement; it is quite new to me—and I am well enough now to walk in moderation. Let me know when you receive my drawings. I am doing you a set more—still better I hope. 'The Artist's Wife,' seven or eight shetches of Claude Mellot and Sabina, two of my most darling ideals, with a scrap of conversation annexed to each, just embodying my dreams about married love and its relation to art. . . . ."

TO J. M. LUDLOW, ESQ.

CLOVELLY, *August* 17, 1849.

"I am at last enjoying perfect rest—doing nothing but fish, sail, chat with old sailor and Wesleyan cronies, and read, by way of a nice mixture, Rabelais, Pierre Leroux, and Ruskin. The first, were he seven times as unspeakably filthy as he is, I consider as priceless in wisdom, and often in true evangelic godliness—more of him hereafter. The second is indeed a blessed dawn. The third, a noble, manful, godly book, a blessed dawn too: but I cannot talk about them; I am as stupid as a porpoise, and I lie in the window, and smoke and watch the glorious cloud-phantasmagoria, infinite in color and form, crawling across the vast bay and deep woods below, and draw little sketches of figures, and do not even dream, much less think. . . . ."

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TO HIS WIFE.

COLEBROOK, CREDITON, *September* 2, 1849.

. . . . . .

"Starting out to fish down to Drew's Teignton—the old Druid's sacred place, to see Logan stones and cromlechs. Yesterday was the most charming *solitary* day I ever spent in my life—scenery more lovely than tongue can tell. It brought out of me the following bit of poetry, with many happy tears.

POET.

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what ye say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what ye say, brown streams,
I cannot tell what ye say;
But I know in you too, a spirit doth live,
And a word in you this day.

THE WORD'S ANSWER.

Oh, rose is the color of love and youth,
And green is the color of faith and truth,
And brown of the fruitful clay.
The earth is fruitful, and faithful, and young,
And her bridal morn shall rise ere long,
And you shall know what the rocks and the streams,
And the laughing green-woods say!

"Show these to C. If she has taken in the *real good* of Spinozism, she ought to understand them. To-morrow I tramp for Two Bridges."

And now the Cholera was once more in England, and sanitary matters absorbed him. He preached three striking sermons at Eversley, on Cholera, "Who causes Pestilence" (published together in 1854, with preface). He worked in London and the country in the crusade against dirt and bad drainage. The terrible revelations of the state of the Water supply in London saddened

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and sickened him, and led to his writing an article in the "North British Review" on the subject.*

At this period many young men from Oxford and elsewhere gathered round him. The following letter from one of them, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, speaks for itself of the life at Eversley, which had become a centre to so many enquiring spirits.

"I first saw Charles Kingsley in Oxford, in the spring term of 1848. He had just published the 'Saint's Tragedy,' and came up to stay with his old schoolfellow, Cowley Powles, one of our Exeter tutors. He had not, I think, the least notion he would find himself famous, but he was so among a not inconsiderable section of young Oxford, even one month after the drama had appeared. A large number of us were thoroughly dissatisfied with the high-church teaching, which then was that of most earnest tutors in Oxford. There were, indeed, some noble exceptions,—Jowett of Balliol, Powles of Exeter, Congreve of Wadham, Stanley of University, Clough of Oriel. But they were scattered, and their influence was over men here and there; the high-churchmen held the mass of intelligent young men, many of whom revolted in spirit, yet had not found a leader. Here was a book which showed that there was poetry also in the strife *against* asceticism, whose manly preface was as stirring as the verse it heralded. We looked at its author with the deepest interest; it was a privilege to have been in the room with him; but my acquaintance with him was necessarily of the slightest.

"In the summer of the following year, H. Percy Smith, of Balliol, who also had met Kingsley and taken a walk with him during that memorable Oxford visit, went to Eversley as curate, and almost as soon as he was settled, invited me to stay with him in his lodgings, about half a mile from the Rectory. The day after my arrival we dined at the Rectory. You were then using as a dining-room the larger room which afterwards was your drawing-room, and were alone; Percy and I were the only guests. We went into the study afterwards while Kingsley smoked his pipe, and the evening is one of those that stand out in my memory with peculiar vividness. I had never then, I have seldom since, heard a man talk so well.

"Kingsley's conversational powers were very remarkable. In the first place he had, as may be easily understood by the readers of his books, a rare command of racy and correct English, while he was so many sided that he could take keen interest in almost any subject which attracted those about him. He had read, and read much, not only in matters which every one ought to know, but had gone deeply into many out-of the-way and unexpected studies. Old

* "Water Supply of London," published in the Miscellanies.

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medicine, magic, the occult properties of plants, folk-lore, mesmerism, nooks and bye-ways of history, old legends; on all these he was at home. On the habits and dispositions of animals he would talk as though he were that king in the Arabian Nights who understood the language of beasts, or at least had lived among the gipsies who loved him so well. The stammer, which in those days was so much more marked than in later years, and which was a serious discomfort to himself, was no drawback to the charm of his conversation. Rather the hesitation before some brilliant flash of words served to lend point to and intensify what he was saying; and when, as he sometimes did, he fell into a monologue, or recited a poem in his sonorous voice, the stammer left him wholly, as it did when he read or preached in church.

"When, however, I use the word monologue, it must not be supposed that he ever monopolized the talk. He had a courteous deference for the opinions of the most insignificant person in the circle, and was even too tolerant of a bore. With all his vast powers of conversation, and ready to talk on every or any subject, he was never superficial. What he knew he knew well, and was always ready to admit the fact when he did not know.

"'The morning after that evening in the study, came a note to me dated, 'Bed this morning,' inviting me to breakfast, and to transfer my goods from the village public house—Percy Smith had no spare bed-room—to the Rectory. I did so, and this was the first of many visits, each one of increasing intimacy and pleasure. I cannot do better than expand some notes of those visits, which I sent to the 'Examiner' newspaper, in the week which followed Kingsley's death last year:—

"'To those who, in the years of which we speak, were constant guests at Eversley, that happy home can never be forgotten. Kingsley was in the vigor of his manhood and of his intellectual powers, was administering his parish with enthusiasm, was writing, reading, fishing, walking, preaching, talking, with a twenty-parson power, but was at the same time wholly unlike the ordinary and conventional parson.

"'The picturesque bow-windowed Rectory rises to memory as it stood with all its doors and windows open on certain hot summer days, the sloping bank with its great fir-tree, the garden—a gravel sweep before the drawing-room and dining-rooms, a grass-plat before the study, hedged off from the walk—and the tall active figure of the Rector tramping up and down one or the other. His energy made him seem everywhere, and to pervade every part of house and garden. The MS. of the book he was writing lay open on a rough standing desk, which was merely a shelf projecting from the wall; his pupils —two in number, and treated like his own sons—were working in the dining-room; his guests perhaps lounging on the lawn, or reading in the study. And he had time for all, going from writing to

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lecturing on optics, or to a passage in Virgil, from this to a vehement conversation with a guest, or tender care for his wife—who was far from strong—or a romp with his children. He would work himself into a sort of white heat over his book, till, too excited to write more, he would calm himself down by a pipe, pacing his grass-plat in thought and with long strides. He was a great smoker, and tobacco was to him a needful sedative. He always used a long and clean clay pipe, which lurked in all sorts of unexpected places. But none was ever smoked which was in any degree foul, and when there was a vast accumulation of old pipes, they were sent back again to the kiln to be rebaked, and returned fresh and new. This gave him a striking simile, which, in "Alton Locke," he puts into the mouth of James Crossthwaite. "Katie here believes in Purgatory, where souls are burnt clean again, like 'bacca pipes."'

"When luncheon was over, and any arrears of the morning's work cleared up, a walk with Kingsley was an occasion of constant pleasure. His delight in every fresh or known bit of scenery was most keen, and his knowledge of animal life invested the walk with singular novelty even to those who were already country bred. I remember standing on the top of a hill with him when the autumn evening was fading, and one of the sun's latest rays struck a patch on the moor, bringing out a very peculiar mixture of red-brown colors. What were the precise plants which composed that patch? He hurriedly ran over the list of what he thought they were, and then set off over hedge and ditch, through bog and water-course, to verify the list he had already made.

"During these afternoon walks he would visit one or another of his very scattered hamlets or single cottages on the heaths. Those who have read 'My Winter Garden,' in the 'Miscellanies,' know how he loved the moor under all its aspects, and the great groves of firs. Nothing was ever more real than Kingsley's parish visiting. He believed absolutely in the message he bore to the poor, and the health his ministrations conveyed to their souls, but he was at the same time a zealous sanitary reformer, and cared for their bodies also. I was with him once when he visited a sick man suffering from fever. The atmosphere of the little ground-floor bed-room was horrible, but before the Rector said a word he ran up-stairs, and, to the great astonishment of the inhabitants of the cottage, bored, with a large auger he had brought with him, several holes above the bed's head for ventilation. His reading in the sick room and his words were wholly free from cant. The Psalms and the Prophets, with judicious omissions, seemed to gain new meaning as he read them, and his after-words were always cheerful and hopeful. Sickness, in his eyes, seemed always to sanctify and purify. He would say, with the utmost modesty, that the patient endurance of the poor taught him day by day lessons which he took

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back again as God's message to the bed-side from which he had learnt them.

"One great element of success in his intercourse with his parishioners was his abounding humor and fun. What caused a hearty laugh was a real refreshment to him, and he had the strongest belief that laughter and humor were elements in the nature of God Himself.

"This abounding humor has with some its dangers. Not so with Kingsley. No man loved a good story better than he, but there was always in what he told or what he suffered himself to hear, a good and pure moral underlying what might be coarse in expression. While he would laugh with the keenest sense of amusement at what might be simply broad, he had the most utter scorn and loathing for all that could debase and degrade. And he was the most reverent of men, though he would say things which seemed daring because people were unaccustomed to hear sacred things named without a pious snuffle. This great reverence led him to be even unjust to some of the greatest humorists. I quoted Heine one day at his table. 'Who was Heine?' asked his little daughter. 'A wicked man, my dear,' was the only answer given to her, and an implied rebuke to me.

"On the week-day evenings he frequently held a 'cottage lecture' or short service in a cottage, for the old and feeble who lived at a distance from church. To this he would sally forth in a fisherman's knitted blouse if the night were wet or cold.

"Old and new friends came and went as he grew famous—not too strong a word for the feeling of those days—and the drawing-room evening conversations and readings, the tobacco parliaments later into the night, included many of the most remarkable persons of the day.

"I do not give any recollections of those conversations, partly because it would be difficult to do so without giving names which I have no right here to introduce, and partly because his opinions on all subjects will be amply illustrated in his own words from letters to many who sought his advice. But I know that those evening talks kept more than one who shared in them from Rome, and weaned more than one from vice, while others had doubts to faith removed which had long paralyzed the energy of their lives.

"It would not be right, however, to pass over the fact that it was through his advice, and mainly in consequence of the aid he gave me, that I was myself enabled to take orders. You know that I have again become a layman, but though my views have greatly developed from those I held twenty-three years ago, I do not regret that I then was encouraged to become a clergyman. Kingsley enabled me to dismiss at once and forever all faith whatever in the popular doctrine of eternal punishment, and all the whole class

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of dogmas which tend to confuse the characters of God and the Devil.

"A day rises vividly to memory, when Kingsley remained shut up in the study during the afternoon, the door bolted, inaccessible to all interruption. The drowsy hour had come on between the lights, when it was time to dress for dinner, and talk, without the great inspirer of it, was growing disjointed and fragmentary, when he came in from the study, a paper, yet undried, in his hand, and read us the 'Lay of the Last Buccaneer,' most spirited of all his ballads. One who had been lying back in an arm-chair, known for its seductive properties as 'sleepy hollow,' roused up then, and could hardly sleep all night for the inspiring music of the words read by one of the very best readers I have ever heard.

"It was my good fortune to be staying with you through the summer in which the greater part of 'Hypatia' was written. I was especially struck not only with his power of work, but with the extraordinary pains he took to be accurate in detail. We spent one whole day in searching the four folio volumes of Synesius for a fact he thought was there, and which was found there at last. The hard reading he had undergone for that book alone would furnish an answer to some who thought him superficial.

"Others will write better than I of his work in the parish generally, and of his theology.

"In some places in the country it is still the custom to perform part of the marriage service in the body of the church, and then proceed to the chancel. So it had always been in the Oxfordshire parish to which I was appointed. Kingsley told with infinite delight how a curate at or near Bideford had tried to introduce the practice, and how the Devon clerk protested, saying, 'First he went up the church, and then he went down the church, side-a-ways, here-a-ways, and theer-a-ways, a scrattlin' like a crab.'

"His sermons were full of most tender care for individual cases known only to himself. When he was most impressive and pathetic it was generally because his sermon touched the sorrow of some *one* in the congregation, though the words seemed general. Once, when I was to preach for him, he asked me to let him look at two or three MS. sermons I had with me. He read them carefully, and selected one, not by any means the best written. Preach *that*, Charles; there is a poor soul who will be in church whose sins it may touch, and whose sorrows it may heal. God help us all.'

"In the summer of 1851, I travelled from Reading to London with Miss Mitford, who did not then know Kingsley, though afterwards they became very good friends. She said she had driven by Eversley churchyard a few days before, and had seen Kingsley reading the funeral service; that he looked quite what she should have expected, 'a pale student.' I need hardly say she had seen his curate, and that Kingsley was as unlike a pale student as any

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man who ever lived. His temperament was artistic and impulsive. He delighted in out-door life, in sport, in nature in all her moods and phases. His physical frame was powerful and wiry, his complexion dark, his eye bright and piercing. Yet he often said he did not think that his would be a long life, and the event has sadly confirmed his anticipations.

"My life at Eton as Master in College was one which left me scant time for visits to Eversley. But my rare interviews with Kingsley, when I snatched a day to drive over, were always full of delight. I often consulted him about professional difficulties, and found his insight into school-boy life most remarkable, and his sympathy with the young unflagging. He spent one day only with us at Eton in those eight years, but I remember his delight in a row on the river, visiting the boys' bathing places.

"Cambridge, indeed, in those years was more accessible than Eversley, and that again would furnish me with somewhat to say, did not others know that portion of the life better than I. I was staying at Cambridge at the time of the Prince Consort's death, and remember how he was affected by it, as at the loss of a personal friend. I walked over the next day to Maddingley with Kingsley, who wished to hear Windsor news from some of the suite, and met, on the way, more than one of the specially chosen young associates of the Prince of Wales. I can never forget, nor probably will those who were addressed forget, the earnest, solemn, and agitated tones in which he spoke of the Prince Consort's care for his son, and the duty which lay on them, the Prince of Wales' young friends, to see that they did all in their power to enforce the wise counsel of him who was dead.

"My removal into Dorset yet further sundered us in person, but never in heart. When we met from time to time, his cordial grasp said more than words to assure me of the old brotherly affection.

"Coming once more to live in London, I hoped for the old unrestricted intimacy once again. It was not so to be. I saw him, and saw him only but once, enough to notice that he was sorely changed in body, which, though far from puny, was fretted away by his fiery spirit. And when they laid him to rest, in Eversley churchyard, near the graves where some whom he loved repose, and where the shadow of the great Scotch fir lies each summer afternoon, I could stand by his grave only in thought. But it will ever have association of the most solemn kind. I am among those many who can never forget that, widely as they have differed from Charles Kingsley, and that, whatever were his failings and incompletenesses, his was just that one influence which, at a time they needed a guide, roused them to live manly lives, and play their parts in the stir of the world, while to me he was the noblest, truest, kindest friend I ever had or can hope to have."

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CHAPTER IX.

1850—1851.

AGED 31, 32.

Resigns the Office of Clerk in Orders at Chelsea—Pupil Life at Eversley—Publication of "Alton Locke"—Letters from Mr. Carlyle—Writes for "Christian Socialist"—Troubled State of the Country—Burglaries—The Rectory Attacked.

THE year 1850 was spent by the Rector of Eversley at home, in better health, with still fuller employment; for in addition to parish and writing, he had the work of teaching a private pupil, which was quite new to him. Times were bad, rates were high, ratepayers discontented, and all classes felt the pressure. The Rector felt it also, but he met it by giving the tenants back ten per cent. on their tithe payments, and thus at once and for ever he won their confidence.

He had, since his marriage, held the office of Clerk in Orders in his father's parish of St. Luke's, Chelsea, which added considerably to his income, and in those days was not considered incompatible with non-residence; but though his deputy was well paid, and he himself occasionally preached and lectured in Chelsea, he looked upon the post as a sinecure, and so he resigned it. The loss of income must however be met, and this could only be done by his pen. It was a heavy struggle just then, with Rector's Poor Rates at £150 per annum, and the parish charities mainly dependent on him; but he set to work with indomitable industry, and by a great effort finished "Alton Locke." It was a busy winter, for the literary work was not allowed to interfere with the pupil work, or either with the parish; he got up at five every morning, and wrote till breakfast; after breakfast he worked with his pupil and at his sermons; the afternoons were devoted as usual to cottage visiting; the evenings to adult school and superintending the fair copy of "Alton Locke" made by his wife for the press. It was the only book of which he had a fair copy made. His habit

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was thoroughly to master his subject, whether book or sermon, always out in the open air, in his garden, on the moor, or by the side of a lonely trout stream, and never to put pen to paper till the ideas were clothed in words; and these, except in the case of poetry, he seldom altered. For many years his writing was all done by his wife from his dictation, while he paced up and down the room.

When "Alton Locke" was completed, the difficulty was to find a publisher: Messrs. Parker, who had, or thought they had, suffered in reputation for publishing "Yeast" in the pages of Fraser, and "Politics for the People," refused the book; and Mr. Carlyle kindly gave the author an introduction to Messrs. Chapman & Hall, who, on the strength of his recommendation, undertook to bring it out.

"I have written to Chapman," says Mr. Carlyle, "and you shall have his answer, on Sunday, if it come within post hours to-morrow; if not then on Tuesday. But without any answer, I believe I may already assure you of a respectful welcome, and the new novel of a careful and hopeful examination from the man of books. He is sworn to secrecy too. This is all the needful to-day,—in such an unspeakable hurry as this present.

"And so, right glad myself to hear of a new explosion, or salvo of red-hot shot against the Devil's Dung-heap, from that particular battery,

"I remain,
"Yours always truly,
"T. CARLYLE."

The spread of infidel opinions among the working classes and the necessity of meeting them, continually occupied him, and he writes to his friend Mr. Ludlow,

"But there is something else which weighs awfully on my mind,—the first number of Cooper's Journal, which he sent me the other day. Here is a man of immense influence, openly preaching Straussism to the workmen, and in a fair, honest, manly way, which must tell. Who will answer him? Who will answer Strauss? Who will denounce Strauss as a vile aristocrat, robbing the poor man of his Saviour—of the ground of all democracy, all freedom, all association—of the Charter itself? *Oh si mihi centum voces et ferrea lingua.* Think about *that*—talk to Maurice about *that.* To me it is awfully pressing. If the priests of the Lord are wanting to the cause now!—woe to us! . . . .

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"Don't fire at me about smoking. I do it, because it does me good, and I could not (for I have tried again and again) do without it. I smoke the very cheapest tobacco. In the meantime I am keeping no horse—a most real self-sacrifice to me. But if I did, I should have so much the less to give to the poor. God knows all about that, John Ludlow, and about other things too."

EVERSLEY, *June*, 1850.

"Up till one this morning, keeping a great flood out—amid such lightning and rain as I think I never saw before; up to my knees in water, working with a pickaxe by candle-light to break holes in the wall, to prevent all being washed away. Luckily my garden is saved. But it all goes with me under the head of 'fun.' Something to do—and lightning is my highest physical enjoyment. I should like to have my thunderstorm daily, as one has one's dinner. What a providence I did not go to town last night. My man was gone home, and we should have had the garden ruined, and the women frightened out of their wits."

A new penny periodical had been proposed, to counteract the spread of infidel opinions among the masses. Before it was set on foot the writers for "Politics" brought out a series of tracts, "On Christian Socialism." Among the most remarkable was "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty," by Parson Lot,* exposing the slop-selling system, which was at the root of much of the distress in London and the great towns. The Tailors' Association was formed, and a shop opened in Castle Street, to which the publication of "Cheap Clothes" took many customers; and in June, a friend writes to Mrs. Kingsley from London :—

". . . Three copies of 'Cheap Clothes, and Nasty' are lying on the Guards' Club table! Percy Fielding (Captain in the Guards) went to Castle Street and ordered a coat, and I met two men at dinner yesterday with Castle Street coats on."

In August the Rectory party had an addition, Mr. Lees, a young Cambridge man arriving for three months to read for Holy Orders. It was a bold step in those days for any man to take, to read divinity with the author of "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," but after twenty-six years' ministry in the Church, he looks back to it as a time not only of enjoyment, but of profit.

With his pupil he read Strauss's "Leben Jesu," of which an English translation had just been published. He considered

* Now republished in a new edition of "Alton Locke."

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Strauss, as he considered Comte eighteen years later, the great false prophet of the day, who must be faced and fought against by the clergy.

To another candidate for Holy Orders, who wrote to him at that time, he replies :—

TO C. KEGAN PAUL, ESQ.

"You wish to know what to read for Orders? That depends on what you mean. If to get through a Bishop's examination, just ask any one who has been lately ordained what he crammed; and cram that, which may take you some six weeks, and no trouble.

"But if you want to be of any use, I should advise you, if you can, which all men cannot, to sit down and read your Bible honestly, and let it tell you its own story, utterly careless of any theories, High Church or Puritan, which have been put into the text first, and then found there by their own inserters.

"For instance: read the Pentateuch and the books of Samuel and Kings; Isaiah in Lowth's and the minor prophets in Newcome's translation; the Gospels from Alford's new text, and the Epistles by the light of your own common sense and honest scholarship. Believe that if πούς means a foot in profane Greek, it will most likely mean a foot also in ecclesiastical Greek, and avoid the popular belief that the Apostles write barbarisms, whenever their words cannot be made to square at first sight with Laud or Calvin.

"For books: Kitto's 'Encyclopædia of Biblical Literature' will tell you all that is known of Bible history and antiquities;* and for doctrine, I advise you to read Maurice's 'Kingdom of Christ,' 'Christmas Day and other sermons,' and his new edition of the 'Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.'

"Thus much now, but if you will ask me questions from time to time, I will tell you all I know, if you think my knowledge worth having. Never think of bothering me. It is a delight to me to give hints to any one whom I can ever so little put forward in these confused times."

During the autumn of 1850 the state of the country was ominous. In his own parish there was still low fever, and a general depression prevailed. Work was slack, and as winter approached gangs of housebreakers and men who preferred begging and robbery to the workhouse, wandered about Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex. No house was secure. Mr. Hollest, the clergyman of Frimley, was

* It must be remembered that this was in 1850, before the "Dictionary of the Bible," &c., &c., were published.

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murdered in his own garden while pursuing the thieves; and the little Rectory at Eversley, which had never hitherto needed protection, and had scarcely a strong lock on its doors, was armed with bolts and bars, fortunately before it too was attempted by the same gang. The Rector slept with loaded pistols by his bed-side, and policemen from Winchester watched in and about the quiet garden by night. The future of England looked dark, and he writes to Mr. Maurice:—

EVERSLEY, SUNDAY, *October*, 1850.

"MY DEAREST MASTER,

"I hear you are come home. If so, for God's sake come down and see me, if but for a day. I have more doubts, perplexities, hopes, and fears to pour out to you than I could utter in a week, and to the rest of our friends I cannot open. You comprehend me; you are bigger than I. Come down and tell me what to think and do, and let Fanny as well as me, have the delight of seeing your face again. I would come to you, but I have two pupils, and business besides, and also don't know when and how to catch you.

"The truth is, I feel we are all going on in the dark, toward something wonderful and awful, but whether to a precipice or a paradise, or neither, or both, I cannot tell. All my old roots are tearing up one by one, and though I keep a gallant 'front' before the Charlotte Street people (Council of Association), little they know of the struggles within me, the laziness, the terror. Pray for me; I could lie down and cry at times. A poor fool of a fellow, and yet feeling thrust upon all sorts of great and unspeakable paths, instead of being left in peace to classify butterflies and catch trout.

"If it were not for the Psalms and Prophets, and the Gospels, I should turn tail, and flee shamefully, giving up the whole question, and all others, as *ægri somnia*."

TO J. M. LUDLOW, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *October*, 1850.

"I have been thinking about two ways of working this penny periodical, and which is the right. Whether our present idea is not to write down to the people, to address ourselves too exclusively to the working man, to give them only a part of our thoughts? Whether the truly democratic method would not be to pour out our whole souls in it. To say, if not all we think, yet all we think fit to say on every subject; to make it, if possible, an organ of Christian teaching to *all* classes, on the things now agitating their minds.

"To have the best criticism, metaphysics, history, and everything else, and by teaching all, to teach the working man merely as a

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member of the whole, and of equal rights and mind with all. I cannot help fancying this the true brotherly method—to speak to factory-worker and duke alike—to put them on one common ground, show that we consider them subject to the same law.

"The rogues are frightened off. I had to send a charge of slugs, not deadly though unpleasantly straight, after one the other night, and they have eschewed us since.

"I will get ready the Labor Conference Tract as soon as I can. But I have been disorganized, and kept up at night by these sons of Belial, and so I am behind in my work. . . . ."

. . . . . .

"Jeremiah is my favorite book now. It has taught me more than tongue can tell. But I am much disheartened, and am minded to speak no more words in this name (Parson Lot). Yet all these bullyings teach one, correct one, warn one, show one that God is not leaving one to go one's own way. 'Christ reigns,' quoth Luther."

"Alton Locke" came out in August, and the verdict of the Press was of course a severe one. The best artizans, however, hailed it as a true picture of their class and circumstances, and there are still thoughtful men and women of the higher orders who consider it one of the finest of his productions. Mr. Carlyle's words on the subject are noteworthy.

CHELSEA, *October* 31, 1850.

"It is now a great many weeks that I have been your debtor for a book which in various senses was very welcome to me. 'Alton Locke' arrived in Annandale, by post, from my wife, early in September, and was swiftly read by me, under the bright sunshine, by the sound of rushing brooks and other rural accompaniments. I believe the book is still doing duty in those parts; for I had to leave it behind me on loan, to satisfy the public demand. Forgive me that I have not, even by a word, thanked you for this favor. Continual shifting and moving ever since, not under the best omens, has hindered me from writing almost on any subject or to any person.

"Apart from your treatment of my own poor self (on which subject let me not venture to speak at all), I found plenty to like, and be grateful for in the book: abundance, nay exuberance of general zeal; head-long impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional sunbursts of noble insight; everywhere a certain wild intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell: these surely are good qualities, and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment! At the same time, I am bound to

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say, the book is definable as *crude;* by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper your fire. But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow: so says the proverb, and now, as before, I include all duties for you under that one! 'Saunders Mackaye,' my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect; indeed I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him—his very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura. In both of your women, too, I find some grand poetic features; but neither of them is worked out into the 'Daughter of the Sun' she might have been; indeed, nothing is worked out anywhere in comparison with 'Saunders;' and the impression is of a fervid creation still left half chaotic. This is my literary verdict, both the black of it and the white.

"Of the grand social and moral questions we will say nothing whatever at present: any time within the next two centuries, it is like, there will be enough to say about them! On the whole, you will have to persist; like a cannon-ball that is shot, you will have to go to your mark, whatever that be. I stipulate farther that you come and see me when you are at Chelsea; and that you pay no attention at all to the foolish clamor of reviewers, whether laudatory or condemnatory.

"Yours with true wishes,

"T. CARLYLE."

The publication of "Yeast" brought him some enemies and many correspondents; and more than one "fast man" came down from London to open his heart to its author and ask advice. In the religious world the Anglican question occupied one large section of the Church, and the tide set Rome-wards. Clergymen wrote to him to ask him to advise them how to save members of their flock from Popery; mothers to beg him to try and rescue their daughters from the influence of Protestant confessors; while women themselves hovering between Rome and Anglicanism, between the attractions of a nunnery and the monotonous duties of family life, laid their difficulties before the author of the "Saint's Tragedy." He who shrank on principle from the office of father-confessor had the work thrust upon him by many whom he never met face to face in this world, and whom he dared not refuse to help.

The labor was severe to a man who felt the importance of such communications, and the responsibility of giving counsel, as in-

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tensely as he did; and those who saw the daily letters on his study table would say that the weight of such correspondence alone was enough to wear any man down, who had not in addition sermons to write, books to compose, a parish to work, and a pupil to teach. But his iron energy, coupled with a deep conscientiousness, enabled him to get through it. "One more thing done," he would say, "thank God," as each letter was written, each chapter of a book or page of sermon dictated to his wife; "and oh! how blessed it will be when it is all over, to lie down in that dear churchyard."

The correspondence increased year by year, as each fresh book touched and stirred fresh hearts. Officers both in the army and navy would write to him—all strangers—one to ask his opinion about duelling; another to beg him to recommend or write a rational form of family prayer for camp or hut; another for a set of prayers to be used on board ship in her Majesty's navy; others on more delicate social points of conscience and conduct, which the writers would confide to no other clergyman; but all to thank him for his books. The atheist dared tell him of his doubts; the profligate of his fall; young men brought up to go into Holy Orders, but filled with misgivings about the Articles, the Creeds, and, more than all, on the question of endless punishment, would pour out all their difficulties to him; and many a noble spirit now working as a priest and pastor in the Church of England would never have taken orders but for Charles Kingsley.

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CHAPTER X.

1851.

AGED 32.

Opening of the Great Exhibition—Attack on "Yeast" in the "Guardian" and Reply—Occurrence in a London Church—Goes to Germany—Letter from Mr. John Martineau.

THE year of the Great Exhibition, which began with distress and discontent in England, and ended with a Revolution in Paris, was a notable one in the life of Charles Kingsley. His parochial work was only varied by the addition of new plans of draining the parish at the points where low fever had prevailed; which he successfully carried out without help from any sanitary board. "Hypatia" was begun as a serial in "Fraser's Magazine." "Santa Maura" and several shorter poems were written. He contributed to the "Christian Socialist" eight papers on "Bible Politics, or God justified to the People," four on the "Firmley Murder," three entitled "The Long Game," a few ballads and sonnets, and "The Nun's Pool," which had been rejected by the publishers of "Politics." He preached two sermons in London, one of which made him notorious, and occasionally he attended the Conferences of the Promoters of Association. He crossed the Channel for the first time. His friendship with Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, and with Miss Mitford, date from this year.

In January he writes to Mr. Maurice about the new romance which was dawning upon his imagination.

EVERSLEY, *January* 16, 1851.

"A thousand thanks for all your advice and information, which encourages me to say more. I don't know how far I shall be able to write much for the 'Christian Socialist.' Don't fancy that I am either lazy or afraid. But, if I do not use my pen to the uttermost in earning my daily bread, I shall not get through this year. I am paying off the loans which I got to meet the expenses of re-

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pairing and furnishing; but, with an income reduced this year by more than 200*l.*, having given up, thank God, that sinecure clerkship, and having had to return ten per cent. of my tithes, owing to the agricultural distress, I have also this year, for the first time, the opportunity, and therefore the necessity, of supporting a good school. My available income, therefore, is less than 400*l.* I cannot reduce my charities, and I am driven either to give up my curate, or to write, and either of these alternatives, with the increased parish work, for I have got either lectures or night school every night in the week, and three services on Sunday, will demand my whole time. What to do unless I get pupils I know not. Martineau leaves me in June.

"My present notion is to write a historical romance of the beginning of the fifth century, which has been breeding in my head this two years. But how to find time I know not. And if there is a storm brewing, of course I shall have to help to fight the Philistines. Would that I had wings as a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest! I have written this selfish and egotistical letter to ask for your counsel; but I do not forget that you have your own troubles. My idea in the romance is to set forth Christianity as the only really democratic creed, and philosophy, above all, spiritualism, as the most exclusively aristocratic creed. Such has been my opinion for a long time, and what I have been reading lately confirms it more and more. Even Synesius, 'the philosophic' bishop, is an aristocrat by the side of Cyril. It seems to me that such a book might do good just now, while the Scribes and Pharisees, Christian and heathen, are saying, 'This people, which knoweth not the law, is accursed!' Of English subjects I can write no more just now. I have exhausted both my stock and my brain, and really require to rest it, by turning it to some new field, in which there is richer and more picturesque life, and the elements are less confused, or rather, may be handled more in the mass than English ones now. I have long wished to do something antique, and get out my thoughts about the connection of the old world and the new; Schiller's 'Gods of Greece' expresses, I think, a tone of feeling very common, and which finds its vent in modern Neo-Platonism—Anythingarianism. But if you think I ought not, I will not. I will obey *your* order."

TO GEORGE BRIMLEY, ESQ.

Monday, October, 1851.

"I am quite astonished at the steady-going, respectable people who approve more or less of 'Alton Locke.' It was but the other night, at the Speaker's, that Sir *** ***, considered one of the safest Whig traditionists in England, gave in his adherence to the book in the kindest terms. Both the Marshalls have

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done the same—so has Lord Ashburton. So have, strange to say, more than one ultra-respectable High-Tory Squire—so goes the world. If you do anything above party, the true-hearted ones of all parties sympathize with you. And all I want to do is to awaken the good men of all opinions to the necessity of shaking hands and laying their heads together, and to look for the day when the bad of all parties will get their deserts, which they will, very accurately, before Mr. Carlyle's friends, 'The Powers' and 'The Destinies,' have done with them.

"The article I have not seen, and don't intend to. There is no use for a hot-tempered and foul-mouthed man like myself praying not to be led into temptation, and then reading, voluntarily, attacks on himself from the firm of Wagg, Wenham, and Co. But if you think I ought to answer the attack formally, pray tell me so.

"Hypatia grows, little darling, and I am getting very fond of her; but the period is very dark, folks having been given to lying then, as well as now, besides being so blind as not to see the meaning of their own time (perhaps, though, we don't of ours), and so put down, not what we should like to know, but what they liked to remember. Nevertheless there are materials for a grand book. And if I fail in it, I may as well give up writing—perhaps the best thing for me; though, thanks to abuse-puffs, my books sell pretty steadily."

The "Christian Socialist" movement had been severely attacked in an article in the "Edinburgh" and in the "Quarterly;" in both articles Communism and Socialism were spoken of as identical, and the author of "Alton Locke" was pointed at as the chief offender.

Among other topics discussed in the "Christian Socialist" was "Teetotalism." While Mr. Kingsley argued against it, and for the right of the poor man to wholesome (and therefore not public-house) beer, he was for ever urging on landlords, magistrates, and householders to make a stand against the increasing number of public-houses and consequent increase of drunkenness and demoralization, which paralyzed the work of the clergy, by refusing licences to fresh public-houses, and above all by withholding spirit licences. He saw no hope for country parishes unless the number of public-houses could be legally restricted by the area of the parish and the amount of population to the lowest possible number, and those placed under the most vigilant police superintendence, especially in the outlying districts where they are nests of poachers and bad characters, and utterly ruinous to the boys, girls, and

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young men who frequent them from the moment they leave school.

TO THOMAS HUGHES, ESQ.

". . . . You are green in cottoning to me about our '48 mess. Because why? I lost nothing—I risked nothing. You fellows worked like bricks, spent money, and got midshipman's half-pay (nothing a day and find yourself), and monkey's allowance (more kicks than halfpence). I risked no money; 'cause why, I had none; but *made* money out of the movement, and fame too. I've often thought what a poor creature I was. I made £150 by 'Alton Locke,' and never lost a farthing; and I got, not in spite of, but by the rows, a name and a standing with many a one who would never have heard of me otherwise, and I should have been a mendicant if I had holloaed when I got a facer, while I was winning by the cross, though I didn't mean to fight one. No. And if I'd had £100,000, I'd have, and should have, staked and lost it all in 1848–50. I should, Tom, for my heart was and is in it, and you'll see it will beat yet; but we ain't the boys, we don't see but half the bull's eye yet, and don't see at all the policeman which is a-going on his beat behind the bull's eye, and no thanks to us. Still, some somedever, it's in the fates, that association is the pure caseine, and must be eaten by the human race if it would save its soul alive, which, indeed, it will; only don't you think me a good fellow for not crying out, when I never had more to do than scratch myself, and away went the fleas. But you all were real bricks; and if you were riled, why let him that is without sin cast the first stone, or let me cast it for him, and see if I don't hit him in the eye.

"Now to business; I have had a sorter kinder sample day. Up at five, to see a dying man; ought to have been up at two, but Ben King, the rat-catcher, who came to call me, was taken nervous!!! and didn't make row enough; was from 5.30 to 6.30 with the most dreadful case of agony—insensible to me, but not to his pain. Came home, got a wash and a pipe, and again to him at eight. Found him insensible to his own pain, with dilated pupils, dying of pressure of the brain—going any moment. Prayed the commendatory prayers over him, and started for the river with W. Fished all the morning in a roaring N.E. gale, with the dreadful agonized face between me and the river, pondering on *The* mystery. Killed eight on 'March brown,' a 'governor,' by drowning the flies and taking 'em out gently to see if aught was there, which is the only dodge in a north-easter. 'Cause why? The water is warmer than the air—*ergo*, fishes don't like to put their noses out o' doors, and feeds at home down stairs. It is the only wrinkle, Tom. The captain fished a-top, and caught but three all day. They weren't

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going to catch a cold in their heads to please him or any man. Clouds burn up at 1 p.m. I put on a minnow, and kill three more; I should have had lots, but for the image of the dirty hickory stick, which would 'walk the waters like a thing of life,' just ahead of my minnow. Mem. never fish with the sun in your back; it's bad enough with a fly, but with a minnow its strychnine and prussic acid. My eleven weighed together four and a-half pounds, three to the pound; not good, considering I had passed many a two-pound fish, I know.

"Corollary.—Brass minnow don't suit the water. Where is your wonderful minnow? Send me one down, or else a horn one, which I believes in desperate; but send me something before Tuesday, and I will send you P.O.O. Horn minnow looks like a gudgeon, which is the pure caseine. One pounder I caught to-day on the 'March brown,' womited his wittles, which was rude, but instructive; and among worms was a gudgeon three inches long and more. Blow minnows—gudgeon is the thing.

"Came off the water at three. Found my man alive, and, thank God, quiet. Sat with him, and thought him going once or twice. What a mystery that long, insensible death-struggle is! Why should they be so long about it? Then had to go to Hartley Row for an Archdeadon's Sunday-school meeting—three hours useless (I fear) speechifying and shop; but the archdeacon is a good man, and works like a brick beyond his office. Got back at 10.30, and sit writing to you. So goes one's day. All manner of incongruous things to do, and the very incongruity keeps one beany and jolly. Your letter was delightful. I read part of it to W., who says you are the best fellow on earth, to which I agree.

"So no more from your sleepy and tired,

"C. KINGSLEY."

TO HIS WIFE.

EVERSLEY RECTORY.

"Friday. Such a ducking! such a storm! I am glad you were not at home for that only. We were up fishing on the great lake at Bramshill: the morning soft, rich, and lowering, with a low, falling glass. I have been prophesying thunder for two or three days. Perch would not bite. I went to see E. H.; and read and prayed with her. How one gets to love consumptive patients. She seems in a most happy, holy state of mind, thanks to Smith. Then I went on to L. G.; sat a long time with her, and came back to the lake —day burning, or rather melting, the country looking glorious. The day as hot without sun, as it generally is with. There appeared a black storm over Reading. I found the luckless John had hooked a huge jack, which broke everything in a moment, and went off with all his spinning tackle which he prizes so. Then the storm began to work round in that mysterious way storms will, and

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gather from every quarter, and the wind which had been dead calm S.E., blew N.E., N., W., and lastly as it is doing now, and always does after these explosions, S.W. And then began such a sight, and we on the island in the middle of the great lake! The lightning was close, and we seemed to strike the ground near Sandhurst again and again, and the crackle and roar and spit and grumble over our heads was awful. I have not been in such a storm for four years. And it rained—fancy it! We walked home after an hour's ducking. I gave John a warm bath and hot wine and water, for I did not feel sure of his strength. I am not ashamed to say that I prayed a great deal during the storm, for we were in a very dangerous place in an island under high trees; and it seemed dreadful never to see you again. I count the hours till Monday. Tell the chicks I found a real wild duck's nest on the island, full of eggs, and have brought one home to hatch it under a hen! Kiss them for me. We dined at the T.'s last night, and after dinner went birds' nesting in the garden, and found plenty. Tell Rose a bullfinch's, with eggs, and a chaffinch's, and an oxeye's, and a thrush's, and a greenfinch's; and then Ball and I, to the astonishment and terror of old Mrs. Campbell, climbed to the top of the highest fir tree there, to hang our hats on the top.

The opening of the Great Exhibition was a matter of deep interest to him, not only for its own sake, but for that of the Great Prince who was the prime mover in the undertaking. On entering the building he was moved to tears; to him it was like going into a sacred place, not a mere show as so many felt it, and still less a mere gigantic shop, in which wares were displayed for selfish purposes, and from mere motives of trade competition. The science, the art, the noble ideas of universal peace, universal brotherhood it was meant to shadow forth and encourage, excited him intensely, while the feeling that the realization of those great and noble ideas was as yet so far off, and that these achievements of physical science were mere forecastings of a great but distant future, saddened him as profoundly. Four days after the opening, he preached to a London congregation in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Psalm lxviii. 18, and Eph. iv. 8: "*When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, even for His enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them,*" he startled his hearers by contrasting the wide spread unbelief of the present day in God, as the Fount of all science, all art, all the intelligence of the nation, with the simple faith of our forefathers.

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In the month of May there was a review of his "Yeast" in the "Guardian" by a well-known Oxford graduate, a strong partisan of the Anglican party. The review was anonymous, and contained very grave charges against the book and its writer—of heresy—of encouraging profligacy, &c., &c.

Their effect was to leave a general impression that the book inculcated the vilest principles, and most pernicious doctrines, while not a single quotation from it was given, so as to afford the readers of the review an opportunity of judging for themselves.

Mr. Kingsley had hitherto made it a rule not to answer newspaper attacks on himself, especially those of the religious press, but these charges being beyond all precedent, he repudiated them in the following indignant words:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GUARDIAN."

May, 1851.

"SIR,

"Having lived for several years under the belief that the Editor of the 'Guardian' was a gentleman and a Christian, I am bound to take for granted that you have not yourself read the book called 'Yeast,' which you have allowed to be reviewed in your columns. This answer therefore is addressed, not to you, but to your reviewer; and I have a right to expect that you will, as an act of common fairness, insert it.

"I most thoroughly agree with the reviewer that he has not misunderstood me; on the contrary, he sees most clearly the gist of the book, as is proved by his carefully omitting any mention whatsoever of two questions connected with a character whose existence is passed over in silence, which form the very pith and moral of the whole book. I know well enough why he has ignored them; because they were the very ones which excited his wrath.

"But he makes certain allegations against me which I found it somewhat difficult to answer, from their very preposterousness, till, in *Pascal's Fifteenth Provincial Letter*, I fell on an argument which a certain Capuchin Father, Valerian, found successful against the Jesuits, and which seems to suit the reviewer exactly. I shall therefore proceed to apply it to the two accusations which concern me most nearly as a churchman.

"1. He asserts that I say that 'it is common sense and logic to make ourselves children of God by believing that we are so when we are not.' Sir, you and your readers will hardly believe me when I tell you that this is the exact and formal opposition to what I say, that the words which he misquotes, by *leaving out the context and the note of interrogation*, occur in a scornful *reductio*

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ad absurdum of the very doctrine which he wantonly imputes to me, an appeal to common sense and logic *against* and not for the lie of the Genevan School. I have a right to use the word 'wantonly,' for he cannot say that he has misunderstood me; he has refused to allow me that plea, and I refuse to allow it to him. Indeed, I cannot, for the passage is as plain as daylight, no schoolboy could misunderstand it; and every friend to whom I have shown his version of it has received it with the same laughter and indignation with which I did, and felt with me, that the only answer to be given to such dishonesty was that of Father Valerian, '*Mentiris impudentissimé.*'

"2. So with the assertion, that the book 'regards the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity as the same thing with that of the Vedas Neo-Platonists,' &c. &c.; or considers 'a certain amount of youthful profligacy as doing no real and permanent harm to the character—perhaps strengthening it—for a useful and even religious life; and that the existence of the passions is a proof that they are to be gratified.' Sir, I shall not quote passages in disproof of these calumnies, for if I did I should have to quote half the book. I shall simply reply, with Father Valerian, '*Mentiris impudentissimé.*'

"I shall enter into no further defence of the book; I have no doubt of there being many errors and defects in it. I shall be most thankful to have them pointed out, and to correct them most patiently. But one thing I may say, to save trouble hereafter, that whosoever henceforth, either explicitly or by insinuation, says that I do not hold and believe *ex animo*, and in the simple and literal sense, all the doctrines of the Catholic and Apostolic Church of England, as embodied in her Liturgy or Articles, shall have no answer from me but Father Valerian's *Mentiris impudentissimé.*

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient and faithful servant,

"THE AUTHOR OF 'YEAST.'"

In speaking of this correspondence, Mr. Maurice says:

"If *I* had been accused of profligacy and heresy, as Mr. Kingsley has been in the 'Guardian,' I believe I should have felt much more indignation than he has, though I might have expressed it with less simplicity and brevity. If a man in a mask, calling himself a 'We,' tells a clergyman that he has been all his life uttering a lie, that his whole professions before God and man are a lie, that he is an advocate for profligacy when he professes to make men moral, a deliberate teacher of heresy when he knows that his inmost desire is to preach the Catholic faith, and when he knows that he expresses that desire most loudly, not in the presence of dignitaries who might patronize him for it, but of infidels who

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would despise him for it, it does not seem very strange that such a clergyman should say in Latin or English, Sir We! thou thyself tellest a lie. . . . ."

Some may think it needless to revive these old controversies, but attacks on his *moral* teaching in this case, and at a later period on "Hypatia," implying as they did, a want of moral principle in himself, and the encouragement of it in others, touched Mr. Kingsley on his tenderest point, and cannot be passed over, if only to show those who know what the results of his work have been, and have seen the different tone taken since by the religious press with regard to him and his writings, what sore battles he had at one time to fight, what bitter insults he had to stand, while laboring day and night for the good of others. But when once the moment and the expression of righteous indignation was over, he had a wonderful power of putting attacks and the individuals who made them, out of his mind, bearing no malice, and going on his way. "Life is too hard work in itself," he would say, "to let one stop to hate and suspect people."

The "Guardian" replied again, reiterating its charges, but happily there was another side to the question. Only three weeks before these attacks he had received the following among many other testimonies to the moral influence of "Yeast," on men whose hearts could not be touched by teachers of a narrower school:

April 2, 1851.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have just finished 'Yeast' *in extenso*, having only skimmed it in Fraser, and, fresh from the book, I cannot resist communicating to you my heartfelt thanks for it. You will not care about whether *I* thank you or not; never mind, I shall relieve myself by writing, and you at any rate will not feel insulted. I believe you have taken up the right ground in standing firmly by the spirit of Christianity, and the divineness of Christ's mission, and showing the people how they are their best friends and the truest reformers. I have been as far as most people into the Kingdom of the Everlasting No, and had nearly, in my intellectual misery, taken up with blank Atheism and the Reasoner; and should have done so, had not my heart rebelled against my head, and flooding in upon me reflections of earlier, purer days, brighter days of Faith, bade me pause. For six months I have been looking back to Christianity, my heart impelling me towards it; my head urging me

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into farther cimmerias. I wanted some authoritative word to confirm my heart, but could not meet with it. I read orthodox books of argument, of persuasion, of narrative, but I found they only increased my antagonism to Christianity. And I was very miserable—as I believe all earnest men must be when they find themselves God abandoned in times like these—when, picking up your 'Christian Socialist,' I read your 'God justified to the People,' and felt that here now was a man, not a mere empty evangelical tub-thumper (as we of the North call Ranters), but a bona fide *man*, with a man's intellect, a man of genius, and a scholar, and yet who did not spit upon his Bible, or class it with Goethe and Dante, but could have sympathies with all the ferment of the age; be a Radical Reformer without being a vague Denier, a vaguer 'Spiritualist,' as our 'Leader' friends have it, or an utter Atheist. If this man, on further acquaintance, prove what I suspect him to be, here is the confirmation I desire. Impelled by this, and by the accounts I gathered of you from Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, I devoured 'Yeast;' and 'Alton Locke,' I am now in the middle of (I am no novel reader, which must be my excuse for being so late in the field). I find that I am quite correct, that I have not exaggerated your capacity at all; and having, day and night, meditated on what you have to say, I feel that the confirmation I have got from you is sufficient. But I have another better confirmation in my own heart. I feel as if I had emerged from a mephitic cavern into the open day. In the midst of worldly reverses, such as I never before experienced, I feel a mental serenity I never before knew; can see life and my rôle in life, clear and definite for the first time, through all manner of intervening entanglements.

"I know not by what right I make you my father confessor, but I feel strangely drawn towards you, and even at the risk of being deemed impertinent, must send this rambling missive to thank you and to bless you for having helped in the light and the leaven to a sad yeasty spirit hitherto.

". . . . . ."

In the summer of 1851 several London clergymen arranged to have courses of lectures specially addressed to the working men, who came in numbers to see the Great Exhibition. One of these clergymen, whose church was in the neighborhood of a lecture-hall much frequented by working men of atheistic views, begged Mr. Maurice to take part in his course of lectures and (once more to quote Mr. Hughes's words):

"to ask Kingsley to do so also; assuring Mr. Maurice that he 'had been reading Kingsley's works with the greatest interest, and

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earnestly desired to secure him as one of his lecturers.' 'I promised to mention this request to him,' Mr. Maurice says, 'though I knew he rarely came to London, and seldom preached except in his own parish. He agreed, though at some inconvenience, that he would preach a sermon on the Message of the Church to the Laboring Man. I suggested the subject to him. The incumbent intimated the most cordial approval of it. He had asked us, not only with a previous knowledge of our published writings, but expressly because he had that knowledge. I pledge you my word that no questions were asked as to what we were going to say, and no guarantees given. Mr. Kingsley took precisely that view of the message of the Church to laboring men which every reader of his books would have expected him to take.'

"Kingsley took his text from Luke iv. verses 18 to 21: 'The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor,' &c. What then was that gospel? Kingsley starts at once with—'I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is, to preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood, in the fullest, deepest, widest meaning of those three great words; that in as far as he so does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord's work with His Lord's blessing on him; that in as far as he does not he is no priest at all, but a traitor to God and man;' and again, 'I say that these words express the very pith and marrow of a priest's business; I say that they preach freedom, equality, and brotherhood, to rich and poor for ever and ever.' Then he goes on to warn his hearers how there is always a counterfeit in this world of the noblest message and teaching.

"Thus there are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do what he likes; the true, where a man is free to do what he ought.

"Two equalities—the false, which reduces all intellects and all characters to a dead level, and gives the same power to the bad as to the good, to the wise as to the foolish, ending thus in practice in the grossest inequality; the true, wherein each man has equal power, to educate and use whatever faculties or talents God has given him, be they less or more. This is the divine equality which the church proclaims, and nothing else proclaims as she does.

"Two brotherhoods—the false, where a man chooses who shall be his brothers, and whom he will treat as such; the true, in which a man believes that all are his brothers, not by the will of the flesh, or the will of man, but by the will of God, whose children they all are alike. The church has three special possessions and treasures. The Bible, which proclaims man's freedom, Baptism his equality, the Lord's Supper his brotherhood."—(Preface to 'Alton Locke').

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The sermon was listened to with profound attention by a large congregation, in which were many working men. But at its close, just as the preacher was about to give the blessing, the incumbent rose in the reading-desk and declared, that while he agreed with much that had been said by the preacher, it was his painful duty to add that he believed much to be dangerous and much untrue.

The excitement of the congregation was intense; the working men could with difficuly be kept quiet, and to a man of the preacher's vehement temperament it must have required a great effort not to reply. He only bowed his head, and with deepened solemnity came down from the pulpit, passed straight through the crowd that thronged him with outstretched hands, and an eager "God bless you, sir," on their lips, and went into the vestry, where his friends gathered round him to express their sympathy, and to take the sermon from him that it might be printed exactly as it was written. "Those," said Mr. Maurice, "who observed the solemnity of Mr. Kingsley's manner while he was delivering his sermon, still more when he was praying with the congregation, and blessing them, will believe that the thought of having unwittingly made himself a stumbling-block to his fellow-men, was infinitely more bitter to him than any mere personal insult which he was called upon to endure."

"You will have heard ere this," writes a friend to Mrs. Kingsley the day following, "all about the strange event of last night. . . . Nothing could justify the violation of church order and decency which was committed. . . . . Thank God, thank Him on your knees, that Charles did not answer a single word; if he had, I do not know what might not have happened. Robertson and Hansard had severally to quiet knots of working men, who were beginning to hiss or otherwise testify their disapproval. A word from Charles, or, indeed, from any one on his behalf, might have raised such a storm as God only could have quelled. . . .

"What the consequences of the whole thing may be, none, I suppose, can tell; but they are in God's hands, and He knows best, and makes all things work together for good for us if we truly fear Him. Charles, I think, feels that it is his only policy to keep quiet—and so must his friends for the present. Tell him old Lumley is showing himself a man, and will be extremely glad to publish the sermon. . . . ."

Mr. Kingsley returned to Eversley exhausted and depressed, and in the meantime the storm burst. A leading morning paper began

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the attack, with an article, which being full of inaccuracies, made its due impression on those who did not know the facts, and who were already strongly prejudiced against the "Apostle of Socialism."

This was followed by a letter from the Bishop of London (Dr. Bloomfield), who hearing of the disturbance, wrote to Mr. Kingsley to express his displeasure, and forbade him to preach in London. Mr. Kingsley replied most respectfully, requesting his lordship to suspend his judgment till he had read the sermon. Meanwhile letters of sympathy poured in from all quarters, from a few of the clergy, from many of the laity, and from numbers of working men. There was a meeting of working men on Kennington Common, and an expression of their warm allegiance and sympathy. A proposal was also made before the bishop's prohibition was withdrawn, to induce Mr. Kingsley to start a free church independent of episcopal rule, with a promise of a huge following. It is needless to say he did not entertain this proposal for a moment.

In the meantime the sermon was printed, and a copy sent to the Bishop, who wrote at once to ask Mr. Kingsley to come up and see him at London House; and after a kind reception he withdrew his prohibition, and in a fortnight Mr. Kingsley preached at the parish church of Chelsea.

Before the meeting on Kennington Common, the secretary of the John Street Lecture Hall, where the principal audience was composed of Chartists, free thinkers, and followers of Strauss, wrote to offer Mr. Kingsley the use of their lecture hall, which he declined in the following words:

EVERSLEY, *June* 26, 1851.

"I have conferred with my friends on their willingness to give lectures in John Street, and find it to be their unanimous opinion, that to do so, would be interpreted by the public into an approval, more or less, of other doctrines which are taught there, from which I, of all men in England, differ most strongly, and from which I hold myself bound most strongly to protest.

"As a churchman, such a suspicion would be intolerable to me, as it would be gratuitously incurred. Those who wish to know my opinions will have plenty of opportunities elsewhere; and I must therefore, in common with my friends, distinctly, but most courteously, decline your kind offer of the John Street lecture rooms."

He was so much exhausted with the work and the controversies of the last eight months, that his parents, who were going to Ger-

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many for some weeks, seeing the importance of his having thorough change, persuaded him to leave his parish in the care of a curate and go abroad with them. It was the first time he had crossed the water, and it was quite a revelation to him,—to be enjoyed as thoroughly as he could enjoy any thing which took him from his home. But even in new scenes his fiery spirit could not rest; and the cause of the Church and the People pressed heavily on him.

TO HIS WIFE.

MENDERSCHEID, *August* 7.

"I write from the loveliest place you can imagine, only how we got here I know not; having lost our way between some 'feld' or other to here. We found ourselves about 8 P.M. last night at the top of a cliff 500 feet high, with a roaring river at the bottom, and *no* path. So down the cliff face we had to come in the dark, or sleep in the forest to be eaten by wild boars and wolves, of which latter, one was seen on our route yesterday 'as high as a table.' And down we came, knapsacks, fishing-rods, and all; which process must not be repeated often if we intend to revisit our native shores. I have seen such wonders, I don't know where to begin. Craters filled sometimes with ghastly blue lakes, with shores of volcanic dust, and sometimes, quaintly enough, by rye-fields and reapers. The roads are mended with lava; the whole country the strangest jumble, alternations of Cambridgeshire ugliness (only lifted up 1,200 feet high) with all the beauties of Devonshire. The bed of the Issbach, from the baths of Bertrich, up which we came yesterday, was the most ravishingly beautiful glen scenery I ever saw; such rocks—such baths—such mountains covered with huge timber—not mere scrub, like the Rhine forests. Such strips of lawn here and there between the stream and the wood. All this, of course, you get on a grander scale on the Moselle, which was perfectly exquisite; yet there is a monotomy in its luxious richness and softness, and I was right glad to find myself on my legs at Alf. Two days of that steamer running would have been too much for one, with its heat and confinement, so I think this plan of walking is the best. Weather glorious."

TREVES, *August* 17.

"Here we are at Treves, having been brought here under arrest, with a gensdarme from the Mayor of Bittsburg, and liberated next morning with much laughter and many curses from the police here. However, we had the pleasure of spending a night in prison, among fleas and felons, on the bare floor. It appears the barbarians took our fishing-rods for 'todt-instrumenten'—deadly

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weapons—and our wide-awakes for Italian hats, and got into their addle pates that we were emissaries of Mazzini and Co. distributing political tracts, for not a word of politics had we talked. Luckily the police-inspector here was a gentleman, and his wife and daughter ladies, and they did all they dare for us, and so about ten next morning we were set free with many apologies, and the gensdarme (who, after all, poor fellow, was very civil) sent back to Bittsburg with a reprimand. We are the lions of Treves at present, for the affair has made a considerable fuss. We leave this to-morrow after having seen all the wonders—and what wonders there are to see. I need not tell you all I have felt here and at Fleissem. But at first the feeling that one is standing over the skeleton of the giant iniquity—Old Rome—is overpowering. And as I stood last night in that amphitheatre, amid the wild beasts' dens, and thought of the Christian martyrdoms and the Frank prisoners, and all the hellish scenes of agony and cruelty that place had witnessed, I seemed to hear the very voice of the Archangel whom St. John heard in Patmos, crying, 'Babylon the Great is fallen;' but no more like the sound of a trumpet, but only in the still whisper of the night breeze, and through the sleeping vineyards, and the great still smile of God out of the broad blue heaven. Ah! and you were not there to feel it with me! I am so longing to be home!"

Before going abroad, he had parted with the beloved pupil who had become quite one of the family at the Rectory, and was dear to him and his wife as a son. Mr. John Martineau's graphic words and tender recollections of the eighteen months he spent at Eversley, give the best picture of the home life at that period, between January 21, 1850, and June 28, 1851.

PARK CORNER, HECKFIELD, *Christmas Eve*, 1875.

"I first knew him in January, 1850. I entered his house as his pupil, and was for nearly a year and a half his constant companion; indeed, out of doors, almost his only companion, for during the greater part of the time he had no other pupil, and hardly any intimate friends within reach. He was then in his thirty-first year, in the fulness of his strength; I a raw receptive school-boy of fifteen; so that his mind and character left their impression upon mine as a seal does upon wax. What that impression was I will put down as best I can.

"He was then, above all things and before all things else, a parish clergyman. His parish work was not indeed so laborious and absorbing as it had been six years before, when he was first made Rector. The efforts of these six years had told, the seed was bearing fruit, and Eversley would never again be as it had

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been. His health had nearly broken down not long before, and he had now a curate to help him, and give him the leisure which he needed for writing and other things. Still, even so, with a large and straggling though not very populous parish, with his share of three services on Sunday and cottage-lectures on two week-day evenings in winter, there was much for him to do; throwing himself into it, as he did, with all his intensity and keen sense of responsibility. At this time, too, he had not, as in later years, the help and the purses of laymen to assist him.

"These were the days when farm-laborers in Hampshire got from eight to ten shillings a week, and bread was dear, or had not long ceased to be so. The cholera of 1849 had just swept through the country, and though it had not reached Eversley, a severe kind of low fever had, and there had been a season of much illness and many deaths, during which he had, by his constant, anxious, tender care of the sick poor, won their confidence more than ever before. The poor will not go to the relieving officer if they can get their needs supplied elsewhere; and the Eversley poor used to go for relief, and something more than relief, to the Rectory. There were few mornings, at that time, that did not bring some one in distress, some feeble woman, or ailing child, or a summons to a sick bed. Up to that time he had allowed (I believe) no man or woman in his parish to become an inmate of the work-house through infirmity or old age, except in a few cases were want had been the direct consequence of indolence or crime.

"At times, too, other poor besides those of his parish, might be seen at his door. Gipsies were attracted to him from all the country round. He married and christened many of them, to whom such rites were things almost unknown.

"I cannot give any description of his daily life, his parish work, which will not sound commonplace. There were the mornings chiefly spent in reading and writing, the afternoons in going from cottage to cottage, the long evenings in writing. It sounds monotonous enough. But there never was a man with whom life was less monotonous, with whom it was more full to overflowing, of variety, and freshness. Nothing could be so exquisitely delightful as a walk with him about his parish. Earth, air, and water, as well as farm-house and cottage, seemed full of his familiar friends. By day and by night, in fair weather and in storm, grateful for heat and cold, rain and sunshine, light and soothing darkness, he drank in nature. It seemed as if no bird, or beast, or insect, scarcely a drifting cloud in the sky, passed by him unnoticed, unwelcomed. He caught and noted every breath, every sound, every sign. With every person he met he instinctively struck some point of contact, found something to appreciate—often, it might be, some information to ask for—which left the other cheered, self-respecting, raised for the moment above himself; and whatever

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the passing word might be, it was given to high or low, gentle or simple, with an appropriateness, a force, and a genial courtesy, in the case of all women, a *deferential* courtesy, which threw its spell over all alike, a spell which few could resist.

"So many-sided was he that he seemed to unite in himself more types and varieties of mind and character, types differing as widely as the poet from the man of science, or the mystic from the soldier; to be filled with more thoughts, hopes, fears, interests, aspirations, temptations than could co-exist in any one man, all subdued or clenched into union and harmony by the force of one iron will, which had learnt to rule after many a fierce and bitter struggle.

"His senses were acute to an almost painful degree. The sight of suffering, the foul scent of a sick-room—well used as he was to both—would haunt him for hours. For with all his man's strength there was a deep vein of *woman* in him, a nervous sensitiveness, an intensity of sympathy, which made him suffer when others suffered, a tender, delicate, soothing touch, which gave him power to understand and reach the heart; to call out, sometimes at first sight (what he of all men least sought), the inmost confidences of men and women alike in all classes of life. And he had sympathy with all moods from deepest grief to lightest humor—for no man had a keener, quicker perception of the humorous side of anything—a love and ready word of praise for whatever was good or beautiful, from the greatest to the least, from the heroism of the martyr to the shape of a good horse, or the folds of a graceful dress. And this wide-reaching hearty appreciation made a word of praise from him sweeter, to those who knew him well, than volumes of commendation from all the world besides.

"His every thought and word was penetrated with the belief, the full assurance, that the world—the world of the soldier or the sportsman, as well as the world of the student or the theologian—was God's world, and that everything which He had made was good. 'Humani nihil a me alienum puto,' he said, taught by his wide human sympathies, and encouraged by his faith in the Incarnation. And so he rejected, as Pharisaic and unchristian, most of what is generally implied in the use of such words as 'carnal,' 'unconverted,' 'worldly,' and thereby embraced in his sympathy, and won to faith and hope, many a struggling soul, many a bruised reed, whom the narrow and exclusive ignorance of schools and religionists had rejected.

"No human being but was sure of a patient, interested hearer in him. I have seen him seat himself, hatless, beside a tramp on the grass outside his gate in his eagerness to catch exactly what he had to say, searching him, as they sate, in his keen kindly way with question and look. With as great a horror of pauperism and almsgiving as any professed political economist, it was in practice very hard to him to refuse any one. The sight of unmistakable misery,

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however caused, covered to him, the multitude of sins. I recollect his passing backwards and forwards again and again—the strong impulsive will for once irresolute—between the breakfast-room and a miserable crying woman outside, and I cannot forget, though twenty-five years have passed since, the unutterable look of pain and disgust with which, when he had decided to refuse the request, he said, 'Look there!' as he pointed to his own well-furnished table.

"Nothing roused him to anger so much as cant. Once a scoundrel, on being refused, and thinking that at a parsonage and with a parson it would be a successful trick, fell on his knees on the door-step, turned up the whites of his eyes and began the disgusting counterfeit of a prayer. In an instant the man found himself, to his astonishment, seized by collar and wrist, and being swiftly thrust towards the gate, with a firm grip and a shake that deprived him of all inclination to resist, or, till he found himself safe outside it, even to remonstrate.

"He had at that time great physical strength and activity, and an impetuous, restless, nervous energy, which I have never seen equalled. All his strength, physical, mental, and moral, seemed to find expression in his keen grey eyes, which gazed, with the look of an eagle, from under massive brows, divided from each other by two deep perpendicular furrows—at that time, together with the two equally deep lines from nostril to mouth, very marked features in his face. One day, in a neighbor's yard, a large savage dog flew out at him, straining at its chain. He walked up to it, scolding it, and by mere force of eye, voice, and gesture, drove it into its kennel, close to which he stopped, keeping his eye on the cowed animal, as it growled and moved uneasily from side to side. He had done the same thing often before, and had even pulled an infuriated dog out of its kennel by its chain, after having driven it in.

"By boyish habits and tastes a keen sportsman, the only sport he ever enjoyed at this time was an occasional day's trout or pike fishing, or throwing a fly for an hour or two during his afternoon's walk over the little stream that bounded his parish. Hunting he had none. And in later years, when he did hunt occasionally, it was generally a matter of two or three hours on an old horse, taken as a relaxation in the midst of work, not, as with most other men, as a day's work in itself. Fond as he was of horses, he never in his life had one worth fifty pounds, so little self-indulgent was he. He never then, or afterwards—so far as I know—went out shooting.

"Though exercising intense self-control, he was very restless and excitable. Constant movement was a relief and almost a necessity to him. His study opened by a door of its own upon the garden, and most of his sermons and books were thought out and composed as he paced up and down there, at all hours and in all weathers,

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his hands behind his back, generally smoking a long clay pipe; for tobacco had, as he found by experience—having once tried a year's total abstinence from it—an especially soothing beneficial effect upon him. He ate hurriedly, and it was an effort to him to sit still through a meal. His coat frequently had a white line across the back, made by his habit of leaning against the whitened chimney-piece of the dining-room during breakfast and dinner. Once in the long summer days we were condemned to a more than usually dull dinner-party at a neighbor's house, where the only congenial person was a young scientific doctor from the next parish. After dinner, it being broad daylight, we were all in the garden, and opposite to us were two high thick-foliaged trees. I do not know which of the two suggested it, but in an instant his coat and the doctor's were off, and they were racing each other, each up his tree, like schoolboys, one getting first to the top, the other first down again to the ground.

"Of society he had then very little, and it was rarely and unwillingly that he passed an evening away from home. He did not seek it, and it had not yet begun to seek him. Indeed, at no time was general society a congenial element to him; and those who knew him only thus, did not know him at his best. A few intimate friends, and now and then a stranger, seeking his advice on some matter, would come for a night or a Sunday. Amongst the former, and honored above all, was Mr. Maurice. One of his visits happened at a time when we had been startled by a burglary and murder at a parsonage a few miles off, and had armed ourselves and barricaded the rambling old Rectory in case of an attack. In the middle of the night an attempt was made to force open the back door, which roused us all, and we rushed down stairs with pistols, guns, and blunderbuss, to expel the thieves, who, however, had taken alarm and made off. Mr. Maurice, the only unarmed and the coolest man amongst us, was quietly going out alone, in the pitch darkness, into the garden in pursuit of them, when Mr. Kingsley fortunately came upon him and stopped him; and the two passed the rest of the night together talking over the study-fire till morning came.

"Many a one has cause to remember that Study, its lattice window (in later years altered to a bay), its great heavy door, studded with large projecting nails, opening upon the garden; its brick floor covered with matting; its shelves of heavy old folios, with a fishing-rod, or landing-net, or insect-net leaning against them; on the table, books, writing materials, sermons, manuscript, proofs, letters, reels, feathers, fishing-flies, clay-pipes, tobacco. On the mat, perhaps—the brown eyes, set in thick yellow hair, and gently-agitated tail, asking indulgence for the intrusion—a long-bodied, short-legged Dandy Dinmont Scotch terrier, wisest, handsomest, most faithful, most memorable of its race. When the rest

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of the household went to bed, he would ask his guest in, ostensibly to smoke. The swing-door would be flung open and slam heavily after him, as it always did, for he would never stop to catch and close it. And then in the quiet of night, when no fresh face could come, no interruption occur to distract him, he would give himself wholly to his guest, taking up whatever topic the latter might suggest, whatever question he might ask, and pouring out from the full stores of his knowledge, his quick intuitive sagacity, his ready sympathy. Then it was, far more than in the excitement and distraction of many voices and many faces, that he was himself, that the true man appeared; and it was at times such as these that he came to be known and trusted and loved, as few men ever have been, as no man has been whom I ever knew.

"He had to a wonderful degree the power of abstraction and concentration, which enabled him to arrange and elaborate a whole sermon, or a chapter of a book, while walking, riding, or even fly-fishing, without making a note, so as to be able on his return to write or dictate it in clear terse language as fast as pen could move. He would read a book and grasp its essential part thoroughly in a time so short that it seemed impossible that his eyes could have traversed its pages. Compared with other men who have written or thought much, he worked for a few hours in the day, and without much system or regularity; but his application was so intense that the strain upon his vital powers was very great. Nor when he ceased could his brain rest. Except during sleep,—and even that was characteristic, so profound was it,—repose seemed impossible to him for body or mind. So that he seemed to live three days, as it were, while other men were living one, and already foresaw that there would be for him no great length of years.

"Connected with this rapid living was a certain impatience of trifles, an inaccuracy about details, a haste in drawing conclusions, a forgetfulness of times and seasons, and of words lightly spoken or written, and withal an impulsive and almost reckless generosity, and fear of giving pain, which sometimes placed him at an unfair disadvantage and put him formally in the wrong when substantially he was in the right. It led him, too, to take too hastily a favorable estimate of almost every one with whom he came personally into contact, so that he was liable to suffer from misplaced confidence; while in the petty matters of daily life it made him a bad guardian of his own interests, and but for the wise and tender assistance that was ever at his side would almost have overwhelmed him with anxieties.

"In the pulpit, and even at his week-day cottage-lectures, where, from the population of his parish being so scattered, he had sometimes scarcely a dozen hearers, he was at that time eloquent beyond any man I ever heard. For he had the two essential constituents of eloquence, a strong man's intensity and clearness of

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conviction, and a command of words, not easy or rapid, but sure and unhesitating, an unfailing instinct for the one word, the most concrete and pictorial, the strongest and the simplest, which expressed his thought exactly.

"Many have since then become familiar with his preaching, many more with his published sermons, but few comparatively can know what it was to hear him, Sunday after Sunday, in his own church and among his own people, not preach only, but read, or rather pray, the prayers of the Church-service. So completely was he in harmony with these prayers, so fully did they satisfy him, that with all his exuberance of thought and imagination, it seemed as if for him there was nothing to be asked for beyond what they asked for. So that in his cottage-lectures, as in his own household worship, where he was absolutely free to use any words he chose, I scarcely ever heard him use a word of prayer other than the words of the Prayer-book.

"In conversation he had a painful hesitation in his speech, which diminished as he got older, though it never wholly left him. But in preaching, and in speaking with a set purpose, he was wholly free from it. He used to say that he could speak for God but not for himself, and took the trial—and to his keenly sensitive nature it was no small one,—patiently and even thankfully, as having by God's mercy saved him from many a temptation to mere brilliancy and self-seeking. The successful effort to overcome this difficulty increased instead of diminishing the impressiveness of his voice, for to it was partly due the strange, rich, high-pitched, musical monotone in which he prayed and preached, the echo of which, as it filled his church, or came borne on the air through the open window of a sick room, seems to travel over the long past years and kindle his words afresh, as I read them in the cold dead page.

"And as it was an unspeakable blessing to Eversley to have him for its Rector, so also it was an inestimable benefit to him to have had so early in life a definite work to do which gave to his generous sympathetic impulses abundant objects and responsibilities and a clear purpose and direction. Conscious, too, as he could not but be, of great powers, and impatient of dictation or control, the repose and isolation of a country parish afforded him the best and healthiest opportunities of development, and full liberty of thought and speech, with sufficient leisure for reading and study.

"Great as was his love of natural science, in so many of its branches, his genius was essentially that of a poet. Often a time of trouble and sadness—and there was in him a strong undercurrent of sadness at all times,—would result in the birth of a lyrical poem or song, on a subject wholly unconnected with that which occupied him, the production of which gave him evident relief, as though in some mysterious way his mind was thereby disburdened and set free for the reception of new thoughts and impressions. In June, 1851,

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he preached a powerful sermon to working men in a London church. No sooner had he finished it than the incumbent who had asked him to preach, rose in the reading-desk and denounced it. It was a painful scene, which narrowly escaped ending in a riot, and he felt keenly—not the insult to himself—but the discredit and scandal to the Church, the estrangement that it would be likely to increase between the clergy and the working men. He came home the day after, wearied and worn out, obliged to stop to rest and refresh himself at a house in his parish during his afternoon's walk. That same evening he brought in a song that he had written, the 'Three Fishers,' as though it were the outcome of it all; and then he seemed able to put the matter aside, and the current of his daily life flowed as before.

"Not that he at this time—or indeed at any time—wrote *much* verse. Considering that what the world needed was not verse, however good, so much as sound knowledge, sound reasoning, sound faith, and above all, as the fruit and evidence of the last, sound morality, he did not give free rein to his poetical faculty, but sought to make it his servant, not his master, to use it to illuminate and fix the eyes of men on the truths of science, of social relationship, of theology, of morality. His books—and they are many—are the living witnesses of the fruit of these efforts, of the many purposes, the varied subjects, on which he employed the gift that was in him. The letters which he received in countless numbers, often from utter strangers who knew nothing of him but from his books, seeking counsel on the most delicate and important matters of life, testify how great a gift it was, how truly and tellingly it was used.

"In reading all his writings, on whatever subject, it must not be forgotten that he was a poet,—that he could not help thinking, feeling, and writing as a poet. Patience, industry, a memory for detail, he had, even logical and inductive power of a certain intuitive intermittent kind, not sustained, indeed, or always reliable, for his was not a logical, or in details an accurate mind, and surface inconsistencies are not hard to find in his writings; but as a poet, even if he saw all sides, he could not express them all at once. The very keenness of his sympathy, the intensity with which he realized all that was passing around him, made it impossible for him to maintain the calm unruffled judgment of men of a less fiery temperament, or to abstract and devote himself to the pursuit of any one branch of study without being constantly distracted from it and urged in some new direction by the joys and sorrows of the surging world around, to seek if by any means he might find a medicine to heal its sickness.

"Hence it may, perhaps, be that another generation will not fully realize the wide-spread influence, the great power, he exercised through his writings. For, in a sense, it may be said that, as

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Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down;
And the women are looping and wringing their hands,
For those that will never come back to the town.
For men must work, & women must weep.
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar & its moaning.

June 26/57

Charles Kingsley

Fac Simile of the Original Manuscript of 'The Three Fishers' by Charles Kingsley.

HENRY S. KING & CO. 65 CORNHILL, LONDON.

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to some of them, not their least merit is that in part they will *not* live, except as the seed lives in the corn which grows, or water in the plant which it has revived. For their power often lay mainly in the direction of their aim at the special need of the hour, the memory of which has passed, or will pass, away. As his 'Master,' as he affectionately and humbly called Mr. Maurice, was a theologian, and, in its original sense, a 'Prophet,' so Mr. Kingsley, as Priest and Poet, gloried in interpreting, expanding, applying him. 'I think this will explain a good deal of Maurice,' was the single remark I heard him make when he had completed 'Yeast.'

"In later years, as his experience widened, his judgment ripened, his conclusions were more calmly formed. But his genius was essentially of a kind that comes to maturity early, when the imagination is still vivid, the pulses of life beat fastest, and the sympathies and affections are most passionately intense. And I venture to think that these comparatively early years were amongst the best of his life, best in all senses. It was at this time, the first half of the year 1850, that he completed 'Alton Locke,' which, containing though it may more faults, sweeping accusations, hasty conclusions, than any of his writings, is nevertheless his noblest and most characteristic book—at once his greatest poem and his grandest sermon.

"With the great outside world, with the world of politicians and the press, and still more with the religious world, so called, as represented by the religious newspapers, he was in those years at open war. Popular as he afterwards became, it is difficult now to realize how great was the suspicion, how bitter the attacks, especially from the religious newspapers, which his books and sermons drew down upon him. Not that he in general cared much for praise or blame from the newspaper press, so venal and unprincipled did he—not without reason—consider most of it, Whig, Tory, Radical, and religious. At that time he did not take in or read any daily paper. The *Spectator*, then edited by Mr. Rintoul, and with Mr. Brimley for its chief critic, was almost his only source of news.

"It was then about two years after the events of 1848, and for him the one all-important and absorbing question of Politics was the condition, physical and mental, of the working-classes and the poor in town and country. On that question he considered that all the leading parties of the legislature had alike shown themselves indifferent and incapable. This conviction, and a deep sympathy with the suffering poor, had made him a Radical. Nay, on at least one occasion, he publicly and deliberatety declared himself a Chartist—a name which then meant a great deal,—and for a clergyman to do this was an act the boldness of which it is difficult to appreciate now.

"So vividly did he realize the sufferings of the poor, so keenly

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did he feel what he deemed the callousness and the incompetence of the Government to alleviate them, and the mass of the upper and middle classes, that at times he seemed to look, with trembling, for the coming of great and terrible social convulsions, of a 'day of the Lord,' such as Isaiah looked for, as the inevitable fate of a world grown evil, yet governed still by a righteous God. In later years this feeling gradually left him—already, perhaps, it was beginning to fade. But it was no mere pulpit or poetic gust. It penetrated (I think) occasionally even to the lesser matters of daily life. Late one dark night he called me out to him into the garden to listen to a distant sound, which he told me was a fox's bark, bidding me to remember it, for foxes might soon cease to be in England, and I might never hear one bark again.

"This phase of his life has been described by one who knew it in an earlier stage, and far better than I. I will only say that, looking back upon his daily life and conversation at that time, I believe he was democratic in his opinions rather than in his instincts, more by force of conviction than by natural inclination. A doctrinaire, or a lover of change for the sake of change, he never was; and when he advocated democratic measures, it was more as a means to an end than because he altogether liked the means. From the pulpit, and with his pen, he claimed brotherhood with all men. No man in his daily intercourse respected with more scrupulous courtesy the rights, the dignity of the humblest. But he instinctively disliked a 'beggar on horseback.' *Noblesse oblige*, the true principle of feudalism, is a precept which shines out conspicuously in all his books, in all his teaching, at this period of his life, as at all others.

"In later years his convictions became more in accord with this natural tendency of his mind, and he gradually modified or abandoned his democratic opinions, thereby, of course, drawing down upon himself the reproach of inconsistency from those who considered that he had deserted them. To me, looking back at what he was when he wrote 'Yeast,' and 'Alton Locke,' the change seems rather the natural development of his mind and character under more or less altered circumstances, partly because he saw the world about him really improving, partly because by experience he found society and other existing institutions more full of healthy life, more available as instruments of good, more willing to be taught, than he had formerly thought.

"But, at that time, in his books and pamphlets, and often in his daily familiar speech, he was pouring out the whole force of his eager, passionate heart, in wrath and indignation, against starvation wages, stifling workshops, reeking alleys, careless landlords, roofless and crowded cottages, hard and canting religion. His 'Poacher's Widow' is a piercing, heart-rending cry to heaven for vengeance against the oppressor. 'There is a righteous God,' is its burthen, 'and such things cannot and shall not, remain to de-

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face the world which He has made. Laws, constitutions, churches, are none of His if they tolerate such; they are accursed, and they must perish—destroy what they may in their fall. Nay, they *will* perish in their own corruption.'

"One day, as he was reading with me, something led him to tell me of the Bristol Riots of 1832. He was in that year a schoolboy of thirteen, at Bristol, and had slipped away, fascinated by the tumult and the horror, into the midst of it. He described—rapidly pacing up and down the room, and, with glowing, saddened face, as though the sight were still before his eyes,—the brave, patient soldiers sitting hour after hour motionless on their horses, the blood streaming from wounds on their heads and faces, waiting for the order which the miserable, terrified Mayor had not courage to give; the savage, brutal, hideous mob of inhuman wretches plundering, destroying, burning; casks of spirits broken open and set flowing in the streets, the wretched creatures drinking it on their knees from the gutter, till the flame from a burning house caught the stream, ran down it with a horrible rushing sound, and, in one dreadful moment, the prostrate drunkards had become a row of blackened corpses. Lastly, he spoke of the shamelessness and the impunity of the guilty; the persecution and the suicide of the innocent.

"'That sight,' he said, suddenly turning to me, 'made me a Radical.'

"'Whose fault is it,' I ventured to ask, 'that such things can be?'

"'Mine,' he said, 'and yours.'

"I understood partly then, I have understood better since, what his Radicalism was.

"From his home life I scarcely dare, even for a moment, try to lift the veil. I will only say that having had the priceless blessing of admission to it, the daily sight of him in the closets of his home relations has left me a deeper debt of gratitude, and more precious memories, created higher hopes and a higher ideal, than all other manifestations combined of his character and intellect. To his wife—so he never shrank from affirming in deep and humble thankfulness—he owed the whole tenor of his life, all that he had worth living for. It was true. And his every word and look, and gesture of chivalrous devotion for more than thirty years, seemed to show that the sense of boundless gratitude had become part of his nature, was never out of the undercurrent of his thoughts. Little thinking that he was to be taken first, and with a prospect of a long agony of loneliness imminent from hour to hour, the last flash of genius from his breaking heart was to gather into three simple, pregnant words, as a last offering to her, the whole story of his life, of the Faith he preached and lived in, of his marriage, blessed, and yet to be blessed. He was spared that agony. Over *his* grave first are written his words,

'Amavimus, amamus, amabimus.'"

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CHAPTER XI.

1852.

AGED 33.

Strike in the Iron-Trade—Correspondence on Social and Metaphysical Questions—Mr. Erskine comes to Fir Grove—Parson Lot's last Words—Birth of his youngest Daughter—Letter from Frederika Bremer.

THE short holiday of the past year had so far invigorated Charles Kingsley that he worked without a curate for a time. The literary work was hampered by the heavy correspondence, principally with strangers, who little knew what labor each letter cost him. Of one very valuable series of letters with the son of a clergyman, a young man of atheistical opinions, connected with the "Reasoner," ewspaper, and who eventually died a professing Christian, only two letters are preserved, the rest having been by the will of their owner destroyed at his death, as referring to a phase in his life which it would be painful to his family to recall. Another series, to Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, though spread over this and several years, will be given together in a later chapter. His literary work consisted of "Hypatia," now coming out monthly in "Fraser's Magazine;" "Phaeton," and a reply to an attack on Christian Socialism in "Fraser's Magazine," which was not inserted. In the summer he amused himself by trying his hand at hexameters, and began the poem of "Andromeda." His parish work prevented his helping personally in the Co-operative Movement in London; but he was consulted from time to time by the Council of Promoters, and in the great lock-out of the Iron Trade in January he wrote to explain his views on the matter. This letter "will show," as Mr. Hughes truly says, "how far Kingsley was an encourager of 'violent measures or views.'"

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *January* 28, 1852.

"You may have been surprised at my having taken no part in this Amalgamated Iron Trades' matter. And I think that I am

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bound to say why I have not, and how far I wish my friends to interfere in it.

"I do think that we, the Council of Promoters, shall not be wise in interfering between masters and men; because—1. I question whether the points at issue between them can be fairly understood by any person not conversant with the practical details of the trade. . . . .

"2. Nor do I think they have put their case as well as they might. For instance, if it be true that they themselves have invented many, or most, of the improvements in their tools and machinery, they have an argument in favor of keeping out unskilled laborers, which is unanswerable, and yet what they have never used—viz.: 'Your masters make hundreds and thousands by these improvements, while we have no remuneration for this inventive talent of ours, but rather lose by it, because it makes the introduction of unskilled labor more easy. Therefore the only way in which we can get anything like a payment for this inventive faculty of which we make you a present over and above our skilled labor, for which you bargained, is to demand that we, who invent the machines, if we cannot have a share in the profits of them, shall at least have the exclusive privilege of using them, instead of their being, as now, turned against us.' That, I think, is a fair argument; but I have seen nothing of it from any speaker or writer.

"3. I think whatever battle is fought, must be fought by the men themselves. The present dodge of the Manchester school is to cry out against us, as Greg did, 'These Christian Socialists are a set of mediæval parsons, who want to hinder the independence and self-help of the men, and bring them back to absolute feudal maxims; and then, with the most absurd inconsistency, when we get up a Co-operative workshop, to let the men work on the very independence and self-help of which they talk so fine, they turn round and raise just the opposite yell, and cry, 'The men can't be independent of capitalists; these associations will fail *because* the men are helping themselves'—showing that what they mean is, that the men shall be independent of every one but themselves—independent of legislators, parsons, advisers, gentlemen, noblemen, and every one that tries to help them by moral agents; but the slaves of the capitalists, bound to them by a servitude increasing instead of lightening with their numbers. Now, the only way in which we can clear the cause of this calumny, is to let the men fight their own battle; to prevent any one saying, 'These men are the tools of dreamers and fanatics,' which would be just as ruinously blackening to them in the public eyes, as it would be to let the cry get abroad, 'This is a Socialist movement, destructive of rights of property, Communism, Louis Blanc, and the devil, &c.' You know the infernal stuff which the devil gets up on such occasions—having no scruples about calling himself hard names

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when it suits his purpose, to blind and frighten respectable old women.

"Moreover, these men are not poor distressed needle-women or slop-workers. They are the most intelligent and best educated workmen, receiving incomes often higher than a gentleman's son whose education has cost 1000*l.*; and if they can't fight their own battles, no men in England can, and the people are not ripe for association, and we must hark back into the competitive rot heap again. All, then, that we can do is, to give advice when asked—to see that they have, as far as we can get at them, a clear stage and no favor, but not by public, but by private influence.

"But we can help them in another way by showing them the way to associate. That is quite a distinct question from their quarrel with their masters, and we shall be very foolish if we give the press a handle for mixing up the two. We have a right to say to masters, men, and public, 'We know, and care nothing about the iron strike. Here are a body of men coming to us, wishing to be shown how to do that which is a right thing for them to do—well or ill off, strike or no strike, namely, associate; and we will help and teach them to do *that* to the very utmost of our power.'

"The Iron Workers' co-operative shops will be watched with lynx eyes, calumniated shamelessly. Our business will be to tell the truth about them, and fight manfully with our pens for them. But we shall never be able to get the ears of the respectabilities and the capitalists, if we appear at this stage of the business. What we must say is, 'If you are needy and enslaved, we will fight for you from pity, whether you be associated or competitive. But you are neither needy, nor, unless you choose, enslaved; and therefore we will only fight for you in proportion as you become associates. Do that, and see if we can't stand hard knocks for your sake.'"

We now come to the more private correspondence of the year.

TO —— ——, ESQ.*

EVERSLEY, WHIT TUESDAY, 1852.

"MY DEAR MR. ——,

"Sad as your letter was, it gave me much pleasure: it is always a pleasure to see life springing out of death—health returning after disease, though, as doctors know, the recovery from asphyxia or drowning is always as painful as the temporary death itself was painless. . . . . Faith is born of doubt. 'It is not life but death where nothing stirs.' I take all these struggles of yours

* A young man of nineteen, to whom he was personally a stranger, but who wrote to him laying bare his whole heart, having woke up from a course of sin and unbelief in black despair.

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as simply so many signs that your Father in heaven is treating you as a father, that He has not forsaken you, is not offended with you, but is teaching you in the way best suited to your own idiosyncrasy, the great lesson of lessons. 'Empty thyself, and God will fill thee.' I am not a man of a mystical or romantic turn of mind; but I do say and know, both from reason and experience, that we must be taught, even though it be by being allowed for awhile to make beasts of ourselves, that we are of ourselves, and in ourselves, nothing better than—as you see in the savage—a sort of magnified beast of prey, all the more terrible for its wondrous faculties; that neither intellect nor strength of will can save us from degradation; that they may be just as powerful for evil as for good; and that what we want to make us true *men*, over and above that which we bring into the world with us, is some sort of God given instinct, motive, and new principle of life in us, which shall make us not only see the right, and the true, and the noble, but love it, and give up our wills and hearts to it, and find in the confession of our own weakness a strength, in the subjection of our own will a freedom, in the utter carelessness about self a self-respect, such as we have never known before.

"Do not—do not fancy that any confession of yours to me can lower you in my eyes. My dear young man, I went through the same devil's sewer, with a thousand times the teaching and advantages which you have had. Who am I, of all men, to throw stones at you? But take your sorrows, not to me, but to your Father in heaven. If that name, Father, mean anything, it must mean that He will not turn away from His wandering child, in a way in which you would be ashamed to turn away from yours. If there be pity, lasting affection, patience in man, they must have come from Him. They, above all things, must be His likeness. Believe that He possesses them a million times more fully than any human being.

"St. Paul knew well, at least, the state of mind in which you are. He said that he had found a panacea for it; and his words, to judge from the way in which they have taken root, and spread, and conquered, must have some depth and life in them. Why not try them? Just read the first nine chapters of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, and write me your heart about them. But never mind what anybody, Unitarian or Trinitarian,* may say they mean. Read them as you would a Greek play—taking for granted that they mean the simplest and most obvious sense which can be put upon them.

"Let me hear more—I long for another letter. I need not say that I consider your confidence an honor, and shall keep it sacred.

"Do not consult *** ***. I love him well, but he has no

* His correspondent had been brought up a Unitarian.

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evangel for you. I should be glad to see him in the state you are in now. It would be nearer health."

In the summer of 1852 the Right Hon. Thomas Erskine, with his family, settled at Fir Grove, Eversley. For the next twelve happy years he was friend and counsellor to the Rector, and to the parish his influence and example was a priceless blessing. The Judge and his family relieved him of a load of expense and consequent anxiety in the matter of the parish charities, which had hitherto fallen almost exclusively on the Rector; regular district visiting began, and at Fir Grove, which was henceforth like a second home to him and his wife, some of the most charming friendships of that period of his life were formed. It was a new era in Eversley, and with fresh help and fresh hope he worked cheerfully, and had the heart once more to turn his thoughts to poetry. The "Christian Socialist" at this time came to an end, and Parson Lot spoke his "last words" in its last number, concluding thus:—

"Let us say little and work the more. We shall be the more respected, and the more feared too for it. People will begin to believe that we really know what we want, and really do intend to get it, and really believe in its righteousness. And the spectacle of silent working faith is one at once so rare and so noble, that it tells more, even on opponents, than ten thousand platform pyrotechnics. In the meantime it will be no bad thing for us if we are beaten sometimes. Success at first is dangerous, and defeat an excellent medicine for testing people's honesty—for setting them earnestly to work to see what they want, and what are the best methods of attaining it. Our sound thrashings as a nation in the first French war were the making of our armies; and it is good for an idea, as well as for a man, to 'bear the yoke in his youth.' The return match will come off, and many, who are now our foes, will then be our friends; and in the meantime,

'The proper impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer.'

"PARSON LOT."

This was his last signature as Parson Lot. At the same time he writes to the editor: "If you want an Epicedium, I send one. It is written in a hurry, so if you like, reject it; but I have tried to get the maximum of terseness and melody.

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"So die, thou child of stormy dawn,
Thou winter flower, forlorn of nurse;
Chilled early by the bigot's curse,
The pedant's frown, the worldling's yawn.

Fair death, to fall in teeming June,
When every seed which drops to earth
Takes root, and wins a second birth
From streaming shower and gleaming moon:

Fall warm, fall fast, thou mellow rain;
Thou rain of God, make fat the land;
That roots, which parch in burning sand,
May bud to flower and fruit again.

To grace, perchance, a fairer morn
In mighty lands beyond the sea,
While honor falls to such as we
From hearts of heroes yet unborn.

Who in the light of fuller day,
Of loving science, holier laws,
Bless us, faint heralds of their cause,
Dim beacons of their glorious way.

Failure? while tide-floods rise, and boil
Round cape and isle, in port and cove,
Resistless, star-led from above:
What though our tiny wave recoil?

"*June* 9, 1852.

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

TO J. M. LUDLOW, ESQ.

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *June* 6, 1852.

"Too tired, confused, and happy to work, I sit down for a chat with you.

"1. About the last number of 'Hypatia.' I dare say you are right. I wanted, for artistic purposes, to keep those two chapters cool and calm till just the very end of each; and it is very difficult to be quiet without also being dull. But this, you know, is only after all rough copy; and such running criticisms are of the very greatest help to me. About the 'Saga:' I sent it to Max Müller, who did not like it at all, he said; because, though he highly approved of the form (and gave me a good deal of learned advice *in re*), it was too rational and moral and rounded, he said, and not irrational and vast, and dreamy, and hyperbolic—like a true saga. But I told him, that as a parson to the English public, I was ex-

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pected to point a moral; and so I put Müller's criticism and yours too into the mouth of Agilmund, who complains of its respectable Benjamin Franklin tone.

"As for the monks: 'pon honor they are slow fellows—but then they *were* so horribly slow in reality. And I can't see but that Pambo's palaver in my tale is just what I find in Rosweyde's 'Vitæ Patrum,' and Athanases' 'Life of Anthony.' Almost every expression of Pambo's is a crib from some one, word for word. And his instances are historic ones. Moreover, you must recollect, that Arsenius was no mere monk, but a finished gentleman and court intriguer—taken ill with superstition. . . . As for the Sermons,* I am very glad you like any of them. About what you don't like, I will tell you honestly, I think that I have not said anything too strong. People must be cured of their horrible notions of God's arbitrary power—His 'satisfaction' in taking vengeance—His inflicting a permanent arbitrary curse as a penalty—His being the author of suffering or evil in any way. I have been driven to it by this. It is easy enough in the case of a holy person to use the stock phrase of its having 'pleased God to afflict them,' because one sees that the affliction is of use; but you can't and darn't say that God is pleased, *i.e.*, satisfied, or rejoiced to afflict poor wretched heathens in St. Giles's, to whom, as far as we can see, the affliction is of no use, but the very reverse. The school formula (not a Scripture one at all, mind) works very well in the school, when at his desk or in the pulpit the good pedant is bringing out his system to a select audience of 'Christian friends,' and forgetting, he and they too, that outside the walls lies a whole world who, he confesses himself, have no more to do with his formula (at least till they find themselves in hell at last) than sticks or stones. But if I am to preach a gospel, it must have to do with the people outside the tract-and-sermon-world, as well as inside it; and then the formula, like most others, don't fit. . . . .

"If, however, I found it in Scripture, I should believe it: what I want is—plain inductive proof from texts. The 'it has pleased the Lord to bruise Him,' is just the very opposite. The pith and marrow of the 53d of Isaiah being, that He of whom it speaks is afflicted, not for the good of His own soul, but for others—that He is ennobled by being sacrificed. It seems to me, that the only way to escape the dilemma really is, to believe that God is what He has revealed Himself to be—'A Father.' If a child said, 'I was naughty, and it pleased my father to whip me for it,' should we not feel that the words were hollow and absurd? And if F. died to-morrow, God forbid that I should say of my Father in heaven, it *pleased* Him to take her from me. If the Lord Jesus is the express image of His Father's glory, then His Father cannot be like that.

* National Sermons, First Series.

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For could I dare believe that it would not pain the Blessed Lord infinitely more than it would pain me, if He was compelled by my sins, or by any other necessity of His government of this rebellious world, to inflict on me, not to mention on the poor little children, that bitter agony? In the face of such real thoughts, school terms vanish, and one has to rest on realities; on the belief in a human-hearted, loving, sorrowing Lord, and of A Father whose image He, in some inexplicable way is——- or one would go mad. And I have always found, in talking to my people in private, that all second-hand talk out of books about the benefits of affliction, was rain against a window pane, blinding the view—but never entering. But I *can* make a poor wretch believe—'the Lord Jesus is just as sorry as you that you have compelled Him for a while to deliver you over to Satan for the punishment of the flesh, that your soul may be saved thereby.' Till you can make them believe that God is not pleased, but *dis*pleased to afflict them, I never found them any the better for their affliction. They take either a mere hypocritically fatalist view of their sorrow, or else they are terrified and despairing, and fancy themselves under a curse, and God angry with them, and are ready to cry, 'Let us curse God and die! If God be against me, what matter who is for me?' And so with * * * * I have been trying hard to make him believe that his sorrows come from himself and the devil, just because he has been believing that they came from God. He has been believing and telling me that 'he is under a curse: that God's wrath is permanently abiding on him for acts committed at school years ago, which never can be undone, and that therefore—'If God be against him, what matter who is for him?'

"Now I have been trying to tell him, as I do every one—'If God be for you, what matter who is against you!' I have been saying to him what Anthony used to say, as Pambo quotes him to Arsenius. I have been trying to make him understand that he is not in the devil's hands one moment longer than he likes, because God is as much the enemy of his sorrows as he is of his own, and that the moment he will allow God to remove those sorrows, the Lord will rejoice in doing so. . . . . Am I to tell him it pleased God that he should do such and such wrong, or am I to tell him, that 'it pleased the devil into whose power, not God but you yourself put yourself years ago, deliberately separating your own will from God, and determining to be a law unto yourself, and to do exactly what was right in the sight of your own eyes? But God abhors your misery; God yearns to lift you out of it.' If I can make him feel that first, then, and then only, I can go on to say, 'But He will not lift you out of it till it has taught you the lesson which He intends you to learn;' because then (instead of canting generalities, which, God forgive me, I too often use, and feel ready to vomit my own dirty soul out the next minute) I can

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tell him *what* lesson God intends him to learn by affliction, namely, the very lesson which I have been trying to teach him,—the very lesson which I preached in the three sermons on the cholera—that God is the foe of all misery and affliction; that He yearns to raise us out of it, and to show us that in His presence is the fulness of life and joy, and that nothing but our own wilfulness and imperfection keep us in it for an instant. I dare not say this of A. or B. I leave them to impute sin to themselves, but I will impute to myself, and not to God's will, the cause of every finger ache I have, because I know that I never had a sorrow which I did not cause myself, or make necessary for myself by some sin of my own; and I will stand by the service of the 'Visitation of the Sick,' which represents the man's sins as the reason of the sickness, and his recovery as God's will and desire. 'He doth not afflict willingly or grieve the children of men,' is a plain Scripture, and I will not explain it away to suit any theory whatsoever about the origin of evil; but believe that the first chapter of Job, and the two accounts of David's numbering the people, tell us all we can know about it. Thus, so far from allowing that what I say of God's absolute love of our happiness and hatred of our misery is the half-truth, which must be limited by anything else, I say it is the whole truth, the root truth, which must limit all theories about the benefit of suffering, or any other theories, and must be preached absolutely, nakedly, unreservedly first, as the Lord Jesus preached it, instead of any such theories or schemes (however true) to be of any real benefit to men.

"I know all this is incoherent; but I don't pretend to have solved this or any other problem. If you prove to me seven large self-contradictions in my own harangue it won't matter. All you will do, will be to drive me to a Socratic dialogue, which is the only way I can argue.

"This is the end of my say, which I could not finish the other night."

TO THE SAME.

June, 1852.

"As Browning says:

'Come in any shape,
As a victor crowned with vine,
Or a beaten slave,
Only come,
'Tis thy coming which I crave.'

"In three weeks' time, or a month at furthest, we shall be delighted to see thee. My beloved roses will be just in glory, the fish will be just in season; thanks to the late spring. My old

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hunter will be up from grass, and proud to carry you and me—per gig—to see the best of men, John Paine, saint and hop-grower, of Farnham, Surrey. Also we will talk of all matters in heaven and earth. That is, unless I am so deeply unthankful, as indeed I am, for all my blessings that the Giver finds it necessary, against His will, to send some bitter among my paradise of sweets . . . . But —— What has become of a huge packet I sent to you through Louis? It contained a burlesque novel in G. W. Reynolds's style, which I had highly finished, and would not lose not for no money. It must and shall be found; therefore disgorge!

"Oh! ah! eh! . . . . I have laid a poem and it won't hatch! Oh for Mr. Cantelo* and his ecc-ecc-ecc cackle callobion! . . . . Perseus and Andromeda. . . . I have written a lot in blank verse, and a lot in the metre of Hood's 'Hero and Leander' (a noble poem, and so little known), and I can't please myself. Rhymed metres run away with you, and you can't get the severe, curt, simple objectivity you want in them, and unrhymed blank verse is very bold in my hands, because I won't write 'poetic diction,' but only plain English—and so I can't get mythic grandeur enough. Oh for the spirit of Tennyson's 'Œnone!' Write, pity, and advise.

". . . What you say *** writes to a friend about my 'ergon' being poetry is quite true. I could not write 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and I can write poetry . . . . there is no denying it: I do feel a different being when I get into metre—I feel like an otter in the water, instead of an otter ashore. He can run fast enough ashore, and keep the hounds at a tearing gallop, as my legs found this spring in Snowdonia, but when he takes water, then indeed he becomes beautiful, full of divine grace and freedom, and exuberance of power. Go and look at him in the Zoological Gardens, and you'll see what I mean. When I have done 'Hypatia' I will write no more novels. I will write poetry—not as a profession—but I will keep myself for it, and I do think I shall do something that will live. I feel my strong faculty is that sense of *form*, which, till I took to poetry, always came out in drawing, drawing, but poetry is the true sphere, combining painting and music and history all in one."

A friend lent him an old horse this year which gave him constant amusement, and kept him in health, and he writes to Mr. T. Hughes:—

"I had just done my work, and seen my poor, and dinner was coming on the table yesterday—just four o'clock,—when the bow-wows appeared on the top of the Mount, trying my patch of gorse;

* Then hatching chickens by artificial heat at the Egyptian Hall.

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so I jumped up, left the cook shrieking, and off. He wasn't there, but I knew where he was, for I keep a pretty good register of foxes (ain't they my parishioners, and parts of my flock?); and, as the poor fellows had had a blank day, they were very thankful to find themselves in five minutes going like mad. We had an hour and a half of it—scent breast high as the dew began to rise (bleak north-easter—always good weather), and if we had not crossed a second fox, should have killed him in the open; as it was we lost him after sunset, after the fiercest grind I have had this nine years, and I went back to my dinner. The old horse behaved beautifully; he is not fast, but in the enclosed woodlands he can live up to any one and earned great honor by leaping in and out of the Loddon; only four more doing it, and one receiving a mucker. I feel three years younger to-day.

"P.S.—The whip tells me there were three in the river together, rolling over horse and man! What a sight to have lost even by being a-head.

"Have you seen the story of the run of January 7, when Mr. Woodburne's hounds found at Blackholme, at the bottom of Windermere, and ended beyond Helvellyn, more than fifty miles of mountain. After Applethwaite Crag (where the field lost them) they had a ring on High Street (2700 feet) of an hour unseen by mortal eye; and after that were seen by shepherds in Patterdale, Brotker Water, top of Fairfield (2900) Dunnaid Gap; and then over the top of Helvellyn (3050); and then to ground on Birkside Screes—I cannot find it on the maps. But what a poetic thing! Helvellyn was deep in frost and snow. Oh, that I could write a ballad thereanent. The thing has taken possession of me; but I can't find words. There was never such a run since *we* were born; and think of hounds doing the last thirty miles *alone!*"

One of his many correspondents at this time was Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, who, in the previous autumn among other visitors, paid a visit to Eversley Rectory. She had come to England to see the Great Exhibition, but she expressed one still stronger desire, which was to see Charles Kingsley, whose writings had struck a deep chord in her heart. It would be needless to say that he thought her one of the most highly cultivated women he had ever conversed with, and her sweet gentleness and womanliness attracted him still more than her intellect. After she left Eversley, she sent him Esaia Tegner's "Frithiof's Saga," with this inscription: "To the Viking of the New Age, Charles Kingsley, this story of the Vikings of the Old, from a daughter of the Vikings, his friend and admirer, Frederika Bremer." He had several letters

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from her, but there is only space for this one, sent with a copy of her "Midnight Sun."

FREDERIKA BREMER TO CHARLES KINGSLEY.

LONDON, *Nov.* 1, 1851.

"MY YOUNG FRIEND,

"Will you allow me to call you in writing, in plain words, what I have called and do call you in my mind and heart? You must think then it is a baptismal of the spirit and you must understand it. I have received your books. They shall go with me over the sea to my fatherland, and there in my silent home, I shall read them, live in them, enjoy them deeply, intensely. I know it, know it all the better since I have been with you. I have had a dream sometimes of a young brother—like that one that was snatched away from me in his youth; like him but more ardent, a young mind that I could like, love, sympathize with, quarrel with, live with, influence, be influenced by, follow, through the thorny path, through tropical islands, through storm and sunshine, higher and higher ascending in the metamorphosis of existence. I had that dream, that vision again when I saw you, that made me so sad at parting. But let that pass. With much we must part. Much must pass. More will remain. The communion of related souls will remain to be revived again and again. I shall hear from you, and I will write to you. Meantime my soul will hover about you with the wings of blessing thoughts. I send you some books; not the one I thought of, I could not get a copy. But I send a copy of my last book, the 'Midnight Sun.' As you are fond of Natural History, the sketch of the people and provinces of Sweden in the introduction may interest you, this much belongs to the natural history of a country. The voyage up to the mountains of the midnight sun, the scenery there is perfectly true to nature; I have seen and lived it through myself. Frithiof's Saga I take peculiar pleasure in asking you to accept, as a true follower of Scandinavian mind and life, and as the story of a spirit to whom your own is nearly related.

"The universal, the tropical mind seems more embodied in man in the rigid zones of the north, than in those of tropical nature. (It is strange but it seems to me to be so) the old Viking's greatness was that he wanted to conquer the whole world and make it his own. The mission of the spiritual Viking seems to me the higher one to conquer the world to God. So is yours. God speed you! and He will! God bless you and yours, your lovely wife first among those, and lastly—me as one of yours in sisterly love."

In the autumn of 1852 an effort was made to open the Crystal Palace on Sundays—a move which many thought would stem the

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tide of Sunday drunkenness, and his friend Mr. George Grove wrote to him on the subject. He replied—

TO GEORGE GROVE, ESQ.

October 28, 1852.

"I am in sad perplexity about your letter. I have been talking it over with Maurice. He says he shall take the matter in hand in his Lincoln's Inn sermons, and that it is a more fit thing for a London than for a country parson, being altogether against my meddling. My great hitch is that my family are strongly the other way, and that although my father himself is very liberal on the matter, it would pain him dreadfully to see me in the wars with the Evangelical party on that point. His health is bad, and he is very nervous. You are sure to carry your point. But this I can do—I will sound through a friend the *Morning Chronicle* and *Guardian*. A little good management on your company's part would get the whole of the High Church on their side—you and the company are as right as a church literally, for the Catholic doctrine and discipline are on your side. . . . .

"Don't fancy me afraid. You and the world know that I am not that: but if I were to tell you all the little ins and outs which make me shrink, you would see that I was right."

TO THE SAME.

January 2, 1853.

"I send you an ex-cathedrâ opinion, which may do even more good than if I appended my too notorious name. But yet I use freely a pamphlet, here enclosed, by the Rev. Baldwin Brown,* which I think the wisest and most eloquent speech, save Maurice's, which I have seen on the matter.

"FOR PUBLICATION.

"MY DEAR GROVE,—I am much shocked to hear that this Anti-Crystal-Palace Agitation is injuring the clergy in the estimation of the laity. Those who have taken part in it must bear their own burden; for whatsoever they have said and done is really, and ought to be clearly understood to be, the consequence of their own party opinions, and not of the doctrines either of the Bible or of the Church of England. The Church of England knows nothing of that definition of the Sabbath as a fast; which the Puritans borrowed from the Pharisees and Rabbins of the most fallen and

* Minister of Brixton Independent Church, author of "The Higher Life," "The Home Life," and a remarkable little volume published in 1875, entitled "The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love."

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hideous period of Judaism, and which the Lord denounced again and again as contrary to, and destructive of, the very idea and meaning of the Sabbath. The Church of England calls Sunday a feast-day, and not a fast; and it is neither contrary to her ritual letter, nor to her spirit, to invite on that day every Englishman to refresh himself with the sight of the wonders of God's earth, or with the wonders of men's art, which she considers as the results of God's teaching and inspiration.

"The letter, moreover, as well as the spirit of the Bible is directly in favor of the arguments brought forward by the Crystal Palace Company's advocates. The Sabbath, it declares, was made for man. And man, it declares to be, not a mere 'soul to be saved' (an expression nowhere used in Scripture, in its modern sense of a spirit, to be got safely through to some future state of bliss), but as consisting of body, soul, and spirit—meaning by soul what we call intellect and feelings. And therefore any institution, which like the Crystal Palace tends to give healthy and innocent rest and refreshment to body, mind, and tastes, is in accordance in a lower sphere certainly, but still directly in accordance with the letter of the Sabbatical institution, as a day of rest made for man as man.

"I think that you would find,—were any real danger to the Crystal Palace scheme to require a wide-spread agitation in its favor, that the High Church party, as well as the great majority of 'moderate churchmen,' would coincide in this view, and that the present outcry would be found to have proceeded only from that rapidly decreasing Low Church party, which tries to unite most eclectically and inconsistently a watery Calvinism with the profession of the Catholic creeds and formularies of the Church of England. Firmly convinced that in this case the Vox Populi coincides with the Vox Dei,

"I remain, yours faithfully,

"A High Church Parson."

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CHAPTER XII.

1853.

AGED 34.

The Rector in his Church—"Hypatia" Letters from Chevalier Bunsen—Mr. Maurice's Theological Essays—Correspondence with Thomas Cooper.

THE books which entailed so many letters, now also attracted strangers to Eversley Church on Sunday. Officers from Sandhurst would constantly walk over, and occasionally a stray clergyman would be seen in the free sittings.

"Twenty-five Village Sermons" had been published in 1849, and had been brought into notice by a review in the "Times," and "Sermons on National Subjects," perhaps the most remarkable of all his volumes of sermons, had just been brought out. His preaching was becoming a great power. It was the speech of a live man to living beings.

"Yes, my friends," he would say, "these are real thoughts. They are what come into people's minds every day; and I am here to talk to you about what is really going on in your soul and mine; not to repeat to you doctrines at second hand out of a book, and say, 'There, that is what you have to believe and do, and if you do not, you will go to hell;' but to speak to you as men of like passions with myself; as sinning, sorrowing, doubting, struggling human beings; to talk to you of what is in my own heart, and will be in your hearts too, some day, if it has not been already. . . ."

The Collect he invariably used before preaching for twenty-four years was the one for the Second Sunday in Advent, till about six years ago, when the question of prayer before sermon being discussed in his parish, he consulted his diocesan (Samuel, Bishop Wilberforce), and decided to abide by his opinion. From that time he used in the morning the Invocation to the Trinity, in the afternoon the usual Collect and Lord's Prayer.

After he gave out his text, the poor men in the free sittings under the pulpit would turn towards him, and settle themselves into

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an attitude of fixed attention. In preaching he would try to keep still and calm, and free from all gesticulation; but as he went on, he had to grip and clasp the cushion on which his sermon rested, in order to restrain the intensity of his own emotion; and when, in spite of himself, his hands would escape, they would be lifted up, the fingers of the right hand working with a peculiar hovering

EVERSLEY CHURCH.

movement, of which he was quite unconscious; his eyes seemed on fire, his whole frame worked and vibrated. It was riveting to see as well as hear him, as his eagle glance penetrated every corner of the church, and whether there were few or many there, it was enough for him that those who were present were human beings, standing between two worlds, and that it was his terrible responsibility as well as high privilege, to deliver a message to each and all. The great festivals of the church seemed to inspire him, and his words would rise into melody. At Christmas, Easter,

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Whitsuntide, and on the Holy Trinity especially, his sermon became a song of gladness; during Advent, a note of solemn warning. On Good Friday, and through the Passion week evening services, it would be a low and mournful chant, uttered in a deep, plaintive, and at moments, almost agonised tone, which hushed his congregation into a silence that might be felt.

The evening services for the Passion Week were given at an hour to suit the laboring men on their way home from work, when a few would drop into church, and to those few he preached a short sermon of about fifteen minutes, which a London congregation would have gone miles to hear. Those who were present, sometimes only fifteen to twenty besides his own family, will not forget the dimly-lighted chuch in the twilight of the spring evenings, with its little sprinkling of worshippers, and the silence as of death and the grave, when with a look which he never seemed to have at any other season, he followed Christ through the sufferings of the Holy Week, beginning with either the liii. or lxiii. of Isaiah, on each day its own event, from the First Communion to the Betrayal—the Denial of Peter, the fate of Judas, on to the foot of the Cross. And when "the worst was over," with what a gasp of relief was Easter Even, with its rest and quietness, reached; and with significant words about that intermediate state, in which he so deeply believed, he would lead our thoughts from the peaceful sepulchre in the garden to the mysterious gate of Paradise.

Passion Week was, to him, a time of such real and terrible pain that he always thanked God when it was over; and on Easter day he would burst forth into a song of praise once more, for the Blessed Resurrection not only of Christ the Lord, but of man, and of the dear earth he loved so well—spring after winter, birth after death. Every gnat that danced in the sunshine on the blessed Easter morn; every blade of grass in the dear churchyard spoke of hope and joy and a living God. And the flowers in the church, and the graves decked with bright wreaths, would add to his gladness, as he paced up and down before service. Many a testimony has come to the blessing of those village sermons. "Twenty-five village sermons," said a clergyman working in a great city parish, "like a plank to a drowning man kept me from sinking in the 'blackness of darkness,' which surrounds the unbeliever. Leaning upon these, while carried about by every wind of doctrine, I drifted hither and

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thither, at last, thanks be to God, I found standing ground." But none who merely read them could tell what it was to hear them, and to see him, and the look of inspiration on his face, as he preached them. While to those his nearest and dearest, who looked forward with an ever fresh intensity of interest to the Sunday services week after week, year after year, each sermon came with double emphasis from the knowledge that the daily life of the week days was no contradiction to, but a noble carrying out of the words preached in church.

His sermons owed much to the time he gave himself for preparation. The Sunday services, while they exhausted him physically, yet seemed to have the effect of winding his spirit up to higher flights. And often late on Sunday evening he would talk over with his wife the subject and text of the next week's sermon. On Monday, he would, if possible, take a rest, but on Tuesday, to use his own words, it would be set on the stocks. The text already chosen, the method of treating it was sketched, and the first half carefully thought out before it was dictated or written, then put by for a day or two, while yet it was simmering in his brain, and finished on Friday. He seldom put off his sermon till Saturday.

This year, begun at Eversley and ended at Torquay, was one of much anxiety and incessant labor. Unable to get a pupil, he was therefore unable to keep a curate. The Sunday services, night schools, and cottage lectures, were done single-handed; and if he seemed to withdraw from his old associates in the cause of co-operation, and of the working men in London, it was not from want of interest, but of time and strength. He went only once to London, to lecture for the Needlewomen's Association. Constant sickness in the parish and serious illness in his own household gave him great anxiety; while the proceedings of the King's College Council against his friend and teacher, Mr. Maurice, on the ground of the views on eternal punishment, published in his Theological Essays, depressed him deeply. But the year had its lights as well as shadows; he had the comfort of seeing the first good national school built and opened in his parish; friends, new and old, came and went—Mr. Maurice frequently—Bishop McDougall of Labuan, and Mr. Alfred Tennyson. His intimacy with Bishop Wilberforce, Chevalier Bunsen, and Miss Mitford deepened; he made the personal acquaintance of several of his hitherto unknown correspond-

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ents, and met Mr. Robert Browning and his wife, for the first time, at the house of mutual friends.

"Hypatia" this year came out as a book; and by thoughtful people was recognized not only as a most valuable page of history, but as a real work of art. In one section of the English Church it made him bitter enemies, more bitter, perhaps, than were stirred up by either "Yeast" or the "Saint's Tragedy." The work was more appreciated in Germany than in England for some years.

"I delight in *Hypatia*," said Chevalier Bunsen, when reading it as a serial the year before, "only I cannot get over the hardship against our common ancestors in presenting them in that drunken mood in which they appear as lawless and blood-sucking barbarians and chronic berserkers, rather than what I thought them to be. But I have only just landed Philammon at Alexandria, and therefore am not able to judge."

The following letters, written after the book appeared as a whole, are doubly interesting from their allusions to Baron Bunsen's own "Hyppolytus":

CHEVALIER BUNSEN TO REV. C. KINGSLEY.

PRUSSIA HOUSE, *May*, 1853.

"I want just to send you a line to wish you joy for the wonderful picture of the inward and outward life of Hypatia's age, and of the creation of such characters as hers and Raphael's, and the other protogonists. I have such a longing to see you quietly . . . . that I had conceived a hope you might be induced to pay me a visit at the seaside. One day by the sea is worth more than a month in this distracting metropolis, or Great Sahara.

"I have written, with all the feeling of awe and responsibility, a confession of my faith, as conclusive of the Preface to my 'Ignatius and Hyppolytus.' . . . . I am anxious to read it to you, and to speak it to you.

"You have performed a great and lasting work, but it is a bold undertaking. You fire over the heads of the public, οἷον νυν ἀνθρωποι εἶον, as Nestor says, the pigmies of the circulating library. Besides, you have (pardon me) wronged your own child most cruelly. Are you aware that many people object to reading or allowing it to be read, because the author says in the Preface, it is not written for those of pure mind?* My daughters exclaimed when they read

* The passage referred to is the opening paragraph of the Preface where the author says, "A picture of life in the fifth century must needs contain much

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that in the Preface, after having read to their mamma the whole in numbers to general edification, as they do Bible and Shakspeare every day. I should wish you to have said, that in describing and picturing an age like that, there must here and there be nudities as in nature and as in the Bible. Nudities there are because there is truth. For God's sake, let that Preface not come before Germany without some modified expression. Impure must be the minds who can be offended or hurt by your picture! What offends and hurts is the modern *Lüsternheit*, that veiling over indecency, exciting imagination to draw off the veil in order to see not God's naked nature, but corrupted man's indecency. Forgive that I take the child's part against the father! But, indeed, that expression is not the right, and unjust to yourself, and besides highly detrimental to the book.

"You know of the persecution of the Evangelicals, and High and dry against Maurice! I go to-morrow to Hare, and stay till Tuesday. I am sure you would be more than welcome there, with me and Savage Landor, who arrives also to-morrow; but I am afraid you are not so easily movable. There is place at the rectory or at Lime; Mrs. Augustus Hare is there and well.

"I depend, however, on your being my guest at Carlton Terrace. Take it as a joint invitation from my wife and myself to Mrs. Kingsley and yourself. I have been moved to write strange things in the first volume of the new 'Hippolytus,' and in the Key (to which Max Müller has contributed two most prodigious chapters). You know the spirit writes what he will, and must. The times before us are brimful of destruction—therefore of regeneration. The Nemesis is coming, as Ate.

"Farewell,

"Ever yours faithfully,

"BUNSEN."

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which will be painful to any reader, and which the young and innocent will do well to leave altogether unread. It has to represent a very hideous, though a very great, age; one of those critical and cardinal eras in the history of the human race, in which virtues and vices manifest themselves side by side—even, at times, in the same person—with the most startling openness and power. One who writes of such an era labors under a troublesome disadvantage. He dare not tell how evil people were; he will not be believed if he tell how good they were. In the present case that disadvantage is doubled; for while the sins of the Church, however heinous, were still such as admit of being expressed in words, the sins of the heathen world against which she fought, were utterly undescribable; and the Christian apologist is thus compelled, for the sake of decency, to state the Church's case far more weakly than the facts deserve.—Preface to "Hypatia," vii.

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Again the Chevalier writes:

September 16, 1853.

"I must express to you, in a few words, how much I rejoice in hearing that you intend to propose to Messrs. Tauchnitz to undertake a German translation of your admirable 'Hypatia.' You know what I think about it. You have succeeded in epicizing, poetically and philosophically, one of the most interesting and eventful epochs of the world, clothing the spirits of that age in the most attractive fable; you resuscitate the real history of the time and its leading characters so poetically that we forget that instruction is conferred upon us in every page. I find no book to which I can compare 'Hypatia' but Hope's 'Anastasius.' But how much more difficult, and how much more important is the subject you treat! I find that my friends, not only here, but also in Germany, share my opinion. I have sent a copy to Abaken, expressing to him my anxiety it should be well translated. It requires a man of unusual knowledge and talents to do justice to the original and to the subject. Now nobody can manage that better than the distinguished house with which I understand you are connected. May I soon hear that a translation is coming forth?

"I hope you may be able to come to town during the beautiful months of quiet. I shall be settled there for good from 15th October. 'Hippolytus' is coming out in a second edition, but as three different works.

"a, *Hippolytus and his Age* (first volume), newly-written, to match the Picture of the congregational life in the second volume. Two volumes.

"b, The *Philosophical Key* to it; or Outlines of a Philosophy of the History of Language and Religion. Two volumes.

"c, *Analecta Ante-Nicaena* (the philosophical key). Three volumes.

"When you come to town you must stay with me at Carlton Terrace, that we may have quiet night hours and (if you are an early riser) morning hours together, *unter vier Augen*, as we say. In the meantime, I remain,

"My dear Mr. Kingsley,

"Ever yours faithfully,

"BUNSEN."

An attack on Mrs. Gaskell produced the following letter:

EVERSLEY RECTORY, *July* 25, 1853.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I am sure that you will excuse my writing to you thus abruptly when you read the cause of my writing.

"I am told, to my great astonishment, that you have heard

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painful speeches on account of 'Ruth;' what was told me raised all my indignation and disgust.

"Now I have read only a little (though, of course, I know the story) of the book; for the same reason that I cannot read 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' or 'Othello,' or 'The Bride of Lammermoor.' It is too painfully good, as I found before I had read half a volume.

"But this I can tell you, that among all my large acquaintance I never heard, or have heard, but one unanimous opinion of the beauty and righteousness of the book, and that, above all, from real *ladies*, and really good women. If you could have heard the things which I heard spoken of it this evening by a thorough High Church fine lady of the world, and by her daughter, too, as pure and pious a soul as one need see, you would have no more doubt than I have, that whatsoever the 'snobs' and the bigots may think, English people, in general, have but one opinion of 'Ruth,' and that is, one of utter satisfaction.

"I doubt not you have had this said to you already often. Believe me, you may have it said to you as often as you will by the purest and most refined of English women.

"May God bless you, and help you to write many more such books as you have already written, is the fervent wish of

"Your very faithful servant,

"C. KINGSLEY."

Mr. Maurice's volume of "Theological Essays" appeared at this time, and the subject of one, on Eternal Life and Death, was the cause of his dismissal from King's College by Dr. Jelf and the Committee. The subject had occupied Mr. Kingsley's mind for years, and the persecution of his friend and teacher roused all his chivalry.

"The Time and Eternity Question," he says in writing to a friend, "is coming before the public just now in a way which may seriously affect our friend Maurice, unless all who love him make good fight.

"Maurice's essays, as you say, will constitute an epoch. If the Church of England rejects them, her doom is fixed. She will rot and die, as the Alexandrian did before her. If she accepts them —not as 'a code complete,' but as hints towards a new method of thought, she may save herself still."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *July* 14, 1853.

"I have delayed writing to you about the Essays* till I had read them over many times, which I have now done.

* "Theological Essays."

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"That I agree and admire, is needless to be said. It seems to me that the book marks a new era in English ecclesiastical history . . . . not that *you*, single-handed, have caused it: but that you have justified and expressed what is seething in the minds of so many. I was utterly astonished at finding in page after page things which I had thought, and hardly dared to confess to myself, much less to preach. However, you have said them now; and I, gaining courage, have begun to speak more and more boldly, thanks to your blessed example, in a set of sermons on the Catechism, accompanying your angels' trump on my private penny-whistle. . . . . Nevertheless, a tail of penny-whistles, if they will only keep tune with you, may be useful. For there is much in your book which will be caviare. I believe firmly that it will do more good to the infidels and heretics than to the orthodox, and I will tell you why. The former are not hampered in mind by those forced dogmatic, systematised interpretations of theologic words, which are destroying too often in the latter the plain sense of right and wrong, truth and falsehood; and they will, therefore, take your words in their simple and honest meaning better than 'believers' and 'churchmen,' who, perhaps unconsciously to themselves, will be substituting for each of your Catholic expressions some ghost of a meaning which they got from Crossman or Watts. Therefore you must expect good pious people to accuse you of misinterpreting scripture and preaching a new gospel (which, indeed, you do), and of the very faults of which you and I should accuse them, that is of partial induction from those texts which seem to make for your 'theory,' and here we of the penny-whistles shall be of use to you, in verifying your inductions by applying them to fresh texts.

"Moreover, you must submit to be accused of sentimentalism because you appeal to inward experiences—by the Sadducees, because they have not had these experiences, or don't like to confess them to themselves—and by the Pharisees, because they allow no spiritual experiences to be subjects of theologic inquiry, except those which fit into their system; and so, indeed, as I have more than once dared to tell them, both disbelieve that man was made in the image of God, and that God was made man of the substance of his mother.

"On the whole, the outlook is perfectly awful, when one sees the mountains of rubbish which have to be cleared before people can be made to understand their Bible and prayer-book—and still more awful, when one feels as I do, that I have just as much dirt and dust to get out of my own brain and heart, before I can see to take the mote out of my brother's eye; and still more awful, when one feels, as one does, that though you are utterly right in asserting what the Bible says to be the keynote of our creeds and prayer-book, yet that there is much, especially in the latter parts of

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the prayer-book, which does chime in with the popular superstitions; that though the compilers were indeed inspired, and raised most miraculously above their age, yet they were not always consistent in seeing what was to be said, any more than Augustine was; and then comes the terrible business of being tempted to twist the tenth word, in order to make it fit the other nine, and of being called an eclectic, and of not being sure whether one is not one really. Not that I am frightened at any such awful prospect. If God is with us who can be against us? If He has taught us so far, we may trust Him to teach us more, and make our strength as our day is. And if, as one is bound to expect, He does not show us the whole truth in this life, but lets us stop short somewhere, why what matter? Let Him send by the hand of whom He will. He has set us to carry the lamp in the lamp-race a little further on—why should we pine at having to pass it on to fresh runners? It is quite honor enough (and I suspect, before we get it done, we shall find it quite work enough) to get one soul saved alive, or one truth cleared from rubbish, before we die."

. . . . . .

July, 1853.

"It seems to me that two courses only are open to you, my dear master. One: to resign your King's College posts at once, with a solemn and sincere printed protest against being required to believe and say things which the Articles of the Church of England do not require. Or, to fight it out to the very last and compel them to the odium of rejecting you.

"Either course would excite the sympathy and indignation of vast numbers. It remains to be considered.

"1. By which process most truth would be hammered out by the strokes.

"2. Which would give least scandal to the Church, *i.e.*, which would give least handle for heretics of the atheistic school to say, 'Of course his opinions are incompatible with the Church. *We* always knew it, now it is proved; and he must join us, or start a schism of his own.'

"Now as for the first count. I seriously think that by fighting as long as you can, you might bring the whole eschatological question up into the field in such a way, that they would be forced not only to give their *opinions* but their *reasons*, or unreasons for them; and then, in the eyes of the world, the triumph is pretty sure, as it is written, 'Oh, that my enemy would write a book!'

"I think, too, that in this way so much of the real liberality of our Articles and Liturgy might be made evident, as would prevent the heretics having any important case against the Church, and turn the wrath on to the present generation of religionists, and

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on the bishops, as I wish to save religion and episcopacy, in England.

"But if you are so completely a tenant-at-will at King's College that they can dismiss you without making their reasons public, then your only plan, surely, is to forestall them, and throw up your cure on the ground of your rights as an English priest, thereby again *preventing* scandal, in the true sense of the verb.

"But whethersoever of these is your plan, will it not be expedient for one of us at least, to get up the question historically? It seems to me that no such bondage has hitherto been formally demanded in the English Church. And if we can prove this point, we prove everything with precedent-worshipping John Bull. The whole matter for the next seven years will practically turn on, not, 'are you right or wrong?' but 'are you legally and formally permitted or unpermitted?' and that will depend, in a vague business (shame that it should be vague!) like this, on—Were divines since the Reformation allowed to have their own opinions on this point. and yet to hold ecclesiastical preferment? Indeed, paltry as this point may seem, we must have it formally proved or disproved, not only for our own safety, but for the safety of the Established Church.

"Now do you know anything about this? Do you know men who do? Or can you get me put in the way of finding out by being told what books to read, and I will work it out. Let that be my business. We will settle hereafter in what form my results shall be brought into the battle. This seems to me the first indispensable practical act—not of defence, but of offence.

"For I would not act on the defensive. If you only go to prove that you *may* hold what you do, you will either be smashed by the same arguments as smashed the good of Tract 90 *with* the evil of it, or you will be sorely tempted hereafter *dare manus* and say, 'If I can't hold this here, I will go where I can hold it' (not that *you* will ever yield to that temptation, but that it will come, and must be provided against). But if you go steadily on the offensive, say, I and you *must* hold this, and proclaim yourself as the champion of the honest and plain meaning of our formularies, and hurl back the *onus probandi* on the popular party, you will frighten them, get a hearing from the unorthodox, and bring over to your side the great mass who fear change, while they love and trust their formularies enough to be glad to have the right interpretation of them.

"I was struck the other day by the pleasure which a sermon of mine gave not only to my clods, but to the best of my high church gentry, in which sermon I had just copied word for word your Essay on Eternal Life and Death—of course stating the thing more coarsely, and therefore more dangerously, than your wisdom would have let you do—and yet people were delighted.

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"Now forgive me, a thousand times I ask it, if I have seemed to put myself up as a counsellor. You know what I feel for you. But your cause is mine. We swim in the same boat, and stand or fall henceforth together. I am the mouse helping the lion—with this difference, that the mouse was outside the net when she gnawed it, while I am inside. For if you are condemned for these 'opinions' I shall and must therefore avow them."

EVERSLEY, *October* 30.

"Well, dearest master. . . . . I shall not condole with you. You are above that: but only remind you of this day's Psalms, which have been to me, strangely enough, the Psalms for the day in all great crises of my life.

"Will you please get the correspondence published as soon as possible, and send me down, if possible by return of post, the whole of it, and also Jelf's notice in the *Record*. I promise you, I will do nothing without consulting better and wiser men than myself; and I will show you all arguments which I may write. But the time is now come for those who love you to show their colors, and their teeth also. I am too unhappy about you to say much. You must know what I feel. I always expected it; but yet, when it comes one cannot face it a bit the better. Nevertheless, it is but a passing storm of dust."

He now consulted Archdeacon Hare about a protest: he went to Oxford, and wrote to Cambridge. Archdeacon Hare's reply will show what was proposed, and who were to be taken into counsel:

FROM ARCHDEACON HARE.

ST. LEONARD'S, *November* 10, 1853.

"MY DEAR MR. KINGSLEY,

"We know from of old that the *Seniores Patrum* were apt to think the *Juniores* inclined to act too precipitately; and it may perhaps be this drag of old age that makes me think the plan sketcht in your last letter somewhat over hasty. Time is an unimportant element in our proceedings: two or three months spent in the proper preparations will not injure, and may greatly benefit our cause. If we begin with getting a good list of eminent names to head our protest, before we publish it, it will be sure to command attention, and many will follow such leaders; while, if it be circulated as the act of a small number, a cry will be raised against it as issuing from a few latitudinarians, and the priest and the scribe will pass it by on the other side. I should, indeed, be delighted if Keble were to espouse our cause: but I remember some sonnets of his, twenty years ago, on the blessings of the

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Athanasian Creed, which struck me with terror and awe. Being absent from home, I cannot ascertain how Trench interprets the last parable in Matthew xxv.; but I would fain hope we might have him: and he, as one of the Professors immediately affected by the recent decision, would rightly take the lead.

"Thirlwall writes indignantly of the proceedings. When our project is further advanced, I will write to him about it: but he will have to consider how far a Bishop may join in such a protest. Stanley might consult Whately, who, I fancy, has already written on the subject.

"Thompson and Sedgwick would be with us; and perhaps Whewell also, if our protest were judiciously drawn up.

"In the preamble, we must state the immediate ground for the step we take, and the fact, not generally known, that our church has implicitly sanctioned the exercise of private judgment on this point, by the retracting of the 42d Article. It seems to me, too, that we *must* say something to remove the *primâ facie* objection, which will strike most persons, from the Athanasian Creed; and I think this may be done without appearing to dogmatize, while it will be a comfort to numbers to have this thorn drawn out of their hearts.

"Stanley was in Cheshire the other day: I know not where he is now.

"Yours most sincerely,

"JULIUS C. HARE.

"Since writing the above, I have a letter from Trench, proposing to come to Hurstmonceaux on Tuesday next. It would be a great delight to us, and would much forward our work, if you could meet him there."

The following letters to Mr. Thomas Cooper, Chartist, who wrote the "Purgatory of Suicides" in 1843–4, while imprisoned in Stafford Gaol on a charge of sedition, though spreading over several years, will be more interesting if read together without regard to dates. The corresponding letters that called them forth are full of power and vigor, and have been kindly placed by Mr. Cooper at the disposal of the editor, but want of space prevents their publication. When Mr. Kingsley first knew Thomas Cooper, he was lecturing on Strauss, in the John Street Lecture Rooms, to working men; and after long struggles with his own sceptical difficulties, as will be seen by these letters, his doubts were solved, and he became a lecturer on Christianity, a work he continues now at the age of seventy. He is a man of vast reading and indomitable

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courage. His autobiography, published in 1872, is a remarkable book well worth reading, both for its own sake and for the pictures of working class life and thought, which it reveals.*

EVERSLEY, *November* 2, 1853.

". . . . Work and family illness have kept your kind letter unanswered, with many others, till this leisure morning. As to your 'Alderman Ralph,' I shall possess myself of a copy when I come to London, and also do myself the pleasure of calling upon you.

"I am glad you like 'Hypatia.' I wrote it with my whole heart, trusting that I should find at least a few who would read it with their whole hearts, and I have not been disappointed." (Your Jew in 'Hypatia,' Thomas Cooper had said, shows me that you understand me.)

"Your friend is a very noble fellow. As for converting either you or him,—what I want to do, is to make people believe in the Incarnation, as the one solution of all one's doubts and fears for all heaven and earth, wherefore I should say boldly, that, even if Strauss were right, the thing must either have happened somewhere else, or will happen somewhere some day, so utterly does both my reason and conscience, and, as I think, judging from history, the reason and conscience of the many in *all* ages and climes, demand an Incarnation. As for Strauss, I have read a great deal of him, and his preface carefully.† Of the latter, I must say that it is utterly illogical, founded on a gross *petitio principii;* as for the mass of the book, I would undertake, by the same fallacious process, to disprove the existence of Strauss himself, or any other phenomenon in heaven or earth. But all this is a long story.

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* Life of Thomas Cooper, by himself, published by Hodder and Stoughton, London.

† This refers to a letter in which Thomas Cooper says, "My friend, a noble young fellow, says you are trying to convert him to orthodoxy, and expresses great admiration for you. I wish you success with him, and I had almost said I wish you could next succeed with me; but I think I am likely to stick where I have stuck for some years—never lessening, but I think increasing, in my love for the truly divine Jesus—but retaining the Strauss view of the Gospel." "Ah! that grim Strauss," he says in a later letter, "how he makes the iron agony go through my bones and marrow, when I am yearning to get hold of Christ! But you understand me? Can you help me? I wish I could be near you, so as to have a long talk with you often. I wish you could show me that Strauss's preface is illogical, and that it is grounded on a *petitio principii*. I wish you could bring me into a full and hearty reception of this doctrine of the Incarnation. I wish you could lift off the dead weight from my head and heart, that blasting, brutifying thought, that the grave must be my 'end all.'"

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As long as you do see in Jesus the perfect ideal of man, you are in the right *path*, you are going *toward* the light, whether or not you may yet be allowed to see certain consequences which, as I believe, logicallly follow from the fact of His being the ideal Poor ****'s denial (for so I am told) of Jesus being the ideal of a good man, is a more serious evil far. And yet Jesus Himself said, 'That if any one spoke a word against the Son of Man (*i. e.*, against Him as the perfect man) it should be forgiven him'; but the man who could not be forgiven either in this world or that to come, was the man who spoke against the Holy Spirit, *i. e.*, who had lost his moral sense and did not know what was righteous when he saw it—a sin into which we parsons are as likely to fall as any men, much more likely than the publicans and sinners. As long as your friend, or any other man loves the good, and does it, and hates the evil and flees from it, my Catholic creeds tell me that the Spirit of Jesus, 'the Word,' is teaching that man; and gives me hope that either here or hereafter, if he be faithful over a few things, he shall be taught much.

"You see, this is quite a different view from either the Dissenters or Evangelicals, or even the High-Church parsons. But it *is* the view of those old 'Fathers' whom they think they honor, and whom they will find one day, in spite of many errors and superstitions, to be far more liberal, humane, and philosophical than our modern religionists . . . ."

Thomas Cooper had now re-commenced lecturing at the Hall of Science on Sunday evenings, simply teaching theism, for he had not advanced farther yet in positive conviction.

"Immediately after I had obeyed conscience," he says in his Autobiography, "and told the people I had been in the habit of teaching, that I had been wrong, I determined to open my mind fully to my large-hearted friend, Charles Kingsley. He showed the fervent sympathy of a brother. We began a correspondence which extended over more than a year. I told him every doubt, and described every hope I had; and he counselled, instructed, and strengthened me to the end. . . . .

"I told him that while I diligently read 'Bridgewater Treatises,' and all the other books with which he furnished me, as a means of beginning to teach sceptics the truth from the very foundation, that the foundations themselves seem to glide from under my feet. I had to struggle against my own new and tormenting doubts about God's existence, and feared I should be at last overwhelmed with darkness and confusion of mind.

"No, no!" said my faithful and intelligent friend. "You will get out of all doubt in time. When you feel you are in the

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deepest and gloomiest doubt, pray the prayer of desperation; cry out, 'Lord, if Thou dost exist, let me know that Thou dost exist! Guide my mind by a way that I know not, into Thy truth,' and God will deliver you."

TO THE SAME.

EVERSLEY, *September* 16, 1855.

"Poor **** sent me some time ago a letter of yours which I ought to have answered before, in which you express dissatisfaction with the 'soft indulgence' which I and Maurice attribute to God. I am sure you mistake us. No men are more ready to say (I at least from experience) that 'it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' All we say is, that God is just, and rewards every man according to his work.

"My belief is, that God will punish (and has punished already somewhat) every wrong thing I ever did, unless I *repent*—that is, change my behavior therein; and that His lightest blow is hard enough to break bone and marrow. But as for saying of any human being whom I ever saw on earth that there is no hope for them; that even if, under the bitter smart of just punishment, they opened their eyes to their folly, and altered their minds, even then God would not forgive them; as for saying that, I will not for all the world and the rulers thereof. I never saw a man in whom there was not some good, and I believe that God sees that good far more clearly, and loves it far more deeply, than I can, because He Himself put it there, and, therefore, it is reasonable to believe that He will educate and strengthen that good, and chastise and scourge the holder of it till he obeys it, and loves it, and gives up himself to it; and that the said holder will find such chastisement terrible enough, if he is unruly and stubborn, I doubt not, and so much the better for him. Beyond this I cannot say; but I like your revulsion into stern puritan vengeance—it is a lunge too far the opposite way, like Carlyle's; but anything better than the belief that our Lord Jesus Christ was sent into the world to enable bad men to be infinitely rewarded, without doing anything worth rewarding—anything, oh! God of mercy, as well as justice, than a creed which strengthens the heart of the wicked, by promising him life, and makes *** **** believe (as I doubt not he does believe) that though a man is damned here, his soul is saved hereafter."

1856.

"Your letter this morning delighted me, for *I* see that you see. If you are an old hand at the Socratic method, you will be saved much trouble. I can quite understand young fellows kicking at it. Plato always takes care to let us see how all but the really earnest kicked at it, and flounced off in a rage, having their own notions

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torn to rags, and scattered, but nothing new put in the place thereof. It seems to me (I speak really humbly here) that the danger of the Socratic method, which issued, two or three generations after in making his so called pupils the academics mere destroying sceptics, priding themselves on picking holes in everything positive, is this—to use it without Socrates' great *Idea*, which he expressed by 'all knowledge being memory,' which the later Platonists, both Greek and Jew, *e. g.*, Philo and St. John, and after them the good among the Roman stoics and our early Quakers and German mystics, expressed by saying that God, or Christ, or the Word, was more or less in every man the Light which lightened him. Letting alone formal phraseology, what I mean, and what Socrates meant, was this, to confound people's notions and theories, only to bring them to look their own reason in the face, and to tell them boldly, you know these things at heart already, if you will only look at what you know, and clear from your own spirit the mists which your mere brain and 'organization and truth,' has wrapt round them. Men may be at first more angry than ever at this; they will think you accuse them of hypocrisy when you tell them 'you know that I am right, and you wrong:' but it will do them good at last. It will bring them to the one great truth, that they too have a Teacher, a Guide, an Inspirer, a Father: that you are not asserting for yourself any new position, which they have not attained, but have at last found out the position which has been all along equally true of them and you, that you are all God's children, and that your Father's Love is going out to seek and to save them and you, by the only possible method, viz., teaching them that He is their Father.

. . . . . .

"I should advise you to stick stoutly by old Paley. He is right at root, and I should advise you, too, to make your boast of Baconian Induction being on your side, and not on theirs; for 'many a man talks of Robin Hood who never shot in his bow,' and the 'Reasoner' party, while they prate about the triumphs of science, never, it seems to me, employ intentionally in a single sentence the very inductive method whereby that science has triumphed. But these things perhaps you know as well as I.

"For the end of your letter. Be of good cheer. WHEN the wicked man turneth from his wickedness (then, there and then), he shall save his soul *alive*—as you seem to be consciously doing, and all his sin and his iniquity shall not be mentioned unto him. What your 'measure' of guilt (if there can be a measure of the incommensurable spiritual) I know not. But this I know, that as long as you keep the sense of guilt alive in your own mind, you will remain justified in God's mind; as long as you set your sins before your face, He will set them behind His back. Do you ask how I know that? I will not quote 'texts,' though there are

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dozens. I will not quote my own spiritual experience, though I could honestly: I will only say, that such a moral law is implied in the very idea of 'Our Father in heaven.'

"P. S.—I have ordered 'Glaucus' to be sent you. I wish you would consider especially pp. 69–80, 95–7, 100–103. I send you also Harvey's sea-side book, that you may read up the 'Echinus.' I think a lecture simply on the 'Echinus' would astonish weak minds more utterly than anything I can guess at. I could help you to all facts. As for specimens, I could send you a few. But do you know Dr. Carpenter, at University Hall? He is a good man, full of desire to teach workmen wisdom, and knows the 'Echini' better than any man on earth. He might help you to facts and specimens better than I. But think it over. Can you make drawings? Again, have you Hugh Miller's invaluable 'Footprints of the Creation,' a corroboration of Paley against the 'Vestiges,' drawn principally from the geology of his favorite Old Red Sandstone fishes? You will find it useful beyond any modern book. Also, you must get a sight of Owen's new collection of his Lectures.

"My father wants to know if you have ever seen old Mendelssohn's (the musician's grandfather) Answer to an Atheist at Hamburgh. I have heard that the book is highly valuable. Do you know 'Kant's Theodicy?' It reveals A Being; but hardly a Father. . . . ."

Through the exertions of his friends, Thomas Cooper was now given copying work at the Board of Health, of which the Rt. Hon. William Cowper was then President: his hearers at the Hall of Science, already made bitter by his deserting the atheist camp, made the fact of his doing government work and taking government pay a fresh ground of opposition to his teaching, and Mr. Kingsley writes:

RECTORY, CHELSEA, *June* 14, 1856.

"I called and asked for you at the Board of Health, but you were away! You must not give up to low spirits—wait awhile, and all will be right. Get into harness, become a habitué of the place, get every one's good word, and in six months you will be found out to be a 'valuable man;' and then, in due time, you may say what you like—and rise to something really worth having.

"It is, I know it, a low aim (I don't mean morally) for a man who has had the aspirations which you have; but may not Our Heavenly Father just be bringing you through this seemingly degrading work, to give you what I should think you never had,—what it cost me bitter sorrow to learn—the power of working in

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harness, and so actually drawing something, and being of real use. Be sure, if you can once learn that lesson, in addition to the rest you have learnt, you will rise to something worthy of you yet. My dear Cooper, you are a very clever man. But—don't you think that the God who made you is as fully aware of that fact as you or I? And is it not probable that He is only keeping your powers seemingly useless, till you have learned to use them? Now it has seemed to me, in watching you and your books, and your life, that just what you wanted was self-control. I don't mean that you could not starve, die piece-meal, for what you thought right; for you are a brave man, and if you had not been, you would not have been alive now. But it did seem to me, that what you wanted was the quiet, stern cheerfulness, which sees that things are wrong. and sets to to right them, but does it trying to make the best of them all the while, and to see the bright side; and even if, as often happens, there be no bright side to see, still 'possesses his soul in patience,' and sits whistling and working till 'the pit be digged for the ungodly.'

"Don't be angry with me and turn round and say, 'You, sir, who never knew what it was to want a meal in your life, who belong to the successful class who *have*. What do you mean by preaching these cold platitudes to me?' For, Thomas Cooper, I have known what it was to want things more precious to you, as well as to me, than a full stomach; and I learnt—or rather I am learning a little—to wait for them till God sees good. And the man who wrote 'Alton Locke' must know a little of what a man like you *could* feel to a man like me, if the devil entered into him. And yet I tell you, Thomas Cooper, that there was a period in my life—and one not of months, but for years, in which I would have gladly exchanged your circumstantia, yea, yourself, as it is now, for my circumstantia, and myself, as they were then. And yet I had the best of parents and a home, if not luxurious, still as good as any man's need be. You are a far happier man now, I firmly believe, than I was for years of my life. The dark cloud has past with me now. Be but brave and patient, and (I *will* swear now), by God, sir! it will pass with you."

June 25, 1856.

"I have had a sad time, for a dear friend has died suddenly, or I would have both written again to you, and called again; but I could not recollect your exact address, and could not get it at the Board of Health, and meanwhile this trouble came, and I had to exert myself for a poor dear man left with a family of young folk, and utterly broken-hearted. You are in the right way yet. I can put you in no more right way. Your sense of sin is not fanaticism; it is, I suppose, simple consciousness of fact. As for helping you to Christ, I do not believe I can one inch. I see no hope but in prayer, in

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going to Him yourself, in saying: Lord if Thou art there, if Thou art at all, if this all be not a lie, fulfil Thy reputed promises, and give me peace and a sense of forgiveness, and the feeling that bad as I may be, Thou lovest me still, seeing all, understanding all, and therefore making allowances for all! I have had to do that in past days; to challenge Him through outer darkness and the silence of night, till I almost expected that He would vindicate His own honor by appearing visibly as He did to St. Paul and St. John; but he answered in the still small voice only; yet that was enough.

"Read the book by all means; but the book will not reveal Him. He is not in the book; He is in the heaven which is as near you and me as the air we breathe, and out of that He must reveal Himself;—neither priests nor books can conjure him up, Cooper. Your Wesleyan teachers taught you, perhaps, to look for Him in the book, as Papists would have in the bread; and when you found He was not in the book, you thought him nowhere; but He is bringing you out of your first mistake and idolatry, ay, *through* it, and through all wild wanderings since, to know Him Himself, and speak face to face with Him as a man speaks with his friend. Have patience with Him. Has He not had patience with you? And therefore have patience with all men and things; and then you will rise again in His good time the stouter for your long battle.

"As for worldly matters, there is nothing to be done now, but to trust God to give you the right work in His own good time. He has, you see, given you anchorage-ground when you fancied yourself utterly adrift. Oh, trust this earnest of His care, and 'wait on Providence.' Men may misuse that expression into Micawber's cant, but there is an everlasting truth in it. In such a work as God is doing with you, He will have it all His own way, so that you shall have no chance of mistaking from whom the blessing comes.

"Write again soon. Your letters are always pleasant to me. I should have answered this before; but I have been living for three days on a vault, and a funeral, and the sight of utter woe."

EVERSLEY, *December* 4, 1856.

"Your letter is very cheering; I wish I could tell you as much about probabilities as I can about natural history.

"But, for the zoology, I will bring you up not only Cuvier, but all the books I can think of. Have you Hüber on the bee? It is old, but good. I will bring you Kirby and Spence's entomology, where you will find wonders on bees and ants. Moreover, I can help you, I think, with geological books. Have you read Hitchcock, who is making a noise now? and did you ever see a 'Boy's

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Dream of Geology'? But the most important book for you is Sedgwick's 'Notes to his University Studies,' containing his refutation of the 'Vestiges of Creation.' I come to town the 10th, and must have some talks with you, for now that we are got upon my ground of Natural History, I think I could do more to help you in one talk than in three letters. A Lecture on Physical Geography, as showing God's providence and care of man, might be effective. Do you know 'Guyot's Earth and Man'? an admirable book, which I can bring. I am going to get you Agassiz's opening lecture to the British Association this year, which will be quite invaluable to you. Borrow from some one Orr's 'Circle of the Sciences': with Owen's 'Tractate on Physiology.'"

56 MARINA, ST., LEONARD'S, *May* 9, 1857.

"About *endless torment*. (Keep that expression distinct from *eternal*, which has been mixed up with it, the former being what the popular creed really holds.) You may say,

"1. Historically, that,

"*a*. The doctrine occurs nowhere in the Old Testament, or any hint of it. The expression, in the end of Isaiah, about the fire unquenched, and the worm not dying, is plainly of the dead corpses of men upon the physical earth, in the valley of Hinnom, or Gehenna, where the offal of Jerusalem was burned perpetually. Enlarge on this, as it is the passage which our Lord quotes, and by it the meaning of His words must be primarily determined.

"*b*. The doctrine of endless torment was, as a historical fact, brought back from Babylon by the Rabbis. It was a very ancient primary doctrine of the Magi, an appendage of their fire-kingdom of Ahriman, and may be found in the old Zends, long prior to Christianity.

"*c*. St. Paul accepts nothing of it as far as we can tell, never making the least allusion to the doctrine.

"*d*. The Apocalypse simply repeats the imagery of Isaiah, and of our Lord; but asserts, distinctly, the non-endlessness of torture, declaring that in the consummation, not only death, but Hell, shall be cast into the Lake of Fire.

"*e*. The Christian Church has never really held it exclusively, till now. It remained quite an open question till the age of Justinian, 530, and significantly enough, as soon as 200 years before that, endless torment for the heathen became a popular theory, purgatory sprang up synchronously by the side of it, as a relief for the conscience and reason of the Church.

"*f*. Since the Reformation, it has been an open question in the English Church, and the philosophical Platonists, of the 16th and 17th centuries, always considered it as such.

"*g*. The Church of England, by the deliberate expunging of the

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42nd Article, which affirmed endless punishment, has declared it authoritatively to be open.

"*h.* It is so, in fact. Neither Mr. Maurice, I, or any others, who have denied it, can be dispossessed or proceeded against legally in any way whatsoever.

"Exegetically, you may say, I think, *a.* That the meanings of the word *αἰών* and *αἰώνιος* have little or nothing to do with it, even if *αἰών* be derived from *ἀεί* always, which I greatly doubt. The word never is used in Scripture anywhere else, in the sense of endlessness (vulgarly called eternity). It always meant, both in Scripture and out, a period of time. Else, how could it have a plural —how could you talk of *the* æons, and æons of æons, as the Scripture does? Nay, more, how talk of *οὗτος ὁ αἰών*, which the translators with laudable inconsistency, have translated 'this world,' *i.e.*, this present state of things, 'Age,' 'dispensation,' or epoch—*αἰώνιος*, therefore, means, and must mean, belonging to an epoch, or the epoch, and *αἰώνιος κόλασις* is the punishment allotted to that epoch. Always bear in mind, what Maurice insists on,—and what is so plain to honest readers,—that our Lord, and the Apostles, always speak of being in the end of an age or æon, not as ushering in a new one. Come to judge and punish the old world, and to create a new one out of its ruins, or rather as the S. S. better expresses it, to burn up the chaff and keep the wheat, *i.e.*, all the elements of food as seed for the new world.

"I think you may say, that our Lord took the popular doctrine because He found it, and tried to correct and purify it, and put it on a really moral ground. You may quote the parable of Dives and Lazarus (which was the emancipation from the Tartarus theory) as the one instance in which our Lord professedly opens the secrets of the next world, that He there represents Dives as still Abraham's child, under no despair, not cut off from Abraham's sympathy, and under a direct moral training, of which you see the fruit. He is gradually weaned from the selfish desire of indulgence for himself, to love and care for his brethren, a divine step forward in his life. which of itself proves him not to be lost. The impossibility of Lazarus getting to him, or *vice versâ*, expresses plainly the great truth, that each being where he ought to be at that time, interchange of place (*i.e.*, of spiritual state) is impossible. But it says nothing against Dives rising out of his torment, when he has learnt the lesson of it, and going where he ought to go. The common interpretation is merely arguing in a circle, assuming that there are but two states of the dead, 'Heaven' and 'Hell,' and then trying at once to interpret the parable by the assumption, and to prove the assumption from the parable. Next, you may say that the English damnation, like the Greek *κατάκρισις*, is perhaps *κρίσις* simple, simply means condemnation, and is (thank God) retained in that sense in various of our formularies, where I always read it, *e.g.*,

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'eateth to himself damnation,' with sincere pleasure, as protests in favor of the true and rational meaning of the word, against the modern and narrower meaning.

"You may say that Fire and Worms, whether physical or spiritual, must in all logical fairness be supposed to do what fire and worms do do, viz., destroy decayed and dead matter, and set free its elements to enter into new organisms; that, as they are beneficent and purifying agents in this life, they must be supposed such in the future life, and that the conception of fire as an engine of torture, is an unnatural use of that agent, and not to be attributed to God without blasphemy, unless you suppose that the suffering (like all which He inflicts) is intended to teach man something which he cannot learn elsewhere.

"You may say that the catch, 'All sin deserves infinite punishment, because it is against an Infinite Being,' is a worthless amphiboly, using the word infinite in two utterly different senses, and being a mere play on sound. That it is directly contradicted by Scripture, especially by our Lord's own words, which declare that every man (not merely the wicked) shall receive the due reward of his deeds, that he who, &c., shall be beaten with few stripes, and so forth. That the words 'He shall not go out till he has paid the uttermost farthing, evidently imply (unless spoken in cruel mockery) that he may go out then, and that it is scandalous for Protestants to derive from thence the opposite doctrine, while they call the Papists rogues for proving the perpetual virginity of the B. V. Mary from exactly the same use of ἕως.

"Finally, you may call on them to rejoice that there is a fire of God the Father whose name is Love, burning for ever unquenchably, to destroy out of every man's heart and out of the hearts of all nations, and off the physical and moral world, all which offends and makes a lie. That into that fire the Lord will surely cast all shams, lies, hypocrisies, tyrannies, pedantries, false doctrines, yea, and the men who love them too well to give them up, that the smoke of their βασανισμός (*i.e.*, the torture which makes men confess the truth, for *that* is the real meaning of it; βασανισμός means the *touch*-stone by which gold was tested) may ascend perpetually, for a warning and a beacon to all nations, as the smoke of the torment of French aristocracies, and Bourbon dynasties, is ascending up to Heaven and has been ever since 1793. Oh, Cooper—Is it not good news that *that* fire is unquenchable; that *that* worm will not die? They tried, *we* tried in our ignorance, to quench that fire when we put Louis XVIII. on the throne. But the fire burned up him and our chaffy works. The *parti prêtre* tried to kill the worm which was gnawing at their hearts, making them dimly aware that they were wrong, and liars, and that God and His universe were against them, and that they and their system were rotting and must die. And they put poor Poerios and Madiais in prison, and

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show all the signs of weak terror, suspicion, spite: but they cannot kill God's worm, Thomas Cooper. You cannot look in the face of many a working continental priest without seeing that the worm is at his heart. You cannot watch their conduct without seeing that it is at the heart of their system. God grant that we here in England—we parsons (dissenting and church) may take warning by them. The fire may be kindled for us. The worm may seize our hearts. To judge by the temper of the 'Record' and the 'Morning Advertiser,' it has its fangs in some of our hearts already. God grant that in that day we may have courage to let the fire and the worm do their work—to say to Christ, These too are thine, and out of thine infinite love they have come. Thou requirest truth in the inward parts, and I will thank Thee for any means, however bitter, which thou usest to make me true. I want to be an honest man, and a right man! And, oh joy, *Thou* wantest me to be so also. Oh joy, that though I long cowardly to quench Thy fire, I cannot do it. Purge us, therefore, oh Lord, though it be with fire. Burn up the chaff of vanity and self-indulgence, of hasty prejudices, second-hand dogmas,—husks which do not feed my soul, with which I cannot be content, of which I feel ashamed daily—and if there be any grains of wheat in me, any word or thought or power of action which may be of use as seed for my nation after me, gather it, oh Lord, into Thy garner.

"Yes, Thomas Cooper. Because I believe in a God of Absolute and Unbounded Love, therefore I believe in a Loving Anger of His, which will and must devour and destroy all which is decayed, monstrous, abortive in His universe, till all enemies shall be put under His feet, to be pardoned surely, if they confess themselves in the wrong, and open their eyes to the truth. And God shall be All in All.

"Those last are wide words. It is he who limits them, not I who accept them in their fulness, who denies the verbal inspiration of Scripture."

ST. LEONARD'S, *May* 20, 1857.

"I have been silent, not because I have forgotten. I have been thinking earnestly on your letter, and this is a fragment of what I think.

"Your anecdotes of Romaine and Clarke, &c., are new to me, but not surprising, and most significant. I can understand well how men, who considered the business of life to be the delivering men from a fancied Tartarus, to save them *from* God in fact—who intended to move them into endless torture, were quite unable to conceive of the Son as the express image of the Father. How could He be, if the Father intended to damn, and the Son to save? Thus the Godhead of the Son became to them a necessary part of their scheme of redemption, only because unless He were God,

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His 'satisfaction' and His 'merits' would not be 'infinite, and the Trinity became a mere function of the 'scheme of redemption,' that again being a function of the 'fall.'

"This I have seen long, having been brought up among the evangelicals; but I never knew that their old prophets had stated it so naïvely. But see what follows—what has followed in Geneva and Germany—what followed with you—when the Tartarus and the doctrine of vicarious satisfaction became incredible, then the Divinity of Christ, becoming unnecessary, fell to the ground likewise—and socinianism, and at last deism, followed as a matter of course. Think this out for yourself. It is historically as well as logically true.

"Now with me. As I have told you, my reason demands a co-equal and co-eternal Son, in order that He may be an ideal and absolute Son at all. Adam Clarke's 'eternal generation being eternal nonsense,' is a very rash, foolish, ignorant speech; but pardonable to a man of Locke's school, and therefore unable to conceive of an ever-present and unceasing eternity, but referring all things to the conditions of time—unable to conceive that an eternal generation means an ever-present and unceasing one, by which the Father saith at every and all moments of time, 'Thou art my Son, *this day* have I begotten thee.' It is this Lockism which infects all our pulpits, which makes even educated men unable to understand Maurice.

"But my heart, Cooper, demands the Trinity, as much as my reason. I want to be sure that *God* cares for us, that *God* is our Father, that *God* has interfered, stooped, sacrificed Himself for us. I do not merely want to love Christ—*a* Christ, some creation or emanation of God's—whose will and character, for aught I know, may be different from God's. I want to love and honor the absolute, abysmal God Himself, and none other will satisfy me—and in the doctrine of Christ being co-equal and co-eternal, sent by, sacrificed by, His Father, that he might do His Father's will, I find it—and no puzzling texts, like those you quote, shall rob me of that rest for my heart, that Christ is the exact counterpart of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. The texts are few, only two after all; on them I wait for light, as I do on many more; meanwhile, I say boldly, if the doctrine be not in the Bible, it ought to be, for the whole spiritual nature of man cries out for it. Have you read Maurice's essay on the Trinity in his theological essays? addressed to Unitarians? If not, you must read it.

"About the word Trinity, I feel much as you do. It seems unfortunate that the name of God should be one which expresses a mere numerical abstraction, and not a moral property. It has, I think, helped to make men forget that God is a Spirit—that is, a *moral* being, and that moral spiritual, and that morality (in the absolute) is God, as St. John saith God is love, and he that dwelleth

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in love dwelleth in God, and God in him—words which, were they not happily in the Bible, would be now called rank and rampant Pantheism. But, Cooper, I have that faith in Christ's right government of the human race, that I have good hope that He is keeping the word Trinity, only because it has not yet done its work; when it has, He will inspire men with some better one.

The following is the last letter which passed between the two friends:

EVERSLEY, *September* 23, 1872.

"MY DEAR THOMAS COOPER,

"I have been wandering for nearly a fortnight, the only scrap of holiday I have had for two years, and only found your book and letter yesterday. But I have read through your 'Plain Pulpit Talk' in two evenings, and I am a close and critical reader, and with delight. That a man of your genius and learning should have done the thing well does not surprise me. The delight to me is ——, the thing which you have done.

"I see the thorough right old morality—common to puritans, old Anglican Churchmen, apostles, and prophets; that you hold right to be infinitely right; and wrong ditto wrong; that you call a spade a spade, and talk to men about the real plagues of their own heart; as Carlyle says, you 'do not rave against extinct Satans, while quite unaware of the real man-devouring Satan at your elbow.' My dear friend, go on and do that, and whether you call yourself Baptist or Buddhist, I shall welcome you as one who is doing the work of God, and fighting in the battle of the Lord, who makes war *in righteousness*. But more. You are no Buddhist, nor even an Unitarian. . . . .

"I happen to be, from reason and science as well as from Scripture and Catholic tradition (I use a word I don't like, but you who have read know that there is no better one as yet), I happen to be, I say, an orthodox theologian, and to value orthodoxy more the more I think, for its own sake. And it was a solid pleasure to me to find you orthodox, and to find you deriving your doctrines concerning right and wrong, and the salvation of men, from orthodox theology.—Pp. 128, 131, is a speech of which no sound divine, either of the Church of England or of the middle age, ought to be ashamed. . . . But, my dear friend, whatever you do, don't advocate disestablishing us. We are the most liberal religious body in these realms. In our pale men can meet who can meet nowhere else. Would to God you belonged to us, and we had your powers, as we might have without your altering your creed, with us. But if we—the one remaining root of union—we disestablish and become a sect like the sects, then competition, not Christ will be God, and we shall bite and devour one another, till atheism and M. Comte

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are the rulers of modern thought. I am not mad, but speak the words of truth and soberness; and remember (I am sure you will, though orators at public meetings would not) that my plea is quite disinterested. If the Church of England were disestablished and disendowed to-morrow, vested interests would be respected, and I and others living on small incomes till our deaths. I assure you that I have no family livings, or an intention of putting my sons into them. My eldest son—a splendid young fellow—is roughing it successfully and honorably as an engineer anywhere between Denver, U. S., and the city of Mexico. My next and only other son may possibly go to join him. I can give no more solid proof that, while Radical cockneys howl at me as an aristocrat and a renegade, I am none; but a believer in the persons of my own children, that a man's a man for a' that."

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CHAPTER XIII.

1854.

AGED 35.

Torquay—Seaside Studies—Lectures in Edinburgh—Deutsche Theologie—Letter from Baron Bunsen — Crimean War — Settles in North Devon — Writes "Wonders of the Shore" and "Westward Ho."

"TORBAY is a place which should be as much endeared to the naturalist as to the patriot and to the artist. We cannot gaze on its blue ring of water and the great limestone bluffs which bound it to the north and south without a glow passing through our hearts, as we remember the terrible and glorious pageant which passed by it in the bright days of July, 1588, when the Spanish Armada ventured slowly past Berry Head, with Elizabeth's gallant pack of Devon captains (for the London fleet had not yet joined), following past in its wake, and dashing into the midst of the vast line, undismayed by size and numbers, while their kin and friends stood watching and praying on the cliffs, spectators of Britain's Salamis. The white line of houses, too, on the other side of the bay, is Brixham, famed as the landing-place of William of Orange; and the stone on the pier-head, which marks his first footprints on British ground, is sacred in the eyes of all true English Whigs; and close by stands the castle of the settler of Newfoundland, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Raleigh's half-brother, most learned of all Elizabeth's admirals in life, most pious and heroic in death. And as for scenery, though it can boast of neither mountain-peak nor dark fiord, and would seem tame enough in the eyes of a Western Scot or Irishman, yet Torbay has a soft beauty of its own, in the rounded hills which slope into the sea, spotted with parks full of stately timber trees, with squares of emerald grass and rich red fallow fields, each parted from the other by the long line of tall elms, just flushing green in the Spring hedges, which run down to the very water's edge, their boughs unwarped by any blast; and here and there apple orchards, just bursting into flower in the Spring sunshine, and narrow strips of water meadow, where the

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red cattle are already lounging knee-deep in richest grass, within ten yards of the rocky, pebble beach, which six hours hence will be hurling columns of rosy foam high into the sunlight, and sprinkling passengers, and cattle, and trim gardens, which hardly know what frost and snow may be, but see the flowers of Autumn meet the flowers of Spring, and the old year linger smilingly to twine a garland for the new." *

In these words Mr. Kingsley describes Torquay, where he passed the winter and spring in 1854, during a leave of absence granted him by the Bishop on account of his wife's health, which had suffered severely from the damp rectory at Eversley.

At this time, and for some years to come, the clergy of all parties in the Church stood aloof from him as a suspected person. The attacks of the religious press, perhaps happily for him, had so alarmed the clergy of Torquay, High Church and Evangelical, that all pulpit doors were closed against the author of "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia," and he spent quiet peaceful Sundays with his wife and children for the first time for many years. Once only he was asked to preach in the parish church, and once at the chapel of St. John, in a Lenten week-day service, when the congregation, a High Church one, were surprised at his reverent and orthodox views on the Holy Eucharist. It was a resting time, and the temporary cessation from sermon writing and parish work was very grateful to him, "a combination of circumstances having, during the last year," he wrote to a friend, "so utterly exhausted me, physically and intellectually, that I must lie very quiet for a time, and I look forward with some dread even to the research necessary to make my Edinburgh Lectures what they ought to be." Once settled at Livermead, the father and children spent happy hours on the shore, bringing home treasures every afternoon from the rocks and sands, and from occasional dredging expeditions in Tor Bay, to be classified and arranged in the vivarium, and to amuse the invalid. A daily journal of natural history was kept, and hampers of sea beasts, live shells, and growing seaweed sent off to Mr. H. P. Gosse, then living in London.

This sea-side life led to a voluminous correspondence, illustrated by his own beautiful sketches, the contents of which were summed

* The "Wonders of the Shore," p. 15.

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up in an article in the "North British Review" on "The Wonders of the Shore." This article, afterwards developed into "Glaucus," contained not only sketches of natural history, but some of his deepest thoughts on theology as connected with the Transmutation Theory and "The Vestiges of Creation."

At this time, while treading in the footsteps of Colonel George Montagu, whose lynx eyes had espied them nearly in the same spot fifty years before, he found washed ashore, in a cave near Goodrington, after a succession of south-easterly gales, a number of Montagu's Chirodota (*Synapta digitata*) which had not been seen in the interval. Of these he made many drawings, while, with delight, he studied their strange contortions; and he writes:

TO H. P. GOSSE, ESQ.

LIVERMEAD, *January* 3, 1854.

"I jot down what I see of my pink chirodotas, (?) in case yours die. They are quite distinct from scolanthus; their power is one of *con*traction, not of *re*traction: have no retractile longitudinally-lined proboscis, and the tentacula from the mouth are twelve in number, not fourteen, and are compound, not simple. Their form is this: carrying a boss or thumb at the *back* of the quadri-palmate horns, the smooth palm turned towards the mouth. These arms are continually curving inward to an invisible mouth, generally in alternate pairs, thus:

"You will see by my rough sketch what I mean. I can discern no solid matter passing into the mouth from their strokes. They are never spread out in a ring as in Johnstone's figure.

"One has parted with his tail, in the form of a globe of half inch diameter, from which hang many white filaments, two inches long. Another (perhaps the same) has two similar filaments protruding from his tail, which under a quarter inch power, are full of white globular granules in a glairy mucus.—I can see no more. All these filaments are knotted. The red spots are continued up the back of the arms to the thumb. The body is covered with minute papillæ (?) and irregular transverse wrinkles, along the salient ridges of which the red spots generally run. The red spots become more irregular toward the head, and delicate longitudinal pale lines appear between them.

"I have just been watching the dismemberment of a specimen. It first threw off, without my seeing, a piece about an inch long, with the white filaments protruding at each end; then recommenced by a constriction an inch from the end; the part beyond the constriction rapidly swelled and contracted to half inch, and began a series of violent rotations from right to left, till it had

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turned itself more than half round on the longitudinal (fig. 2) axis. This circular wrenching continued principally in the part about to separate (which was much more lively than the body of the animal) till the part nearest it swelled and became transparent, disclosing four muscular (?) bands, as in fig. 3. A second constriction and rotations then took place, and I witnessed the separation, as in fig. 4, but no filaments escaped. The first parted bit remains very lively. The parent animal was feeding busily with all its hands the whole time.

"The animal has during the night broken itself into six pieces, the filaments protruding at the point of separation or anterior end in each. The process has hurt the water, making it milky; of the Holothuriæ, the brown have contracted both tentacula and suckers, the white only the suckers, and, taking in a reef in their tentacula, have inflated their heads with water, the mouth pouting in the centre, like an auricula.

"N.B.—I have seen Cyprea Europæa during the last few days suspend itself from the under-side of low-tide rocks by a glutinous thread, an inch and more in length; and when in captivity float on the surface by means of a similar thread attached to a glutinous bubble. Johnstone does not mention this.

"All the specimens of chirodota have since gone the same way, and become dissolving views, plus an evil and sour smell."

In the well-stocked vivarium at home he could study the ways of the lovely little Eolis papillosa, the bright lemon-colored Doris, and the Cucumaria Hyndmanii, with their wondrous gills and feathers—to common eyes mere sea-slugs,—and varieties of Serpulæ, with their fairy fringes only visible at happy moments to those who have the patience to watch and wait for the sight; while the more minute forms of the exquisite Campanularia Syringa and Volubilis, and the Sertularii, and that "pale pink flower of stone," the Caryophyllia Smithii, with numberless others, were examined under the microscope. Before leaving Torquay he made a rough list of about sixty species of Mollusks, Annelids, Crustacea, and Polypes found on the shore, nearly all new to him, and revealing a new world of wonders to his wife and children.

To this period, his distinguished friend Professor Max Müller, who came to see him at Livermead, refers when he speaks of him "on the Devonshire coast watching the beauty and wisdom of Nature, reading her solemn lessons, and chuckling, too, over her inimitable fun." The "inimitable fun" was enjoyed in watching the movements and manners of the family of the Crustacea, espe

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cially the soldier crab, of which he had always several specimens in the vivarium, which were an inexhaustible source of merriment to him, and which yet led him at the same moment to some of the deep, strange speculations hinted at so reverently in the pages of "Glaucus."

But these pursuits, however enchanting, did not engross him to the forgetfulness of the great social questions of the day, and early in the year we find him writing to Sir Arthur Helps, about Sanitary matters, and urging the clergy to turn their minds to the subject.

In February he went to Edinburgh to deliver four lectures on the "Schools of Alexandria," at the Philosophical Institute. It was his first visit to Scotland, and he writes to his wife:

WARRISTON, *Wednesday.*

"The lecture went off well. I was dreadfully nervous, and actually cried with fear up in my own room beforehand; but after praying I recovered myself, and got through it very well, being much cheered and clapped. . . . . All the notabilities came, and were introduced to me; and I had some pleasant talk with Sir James Maxwell. Mr. Erskine, of Linlathen, is a charming old man.

. . . . . .

"My second lecture went off better than the first, in spite of the delicate points on which it touched. Nothing can exceed the cordiality of people."

WARRISTON, *February* 26.

"It is at last over, and I start for England to-morrow. The last lecture was more crowded than ever. . . . . Altogether it has been (if you had but been with me, and alas! that poisons everything) one of the most pleasant and successful episodes in my life. I have not met with a single disagreeable—have been heaped with kindness. I have got my say said without giving offence, and have made friends which I hope will last for life. I have seen the very best society in Scotland, and I cannot be thankful enough to God for having sent me here, and carried me through. To-night I dine with Sir * * * * * *, a perfect fine gentleman of the old school, who was twenty-five years in parliament, and approves highly of 'Alton Locke' and 'Yeast;' as also does his wife, who told me I had a glorious career before me, and bade God speed me in it." . . . .

Returning from Scotland he stopped in London to see how Mr

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Maurice's affairs were going on, on his way to Eversley, where he had to remain during a change of curates.

"I have just seen Archdeacon Hare, who is looking better; but this business of Maurice's has fretted him horribly. I. * * is working, tooth and nail, for Maurice in Lincoln's-inn; and the working men in London, including many of the old Chartists of 1848, are going to present a grand address to Maurice in St. Martin's Hall, at which, I believe, I am to be a chairman. Kiss the babes for me, and tell them I long to be with them on Tor sands.

"Did I ever tell you of my delightful chat with Bunsen? I have promised him to write a couple of pages preface to Miss Winkworth's translation of the 'Deutsche Theologie.' Oh! how you will revel in that book! . . . ."

The anxieties and expenses of illness were very heavy just now, but he always met them by a brave heart and by cheering words, to one who lamented the labor they entailed on him.

EVERSLEY, *February.*

". . . . And—these very money difficulties . . . . . Has it not been fulfilled in them, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be?' Have we ever been in any debt by our own sin? Have we ever really wanted anything we needed? Have we not had friends, credit, windfalls—in all things, with the temptation, a way to escape? Have they not been God's sending? God's way of preventing the cup of bliss being over sweet (and I thank him heartily it has *not* been); and, consider, have they not been blessed lessons? But do not think that I am content to endure them any more than the race horse, because he loves running, is content to stop in the middle of the course. To pay them, I have thought, I have written, I have won for us a name which, please God, may last among the names of English writers. Would you give up the books I have written that we might never have been in difficulties? So out of evil God brings good; or rather, out of necessity He brings strength—and, believe me, the highest spiritual training is contained in the most paltry physical accidents; and the meanest actual want, may be the means of calling into actual life the possible but sleeping embryo of the very noblest faculties. This is a great mystery: but we are animals, in time and space; and by time and space and our animal natures, are we educated. Therefore let us be only patient, patient; and let God our Father teach His own lesson, His own way. Let us try to learn it well; and learn it quickly; but do not let us fancy that He will ring the school-bell, and send us to play before our lesson is learnt.

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"Therefore 'rejoice in your youth, ere the days come when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.' But make to yourself no ghosts. And remember he who says, 'I will be happy some day,' never will be happy at all. If we cannot be happy now with ten times the blessings which nine-tenths of God's creatures have, we shall never be happy though we lived a thousand years. Let us lay this solemnly to heart, and take no thought for the morrow."

February 27.

. . . . . .

"The Guards march to-morrow! How it makes one's blood boil! We send 10,000 picked men to Malta, *en route* for Constantinople, and the French 60,000."

EVERSLEY, ASH WEDNESDAY, *March*, 1854.

". . . . The 'Deutsche Theologie' is come from Bunsen: *i.e.*, both Miss Winkworth's MSS. and Mrs. Malcolm's printed translation. Pray order Mrs. Malcolm's 'Old German Theology,' with a preface by Martin Luther. You never read so noble a book. The Reform Bill is shelved: excellent as it is, it does not much matter at this minute. Two days after our deputation, that bane of London, the Sewers Commission, awoke in the morning, and behold they were all dead men! Lord Palmerston, having abolished them by one sentence the night before, and I have not heard that any one is gone into mourning. The Board of Health are now triumphant and omnipotent. God grant that they may use their victory well, and not spoil it by pedantry and idealism! Baines (capital man that he is!) brings in three clauses, which will reform the whole poor-law, and strike at the root of cottage-destruction. The squires intend to show fight."

In reference to the evidence he gave on sanitary matters as one of a deputation to Lord Palmerston, he says:

"I had an opportunity of telling Lord Palmerston a great deal which I trust may save many lives. Remember, it is now a question of blood-guiltiness—that is all. But I am not going to London any more about sanitary matters. The utter inability of the Health of Towns Act to cleanse this or any other neighboring parish made me consider what I have done as a parochial duty. . . . ."

The "Deutsche Theologie" was translated by Miss Susanna Winkworth at Chevalier Bunsen's request, and Mr. Kingsley was asked to write a preface. He had objections, and consulted Mr. Maurice, who answered him thus:

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"I think your objections have great force, but I do not see that they need prevent you from stating your conviction that, as a practical work on Ethics, the book fully deserves to be translated and read; and that the discovery of the only correct MSS. is a reason for introducing it to the public at this time. The religious people have no right to be scandalized by any thing that Luther and Spenser sanctioned. You can say that you, being more severely orthodox than they were, cannot swallow all the sentences in it, esteeming them to be too mystical and not quite scriptural, but that nevertheless your judgment in the main jumps with the great Evangelical authorities, and that you conceive they were anxious to enlist such a witness against the self-seeking tendencies of the religion of their time, as you and the translator are to claim him for the same purpose in this day. . . . ."

Chevalier Bunsen writes in the same strain:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"My *practical* proposal coincides with that of Maurice. Keep to the ethic point, and refer as to the metaphysical terminology to Luther. I may, if required, say a word in the letter to Miss W. about this point, although it would be much better for the book and its readers if you, a clergymen of the Church of England, did it instead. Now, having said so much, let me add a word on the great subject itself. When I read your Preface to Hypatia (which you know I think does not justice to the book), I thought I perceived you had accepted the council-creeds more historically than penetrated them philosophically. Otherwise you could not have praised so much what I must believe to be only a great logical, formal ingenuity, but compared with St. John and the apostolic fathers down to Tertullian and Origen, a perfect and thorough misunderstanding, like that of an anatomist taking the corpse for the living body. The more I study and think, the stronger that conviction grows, for the inward witness goes with the outward. You will see that my whole new volume has its centre in pointing to facts which show that I cannot say less than what I do say; that our Confessions of Faith, if taken as making law, must be said frankly to be confessions of the blunders of those who drew them up: like the failure in an equation. The X is not made out, and this is confessed.

"I have been at this point from 1817, when the Theologia Germanica came into my hands at Rome. My *Aphorisms*,* if you read them with reference to this, will tell you more.

"The difference of God and Man, of the Logos, Christ and the individual Christian, is that of the Infinite and the Finite, neither

* "Hippolytus," vol. ii., *first* edition (1852).

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more nor less. This is nothing to those for whom nothing exists which is not in space and time; but much, and enough for all who know that the finite—world and man—has no other key to its understanding except the infinite. No *Werden* without the Sein—τὸ ὄντως ὄν = ὁ ὄντως ὤν.

"Now the Theologia Germanica says nothing more in the most startling passages. But certainly we have learnt to say it better, and you, the English, ought to help us to say it still better. For this reason I have tortured my brains and your language, in laying before you the Aphorisms.

"See whether we meet on this divine road. Excuse the hurried and imperfect writing. I hope Mrs. Kingsley is continuing better. A great anxious time of judgment is now hanging over Germany. *Deus providebit!* I correct two proof-sheets every day.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"BUNSEN."

These letters decided him, and he wrote to Miss Winkworth:

TORQUAY, *March* 25, 1854.

"I am conquered. I have written the preface this day, and will send the MSS. on Monday. Pray translate, that *Unterschied der Personen* (if you can) 'the distinction of the persons;' and then we shall be at least, on that point, *à l'abri du diable*. I believe Maurice is right. Pray show the preface to him and Bunsen, and whomsoever you like, that we may get the help of any suggested improvement."

After the book had been out some time he writes again to Miss Winkworth:

"You will be glad to hear, I am sure, that your Theologia is being valued by every one to whom I have shown it. Sure I am that the book will do very great and lasting good."

In the spring he went up to give evidence on two subjects which he had much at heart before the House of Commons on Sanitary Matters and on the insufficient pay of Parish Medical Officers. His experience of eleven years in a parish had convinced him that the pay of the parish doctor was much too low; and he willingly gave evidence on the subject, dwelling particularly on the fact that under their present salaries no medical men could afford, or be expected, to give two of the most important but most expensive medicines—quinine and cod-liver oil.

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TO HIS WIFE.

CHELSEA RECTORY, *May*, 1854.

". . . . . I am glad to have been up here. I have seen very much life, and learnt very much. It was just what I wanted after that Devon retirement. I went to meet Gosse at the Linnæan, and met Darwin (the Voyage of the Beagle). Such a noble face—as the average of the Linnæans, I must say, had. * * * * is a quiet, meek man, and was very anxious to know whether I and Maurice really 'denied the Atonement,' on which point, I think, I satisfied him.

"We had a regular microscopic evening last night. George with his microscope, and Mr. H—— with his—both magnificent. The things they showed me were enough to strike one dumb. I am enjoying the thought of bringing Gosse's book down to you. He has a whole chapter at the end on the things I sent him most kindly written.

"Tell the dear children I long to see them, and will be home Wednesday, without fail. . . . ."

In the spring, as his wife was not allowed to return to the colder climate of North Hants, he settled with his family at Bideford, where his novel of "Westward Ho!" was begun, whose opening pages describe his surroundings for the next twelve months.

While there, a lady consulted him about joining a sisterhood, and he replies:

BIDEFORD, *July* 24, 1854.

"MADAM,

"Though I make a rule of never answering any letter from a lady whom I have not the honor of knowing, yet I dare not refuse to answer yours. First, because you, as it were, challenge me on the ground of my books: and next, because you tell me that if I cannot satisfy you, you will do that, to prevent which, above all things, my books are written, namely, flee from the world, instead of staying in it and trying to mend it.

"Be sure that I can sympathize with you most deeply in your dissatisfaction with all things, as they are. That feeling grows on me, as I trust in God (strange to say) it may grow on you, day by day. I, too, have had my dreams of New Societies, brotherhoods, and so forth, which were to regenerate the world. I, too, have had my admirations for Old Societies and brotherhoods like those of Loyola and Wesley, which intended to do the same thing. But I have discovered, Madam, that we can never really see how much evil there is around us, till we see how much good there is around

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us, just as it is light which makes us, by contrast, most aware of darkness. And I have discovered also, that the world is already regenerated by the Lord Jesus Christ, and that all efforts of our own to regenerate it are denials of Him and of the perfect regeneration which He accomplished when He sat down on the right hand of God, having all power given to him in heaven and in earth, that He might rule the earth in righteousness for ever. And I have discovered also, that all societies and brotherhoods which may form, and which ever have been formed, are denials of the One Catholic Church of faithful and righteous men (whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, matters not to me) which He has established on earth, and said that hell shall not prevail against it. And when I look back upon history, as I have done pretty carefully, I find that all such attempts have been total failures, just because, with the purest and best intentions, they were doing this, and thereby interfering with the Lord Jesus Christ's way of governing the world, and trying to introduce some new nostrum and panacea of their own, narrow and paltry, compared with His great ways in the deep.

"Therefore, though Fox (to take your own example) was a most holy man, Quakerism in general, as a means of regenerating the world, has been a disastrous failure. And so (I speak from years of intimate experience) has good John Wesley's Methodist attempt. Both were trying to lay a new foundation for human society, and forgetting that one which was already laid, which is Christ, who surely has not been managing the earth altogether wrongly, Madam, for 1800 years, or even before that?

"So, again, with that truly holy and angelic man, St. Vincent de Paul—has he succeeded? What has become of education, and of the poor, in the very land where he labored? God forbid that we English should be in such a state, bad as we are! The moment the personal influence of his virtue was withdrawn, down tumbled all that he had done. *He* (may God bless him all the same) had no panacea for the world's ills. He was not a husband or a father—how could he teach men to be good husbands and fathers? You point to what he and his did. I know what they did in South America, and beautiful it was: but, alas! I know, too, that they could give no life to their converts; they could not regenerate society among the savages of Paraguay; and the moment the Jesuit's gentle despotism was withdrawn, down fell the reductions again into savagery, having lost even the one savage virtue of courage. The Jesuits were shut out, by their vows, from political and family life. How could they teach their pupils the virtues which belong to those states? But all Europe knows what the Jesuits did in a country where they had every chance; where for a century they were the real rulers, in court and camp, as well as in schools and cloisters, I mean in France. They tried their very best (and tried, I am bound to be-

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lieve, earnestly and with good intent) to regenerate France. And they caused the Revolution. Madam, the horrors of 1793 were the natural fruit of the teaching of the very men who not only would have died sooner than bring about these horrors, but died too many of them, alas! by them. And how was this? By trying to set up a system of society and morals of their own, they, without knowing it, uprooted in the French every element of faith in, and reverence for, the daily duties and relations of human life, without knowing it—without meaning it. They would call me a slanderer if they saw my words, and would honestly think me so. May God keep you from the same snare, of fancying, as all 'Orders,' Societies, and Sects do, that they invent a better system of society than the old one, wherein God created man in His own image, viz., of father and son, husband and wife, brother and sister, master and servant, king and subject. Madam, these are more divine and godlike words than all the brotherhoods, 'Societies of Friends,' 'Associations of the Sacred Heart,' or whatsoever bonds good and loving men and women have from time to time invented to keep themselves in that sacred unity from which they felt they were falling. I can well believe that you feel it difficult to keep in it now. God knows that I do: but never will I (and I trust you never will) yield to that temptation which the Devil put before our Lord, 'Cast thyself down from hence, for it is written He shall give His angels charge over Thee, &c.' Madam, whenever we leave the station where God has placed us, be it for never so seemingly self-sacrificing and chivalrous and saintly an end, we are tempting the Lord our God, we are yielding most utterly to that very self-will which we are pretending to abjure. As long as you have a parent, a sister, a servant, to whom you can do good in those simple every-day relations and duties of life, which are most divine, because they are most human, so long will the entering a cloister be tempting the Lord your God. And so long, Madam, will it be the doing all in your power to counteract every word which I have ever written. My object has been and is, and I trust in God ever will be, to make people see that they need not, as St. Paul says, go up into heaven, or go down to the deep, to find Christ, because He, the Word whom we preach, is very near them, in their hearts and on their lips, if they would but believe it; and ready, not to set them afloat on new untried oceans of schemes and projects, but ready to inspire them to do their duty humbly and simply where He has put them—and, believe me, Madam, the only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest us, and not to hunt after grand, far-fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain *chose* where it should fall, God's showers would not fall, as they do now, on the evil and on the good alike. I know—I know from the experience of my own heart—how galling this doctrine is—how, like Naaman, one goes away in a rage, because the Prophet has

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not bid us do some great thing, but only to go and wash in the nearest brook, and be clean. But, Madam, be sure that he who is not faithful in a little will never be fit to be ruler over much. He who cannot rule his own household will never (as St. Paul says) rule the Church of God; and he who cannot keep his temper, or be self-sacrificing, cheerful, tender, attentive at home, will never be of any *real* and permanent use to God's poor abroad.

"Wherefore, Madam, if, as you say, you feel what St. Francis de Sales calls 'a dryness of soul' about good works and charity, consider well within yourself, whether the simple reason, and (no shame on you!) be not only because God does not wish you just yet to labor among the poor; because He has not yet finished educating you for that good work, and therefore will not let you handle tools before you know how to use them.

"Begin with small things, Madam—you cannot enter the presence of another human being without finding there more to do than you or I, or any soul, will ever learn to do perfectly before we die. Let us be content to do little, if God sets us at little tasks. It is but pride and self-will which says, 'Give me something huge to fight,—and I should enjoy that—but why make me sweep the dust?' Finally, Madam, be sure of one thing, that the Lord Jesus Christ is King of this earth, and all therein; and that if you will do faithfully what He has set you to already, and thereby using the order of a Deaconess well, gain to yourself a good foundation in your soul's training, He will give you more to do in His good time, and of His good kind.

"If you are inclined to answer this letter, let me ask you not to answer it for at least three months to come. It may be good for you to have read it over a second time.

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"C. KINGSLEY."

TO T. HUGHES, ESQ.

BIDEFORD, *December* 18, 1854.

". . . . As to the War, I am getting more of a Government man every day. I don't see how they could have done better in any matter, because I don't see but that *I* should have done a thousand times worse in their place, and that is the only fair standard.

"As for a ballad—oh! my dear lad, there is no use fiddling while Rome is burning. I have nothing to sing about those glorious fellows, except 'God save the Queen and them.' I tell you the whole thing stuns me, so I cannot sit down to make fiddle rhyme with diddle about it—or blundered with hundred, like Alfred Tennyson. He is no Tyrtæus, though he has a glimpse of what Tyrtæus

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ought to be. But I have not even that; and am going rabbit-shooting to-morrow instead. But every man has his calling, and my novel is mine, because I am fit for nothing better. The book ('Westward Ho!') will be out the middle or end of January, if the printers choose. It is a sanguinary book, but perhaps containing doctrine profitable for these times. My only pain is that I have been forced to sketch poor Paddy as a very worthless fellow then, while just now he is turning out a hero.

"I have made the deliberate *amende honorable* in a note.

"I suppose" (referring to some criticism of Mr. H.'s on 'Westward Ho!') "you are right as to Amyas and his mother; I will see to it. The letter in Purchas is to me unknown, but your conception agrees with a picture my father says he has seen of Captain John (he thinks at Lord Anglesey's, at Beaudesert), as a prim, hard, terrier-faced little fellow with a sharp chin, and a dogged Puritan eye. So perhaps I am wrong: but I don't think that very important, for there must have been sea-dogs of my stamp in plenty too.

"Tummas! Have you read the story of Abou Zennab, his horse, in Stanley's 'Sinai,' p. 67? What a myth! What a poem old Wordsworth would have writ thereon! If I didn't cry like a baby over it. What a brick of a horse he must have been, and what a brick of an old head-splitter Abou Zennab must have been, to have his commandments keeped unto this day concerning of his horse; and no one to know who he was, nor when, nor how, nor nothing. I wonder if anybody 'll keep *our* commandments after we be gone, much less say, 'Eat, eat, oh horse of Abou Kingsley!'"

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CHAPTER XIV.

1855.

AGED 36.

Bideford—Crimean War—Death of his friend Charles Blachford Mansfield—"Westward Ho"—Letters from Mr. Henry Drummond and Rajah Brooke—Drawing Class for Mechanics at Bideford—Leaves Devonshire—Lectures to Ladies in London—Correspondence—Winter at Farley Court—The "Heroes" Written.

THE Crimean winter, bitter alike to the brave men before Sebastopol and to the hearts of all Englishmen and women at home, weighed heavily on Charles Kingsley, to whom the War was like a dreadful nightmare, which haunted him day and night. "I can think of nothing but the war," he said, and on the receipt of a letter from a friend which told him of the numbers of tracts sent out to the soldiers which they never read and looked upon as so much waste paper, and urging him to write something which would touch them, he sat down, wrote off, and despatched the same day to London a tract which is probably known to few in England—"Brave Words to Brave Soldiers." Several thousand copies were sent out and distributed in the Crimea, and the stirring words touched many a noble soul. It was published anonymously to avoid the prejudice which was attached to the name of its author in all sections of the religious world and press at that period.

To his friend Mr. Tom Hughes he writes at this moment:

"You may have fancied me a bit of a renegade and a hanger-back of late.

"'Still in our ashes live their wonted fires.'

And if I have held back from the Socialist Movement, it has been because I have seen that the world was not going to be set right in any such rose-pink way, excellent as it is, and that there are heavy arrears of *destruction* to be made up, before *construction* can even begin; and I wanted to see what those arrears were. And I do see a little. At least I see that the old phœnix must *burn*, before the new one can rise out of its ashes.

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"Next, as to our army. I quite agree with you about that—if it existed to agree about. But the remnant that comes home, like gold tried in the fire, may be the seed of such an army as the world never saw. Perhaps we may help it to germinate. But please don't compare the dear fellows to Cromwell's Ironsides. There is a great deal of 'personal' religion in the army, no doubt: and personal religion may help men to endure, and complete the bull dog form of *courage:* but the soldier wants more. He wants a faith that he is fighting on God's side; he wants military and corporate and national religion, and that is what I fear he has yet to get, and what I tried to give in my tract. That is what Cromwell's Ironsides had, and by it they conquered. This is what the Elizabethans had up to the Armada, and by it they conquered."

To Miss Marsh he writes on the death of Captain Hedley Vicars, 93rd Regiment, who was shot in a sortie, March 23, 1855:

NORTH DOWN HOUSE, BIDEFORD, *May* 9, 1855.

". . . . These things are most bitter, and the only comfort which I can see in them is, that they are bringing us all face to face with the realities of human life, as it has been in all ages, and giving us sterner and yet more loving, more human, and more divine thoughts about ourselves, and our business here, and the fate of those who are gone, and awakening us out of the luxurious, frivolous, unreal dream (full nevertheless of harsh judgments, and dealings forth of damnation), in which we have been living so long—to trust in a Living Father who is really and practically governing this world and all worlds, and who willeth that none should perish—and therefore has not forgotten, or suddenly begun to hate or torment, one single poor soul which is past out of this life into some other, on that accursed Crimean soil. All are in our Father's hands; and as David says, Though they go down into hell, *He is there.* Oh! blessed thought—more blessed to me at this moment (who think more of the many than of the few) than the other thought, that though they ascend into heaven with your poor lost hero, He is there also. . . . ."

During the winter, on the 25th of February, a sorrow came, and God took from him, for a time, one who had been his beloved friend for seventeen years, the ever welcomed guest in his home since his marriage, and dear to his wife and children as to himself. His own words, partly from a slight prefatory sketch,* partly

* "Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Paraguay," by Charles B. Mansfield, Esq., with a Sketch of the Author's Life, by Rev. Charles Kingsley. (Macmillan, 1856.)

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from some notes found among his private papers, will best describe Charles Blachford Mansfield; and to those who love to dwell on fair pictures of God's works, this picture of a human being, moulded into His image, may be acceptable and inspiring. Any record of Charles Kingsley would be incomplete unless it included a glimpse of one who was so entwined with his Cambridge days, with the rectory life at Eversley, with the winter in Devonshire, and at times when the presence of any other third person would have been an interruption.

"I knew Charles Mansfield first when he was at Clare Hall in 1838–9, sometime in my freshman's winter. He was born in the year 1819, at a Hampshire parsonage, and in due time went to school at Winchester, in the old days of that iron rule among masters, and that brutal tyranny among the boys themselves, which are now fast disappearing before the example of influence of the great Arnold. Crushed at the outset, he gave little evidence of talent beyond his extraordinary fondness for mechanical science. But the *régime* of Winchester told on his mind in after life for good and for evil; first, by arousing in him a stern horror of injustice (and in that alone he was stern), which showed itself when he rose to the higher forms, by making him the loving friend and protector of all the lesser boys; and next, by arousing in him a doubt of all precedents, a chafing against all constituted authority, of which he was not cured till after long and sad experience. What first drew me to him was the combination of body and mind. He was so wonderfully graceful, active, and daring. He was more like an antelope than a man. He had a gymnastic pole in his room on which he used to do strange feats. There was a seal-skin, too, hanging in his room, a mottled two-year-old skin, about five feet long, of a seal which was shot by him down on the Cornish coast. The seal came up to the boat side and stared at him, and he knocked it over. That thing haunted him much in after life. He deplored it as all but a sin, after he had adopted the notion that it was wrong to take away animal life, for which he used to scold me in his sweet charitable way, for my fishing and entomologizing. He has often told me that the ghost of the seal appeared to him in his dreams, and stood by his bed, bleeding, and making him wretched.

"He was a good shot, and captain of his boat at Cambridge, I think. His powers of leaping standing, exceeded almost any man's I ever saw. I believe him to have been physically incapable of fear. And since his opinions changed, and during the last war, he has said to me that he wished he was at Sebastopol, handling a rifle. I have been tempted to wish that he had been a soldier, so splendid a one do I think he would have made.

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"The next thing which drew me to him was his intellect, not merely that he talked of the highest things, but he did it in such a wonderful way. He cared for nothing but truth. He would argue by the hour, but never for arguing sake. None can forget the brilliance of his conversation, the eloquence with which he could assert, the fancy with which he could illustrate, the earnestness with which he could enforce, the sweetness with which he could differ, the generosity with which he could yield. Perhaps the secret of that fascination, which even at Cambridge, and still more in after life, he quite unconsciously exercised over all who really knew him (and often, too, over those who but saw him for a passing minute, or heard him in a passing sentence, yet went away saying that they had never met his like), was that virtue of earnestness. When I first met him at Cambridge he was very full of Combe's works, and of 'Volney's Ruins of Empires.' He was what would be called a materialist, and used to argue stoutly on it with me, who chose to be something of a dualist or gnostic. I forget my particular form of folly. But I felt all through that his materialism was more spiritual than other men's spiritualism, because he had such an intense sense of the truly spiritual; of right and wrong. He was just waiting for the kingdom of God. . . . When the truth was shown to him, he leapt up and embraced it. There was the most intense faith in him from the first that Right was right, and wrong wrong; that Right must conquer; that there was a kingdom of God Eternal in the heavens, an ideal righteous polity, to which the world ought to be, and some day would be, conformed. That was his central idea; I don't say he saw it clearly from the first; I don't say that he did not lose sight of it at times, but I know that he saw it, for he was the first human being that taught it to me. Added to this unconquerable faith in good, was an unconquerable faith in truth. He first taught me not to be afraid of truth. 'If a thing is so, you can't be the worse for knowing it is so,' was his motto, and well he carried it out. This was connected, it seems to me, with his intense conscientiousness. Of course that faculty can be diseased, like any other, and men may conscientiously do wrong. But what corrected it in him in after life, and prevented it from becoming mere obstinacy and fanaticism, was his wonderful humility. That grew on him after his conversion. He had it not at starting. At first he was charming, but wilful and proud. Afterwards he was just as charming, but too apt to say to any and to every one, 'Here am I, send me!' But of his conscientiousness I could write pages. I will not here though, perhaps never—such fantastic forms did it take. All knight-errant honor which I ever heard of, that man might have, perhaps has, actually outdone. From the time of his leaving Cambridge he devoted himself to those sciences which had been all along his darling pursuits. Ornithology, geolo-

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gy, mesmerism, even old magic, were his pastimes; chemistry and dynamics his real work. He was a great ornithologist from childhood; he knew eggs especially well: one of his plans, because he did not like shooting the birds, was to observe them on the trees with a telescope; and though not 'musical' in the common sense, he knew the note of every English bird. I never knew him wrong. The history of his next ten years is fantastic enough, were it written, to form material for any romance. Long periods of voluntary penury, when (though a man of fair worldly fortune) he would subsist on the scantiest fare—a few dates and some brown bread, or a few lentils—at the cost of a few pence a day, bestowing his savings on the poor; bitter private sorrows, which were schooling his heart and temper into a tone more purely angelic than I have ever seen in man; magnificent projects, worked out as far as they would go, not wildly and superficially, but on the most deliberate and accurate grounds of science, then thrown away in disappointment, for some fresh noble dream; an intense interest in the social and political condition of the poor, which sprang up in him, to his great moral benefit, during the last five years of his life. Here were the elements of his schooling—as hard a one, both voluntary and involuntary, as ever human soul went through. In all my life I never heard that man give vent to a low or mean word, or evince a low or mean sentiment. Though he had never, I suppose, seen much of the 'grand monde,' he was the most perfectly, well-bred man at all points I ever saw; and exquisite judges have said the same thing. His secret seemed very simple, if one could attain it; but he attained it by not trying to attain it, for it was merely never thinking about himself. He was always thinking how to please others in the most trivial matters; and that, not to make them think well of him (which breeds only affectation), but just to make them comfortable: and that was why he left a trail of light wherever he went.

"It was wonderful, utterly wonderful to me in after life, knowing all that lay on his heart, to see the way he *flashed* down over the glebe at Eversley, with his knapsack at his back, like a shining star appearing with peace on earth and good-will to men, and bringing an involuntary smile into the faces of every one who met him—the compelled reflection of his own smile. And his voice was like the singing of a bird in its wonderful cheerfulness, and tenderness, and gaiety.

"At last, when he was six and thirty years of age, his victory in the battle of life seemed complete. His enormous and increasing labor seemed rather to have quickened and steadied than tired his brain. The clouds which had beset his path had all but cleared, and left sunshine and hope for the future. His spirit had become purified, not only into doctrinal orthodoxy, but also into a humble, generous, and manful piety, such as I cannot hope often to behold

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again. He had gathered round him friends, both men and women, who looked on him with a love such as might be inspired by a being from a higher world. He was already recognized as one of the most promising young chemists in England, for whose future renown no hope could be too high-pitched; and a patent for a chemical discovery which he had obtained, seemed, after years of delay and disappointment, to promise him what he of all men coveted least, renown and wealth. One day he was at work on some experiments connected with his patent. By a mistake of the lad who assisted him, the apparatus got out of order, the naphtha boiled over, and was already on fire. To save the premises from the effect of an explosion, Mr. Mansfield caught up the still in his arms, an attempted to carry it out; the door was fast; he tried to hurl it through the window, but too late. The still dropped from his hands, half flayed with liquid fire. He scrambled out, rolled in the snow, and so extinguished the flame. Fearfully burnt and bruised, he had yet to walk a mile to reach a cab, and was taken to Middlesex Hospital, where, after nine days of agony, he died like a Christian man.

"Oh, fairest of souls! Happy are those who knew thee in this life! Happier those who will know thee in the life to come!

"C. K."

They are together now! Two true and perfect knights of God, perchance on some fresh noble quest!

Little has been recovered of the correspondence of this year, much of which sprung out of the publication of "Westward Ho!" That book was dedicated to Rajah Brooke and Bishop Selwyn, and produced the following letter from Mr. Henry Drummond, and at a later period, one from the Rajah himself:

ALBEMARLE STREET, *May* 13, 1855.

"DEAR SIR,—

"I have just seen your noble dedication of 'Westward Ho!' to Sir J. Brooke, and have taken the liberty to desire a copy of the shameful trial to which he has been subjected to be sent you, as I am sure it will gratify you. I heard from him last week: he is quite well, and all his work prospering. A remarkable thing is about to take place in Sarawak. The people finding themselves dealt with in a manner so superior to that in which they are dealt with by their own rulers, have considered that the religion of their present governor must be the true religion, and accordingly are about to apply *en masse* to become members of Brooke's religion. In my opinion the only means which should be used towards

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heathen is the manifestation of mercy, justice, and truth. The poor bishop's trouble will begin after he has got his converts.

"Begging pardon for this intrusion from a stranger,

"I am, Sir,

"With great admiration of your writings,

"Your obedient Servant,

"HENRY DRUMMOND."

RAJAH SIR JAMES BROOKE TO REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

DAWLISH, *March* 24, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,—

"I have long delayed to thank you in person for a very welcome dedication to 'Westward Ho!' but business, with many cares, prevented me.

"I cannot, however, now that I hear of your kind interest in my cause, and the exertions you are making to advance it, forbear from assuring you of my sense of your good opinion, and the good it does me mentally. My life is pretty well at its dregs, and I shall be glad indeed to pass the few remaining months or years in quiet, and free from the anxieties which must beset the post I have occupied, but which of late years have been increased tenfold, owing to the course or rather no course pursued by the Government.

"It is a sad but true experience, that everything has succeeded with the natives, and everything has failed with the English in Borneo. I am anxious to retire, for Sarawak should not be ruled by a failing man, and I would not cling to power when unable to discharge its duties.

"In due time I would fain hand over my staff to my successor if permitted; but if forced to return to Sarawak, to bear its anxieties and share its trials, I shall know it is a duty though a trying one, and shall not begrudge the exertion for the short time I can make it.

"Let me thank you, then, for your kindness, and let me have the satisfaction of knowing you before I leave this country.

"Whenever I go again to town, I will let you hear from me, in the hope you will invite me to visit you.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. BROOKE."

Having no parish work at Bideford, except during an outburst of cholera, when he took a district for house to house visitation, and occasional duty at Northam, Hartland, and Abbotsham, he lectured on the Fine Arts, and got up a drawing-class for young men, of which one of the members, Mr. Plucknett, (now head of a great firm for the design and manufacture of art furniture and

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decoration in Warwick and Leamington,) feelingly speaks in a letter to Mrs. Kingsley:

WARWICK, *April*, 1876.

"I was a youth in Bideford at the time Mr. Kingsley came to reside there, when seeing the young men of the town hanging about wasting their leisure hours in worse than wasting, his heart yearned to do them good. He at first endeavored to establish a Government School of Art—this, however, failed. He then offered to teach a class drawing—gratuitously. A few of us held a meeting and hired a room in the house of the Poet Postman, Edward Capern, who, although a married man, much older than the rest of us, was a most hard-working pupil. I look back upon those evenings at Bideford as the pleasantest part of my life, and, with God's blessing, I attribute my success in life to the valuable instruction I received from Mr. Kingsley: his patience, perseverance, and kindness won all our hearts, and not one of his class but would have given his life for the master. He used, as no doubt you remember, to bring fresh flowers from his conservatory for us to copy as we became sufficiently advanced to do so; and still further on he gave us lectures on anatomy, illustrating the subject with chalk drawings on a large black board. His knowledge of geometry, perspective, and free-hand drawing, was wonderful; and the rapid and beautiful manner in which he drew excited both our admiration and our ambition. I have reason to believe that most of the class received lasting benefit, and have turned out well. Personally, I may say, with truth, I have cause to bless the name of Mr. Kingsley as long as I live; for I left home with little more than the knowledge of my business, and the knowledge of drawing learned in the class. After many years of hard work I am now at the head of a good business, which I am proud to say is well known for the production of art furniture, &c. I often thought of writing to Mr. Kingsley, but diffidence prevented me. The last time I ever saw him was in front of Lord Elcho's Cottage, at Wimbledon, at the time the Belgians first came to the camp. I was there representing my corp from Bath as a marksman, and just as I was about to speak to Mr. Kingsley, the Prince of Wales came out on the green and entered into conversation with him, and my opportunity was lost for ever.

"Though dead, he yet influences for good thousands of hearts and minds; and he is now reaping the reward of his noble efforts while on earth to add to the sum of human happiness, and thus leave the world better than he found it. I need not speak of the time when the class ceased, and Mr. Kingsley invited us to your house, to bid us farewell, and of our tribute of love and respect to him. . . . ."

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This tribute of love was a silver card case, which was very precious to him, given at the close of a happy evening, when the class came to supper at North Down House.

The mention of the "black board" will remind many of his masterly sketches, in public lectures and at his own school, where he liked always to have a black board, with a piece of chalk, to illustrate his teachings by figures, which spoke sometimes as eloquently as his words. His sense of form was marvellous, and, when in doors, he was never thoroughly at ease without a pen or pencil in his hand. In conversation with his children or guests his pencil was out in a moment to illustrate every subject, whether it was natural history, geological strata, geography, maps, or the races of mankind. And even when writing his sermons his mind seemed to find relief in sketching on the blotting-paper before him, or on the blank spaces in his sermon-book, characteristic heads, and types of face, among the different schools of thought, from the mediæval monk to the modern fanatic. At Bristol, when he was President of the Educational Section at the Social Science Congress, as he sat listening to the various speakers, pen in hand, for the ostensible purpose of making notes, he covered the paper with sketches suggested by the audience before him or by his own imagination; and when the room was cleared, unknown to him, people would return and beg to carry off every scrap of paper he had used, as mementos.

In the end of May he left Devonshire and went up to London, before settling at Eversley. He there gave a lecture to the Working Men's College, and one of a series to ladies interested in the cause of the laboring classes. The subject he took was, The work of ladies in the Country Parish.

The lecture, valuable in itself, is doubly so, as the result of the first eleven years of his labor among the poor, and some extracts are given to show the human and humane rules by which he worked his parish.

"I keep to my own key-note," he says—"I say, Visit whom, when, and where you will; *but let your visits be those of women to women.* Consider to whom you go—to poor souls whose life, compared with yours, is one long *malaise* of body, and soul, and spirit—and do as you would be done by; instead of reproving and fault-finding, encourage. In God's name, encourage. They scramble

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through life's rocks, bogs, and thorn-brakes, clumsily enough, and have many a fall, poor things! But why, in the name of a God of love and justice, is the lady, rolling along the smooth turnpike road in her comfortable carriage, to be calling out all day long to the poor soul who drags on beside her, over hedge and ditch, moss and moor, barefooted and weary hearted, with half a dozen children on her back—'You ought not to have fallen here; and it was very cowardly to lie down there; and it was your duty as a mother, to have helped that child through the puddle; while as for sleeping under that bush, it is most imprudent and inadmissible?' Why not encourage her, praise her, cheer her on her weary way by loving words, and keep your reproofs for yourself—even your advice; for she does get on *her* way after all, where *you* could not travel a step forward; and she knows what she is about perhaps better than you do, and what she has to endure, and what God thinks of her life-journey. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy. But do not you be a stranger to her. Be a sister to her. I do not ask you to take her up in your carriage. You cannot; perhaps it is good for her that you cannot. . . . . All I ask is, do to the poor soul as you would have her do to you in her place. Do not interrupt and vex her (for she is busy enough already) with remedies which she does not understand, for troubles which you do not understand. But speak comfortably to her, and say, 'I cannot feel *with* you, but I do feel *for* you: I should enjoy helping you—but I do not know how—tell me. Tell me where the yoke galls; tell me why that forehead is grown old before its time: I may be able to ease the burden, and put fresh light into the eyes; and if not, still tell me, simply because I am a woman, and know the relief of pouring out my own soul into loving ears, even though in the depths of despair.' Yes, paradoxical as it may seem, I am convinced that the only way to help these poor women humanly and really, is to begin by confessing to them that you do not know how to help them; to humble yourself to them, and to ask their counsel for the good of themselves and of their neighbors, instead of coming proudly to them, with nostrums, ready compounded, as if a doctor should be so confident in his own knowledge of books and medicine as to give physic before asking the patient's symptoms.

* * * * * * *

"I entreat you to bear in mind (for without this all visiting of the poor will be utterly void and useless) that you must regulate your conduct to them and in their houses, even to the most minute particulars, by the very same rules which apply to persons of your own class. . . . Piety, earnestness, affectionateness, eloquence—all may be nullified and stultified by simply keeping a poor woman standing in her own cottage while you sit, on entering her house, even at her own request, while she is at meals. She may decline

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to sit; she may beg you to come in: all the more reason for refusing utterly to obey her, because it shows that that very inward gulf between you and her still exists in her mind, which it is the object of your visit to bridge over. If you know her to be in trouble, touch on that trouble as you would with a lady. Woman's heart is alike in all ranks, and the deepest sorrow is the one of which she speaks the last and least. We should not like any one —no, not an angel from heaven, to come into our houses without knocking at the door, to say, 'I hear you are very ill off—I will lend you a hundred pounds. I think you are very careless of money, I will take your accounts into my own hands.' And still less again, 'Your son is a very bad, profligate, disgraceful fellow, who is not fit to be mentioned; I intend to take him out of your hands and reform him myself.'

"Neither do the poor like such unceremonious mercy, such untender tenderness, benevolence at horse-play, mistaking kicks for caresses. They do not like it, they will not respond to it, save in parishes which have been demoralized by officious and indiscriminate benevolence, and where the last remaining virtues of the poor, savage self-help and independence, have been exchanged for organized begging and hypocrisy.

* * * * * * *

"Approach, then, these poor women as sisters—learn lovingly and patiently (aye, and reverently, for there is that in every human being which deserves reverence, and must be reverenced if we wish to understand it); learn, I say, to understand their troubles, and by that time they will have learnt to understand your remedies. For you *have* remedies. I do not undervalue your position. No man on earth is less inclined to undervalue the real power of wealth, rank, accomplishments, manners—even physical beauty. All are talents from God, and I give God thanks when I see them possessed by any human being; for I know that they too can be used in His service, and brought to bear on the true emancipation of woman—her emancipation not from man (as some foolish persons fancy), but from the devil, 'the slanderer and divider,' who divides her from man, and makes her live a life-long tragedy, which goes on in more cottages than palaces—a *vie à part*, a *vie incomprise*—a life made up half of ill-usage, half of unnecessary self-willed martyrdom, instead of being, as God intended half of the human universe, a helpmeet for man, and the one bright spot which makes this world endurable. Towards making her that, and so realizing the primeval mission by every cottage hearth, each of you can do something; for each of you have some talent, power, knowledge, attraction between soul and soul, which the cottager's wife has not, and by which you may draw her to you, by human bonds and the cords of love; but she must be drawn by them alone, or your work is nothing, and though you give the

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treasures of Ind, they are valueless equally to her and to Christ; for they are not given in His name, which is that boundless tenderness, consideration, patience, self-sacrifice, by which even the cup of cold water is a precious offering—as God grant your labor may be!"

Again, as to teaching boys, he adds:

"There is one thing in school work which I wish to press on you. And that is, that you should not confine your work to the girls; but bestow it as freely on those who need it more, and who (paradoxical as it may be) will respond to it more deeply and freely—*the boys*. I am not going to enter into the reason why. I only entreat you to believe me, that by helping to educate the boys, or even by taking a class, as I have seen done with admirable effect, of grown-up lads, you may influence for ever, not only the happiness of your pupils, but of the girls whom they will hereafter marry. It will be a boon to your own sex, as well as to ours, to teach them courtesy, self-restraint, reverence for physical weakness, admiration of tenderness and gentleness, and it is one which only a lady can bestow. Only by being accustomed in youth to converse with ladies will the boy learn to treat hereafter his sweetheart or his wife like a gentleman. There is a latent chivalry, doubt it not, in the heart of every untutored clod; if it dies out in him, as it too often does, it were better for him I often think that he had never been born; but the only talisman which will keep it alive, much more develop it into its fulness, is friendly and revering intercourse with women of higher rank than himself, between whom and him there is a great and yet blessed gulf fixed."

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One secret of his own influence was this loving, *human* teaching. In writing at this time to an unknown correspondent, who consulted him about his ragged-school work, in which he was just then greatly discouraged, he says:

"As for the ragged school, I would say, though they curse, yet bless thou—teach there all the more; tell these lads and men that they have a Father in heaven—show that *you* believe it, by your looks, your manner, and common geniality, and brotherly kindness, and general hopefulness of tone; and let them draw their own conclusions. God their Father will take good care that the good seed shall grow."

During a few days' absence he writes to his wife:

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EVERSLEY, *July* 16, 1855.

". . . . After all, the problem of life is not a difficult one, for it solves itself so very soon at best—by death. Do what is right the best way you can, and wait to the end to *know*. Only we priests confuse it with our formulæ, and bind heavy burdens. How many have I bound in my time, God forgive me! But for that, too, I shall receive my punishment, which is to me the most comforting of thoughts. . . . .

"Yes—

> 'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant,
> Oh life, not death for which we pant,
> More life, and fuller, that I want.'

You are right—that longing to get rid of walls and roofs and all the chrysalis case of humanity is the earnest of a higher, richer state of existence. That instinct which the very child has to get rid of clothes, and cuddle to flesh—what is it but the longing for fuller union with those it loves? But see again (I always take the bright side),—If in spite of wars and fevers, and accidents, and the strokes of chance, this world be as rich and fair and green as we have found it, what must the coming world be like? Let us comfort ourselves as St. Paul did (in infinitely worse times), that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. It is not fair either to St. Paul or to God—to quote the one text about the creation groaning and travailing, without the other, which says, that it will not groan or travail long. Would the mother who has groaned and travailed and brought forth children—would she give up those children for the sake of not having had the pain? No. Then believe that the world and every human being in it who has really groaned and travailed, will not give up its past pangs for the sake of its then present perfection, but will look back on this life, as you do on past pain, with glory and joy. Oh! let the bible tell its own tale, and be faithful to its plain words, honestly and carefully understood, and all will be well. I come to-morrow . . . . and I shall see my darling children."

They now settled at Eversley; but as winter approached, the damp obliged him, on his wife's account, to leave the rectory again; but not his people, to his and their great joy. He took a house for six months on Farley Hill, a high and dry spot in the next parish. In the intervals of parochial work and lectures at the various diocesan institutes, he brought out a volume of "Sermons for the Times," and wrote a book of Greek fairy tales for his children,

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which came out at Christmas, as "The Heroes," dedicated to Rose, Maurice, and Mary.

TO J. M. LUDLOW, ESQ.

FARLEY COURT, *Nov.*, 1855.

". . . . Some of your hints are valuable. I feel what you say about not Greek and too Greek; but I had laid my account with all that before I wrote. If I tell the story myself as you wish, I *can't* give the children the Greek spirit—either morally or in manner, therefore I have adopted a sort of simple ballad tone, and tried to make my prose as metrical as possible. The archaisms are all slips in the rough copy, and shall be amended, as shall all recondite allusions; but you must remember as to modernisms, that we Cambridge men are *taught* to translate Greek by its modern equivalent even to *slang*. As to the word 'thrall,' about which you are so wroth, I was not aware that I was wrong. It shall be amended with thanks. My own belief is, that by taking the form I have, I shall best do what I want, translate the children back into a new old world, and make them, as long as they are reading, forget the present, which is the true method of *a—musement*, while the half metrical form will fix it in their minds, and give them something to think over. I don't agree with you at all, nor does F., about omitting allusions which the children can't understand. She agrees with me that that is just what they like.

"Read, Oh read Longfellow's song of 'Hiawatha'—never mind a few defects, old hole-picker; but read a set of myths as new as delightful, and cause Tom Hughes to read them likewise."

TO THE SAME.

FARLEY COURT, *Dec.* 30, 1855.

"And for this fame, &c.,

"I know a little of her worth.

"And I will tell you what I know.

"That, in the first place, she is a fact; and as such, it is not wise to ignore her, but at least to walk once round her, and see her back as well as her front.

"The case to me seems to be this. A man feels in himself the love of praise. Every man does who is not a brute. It is a universal human faculty; Carlyle nicknames it the sixth sense. Who made it? God or the devil? Is it flesh or spirit? a difficult question; because tamed animals grow to possess it in a high degree; and our metaphysic does not yet allow them spirit. But, whichever it be, it cannot be for bad; only bad when misdirected, and not controlled by reason, the faculty which judges between good and evil. Else why has God put His love of praise

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into the heart of every child which is born into the world, and entwined it into the holiest, filial, and family affections, as the earliest mainspring of good actions? Has God appointed that every child shall be fed first with a necessary lie, and afterwards come to the knowledge of your supposed truth, that the praise of God alone is to be sought? Or are we to believe that the child is intended to be taught as delicately and gradually as possible the painful fact, that the praise of all men is not equally worth having, and to use his critical faculty to discern the praise of good men from the praise of bad, to seek the former and despise the latter? I should say that the last was the more reasonable. And this I will say, that if you bring up any child to care nothing for the praise of its parents, its elders, its pastors, and masters, you may make a fanatic of it, or a shameless cynic: but you will neither make it a man, an Englishman, nor a Christian.

"But 'our Lord's words stand, about not seeking the honor which comes from men, but the honor which comes from God only!' True, they do stand, and our Lord's fact stands also, the fact that he has created every child to be educated by an honor which comes from his parents and elders. Both are true. Here, as in most spiritual things, you have an antinomia, an apparent contradiction, which nothing but the gospel solves. And it does solve it; and your one-sided view of the text resolves itself into just the same fallacy as the old ascetic one. 'We must love God alone, therefore we must love no created thing.' To which St. John answers pertinently, 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?' If you love your brethren, you love Christ in them. If you love their praise, you love the praise of Christ in them. For consider this, you cannot deny that, if one loves any person, one desires that person's esteem. But we are bound to love all men, and that is our highest state. Therefore, in our highest state, we shall desire all men's esteem. Paradoxical, but true. If we believe in Christmas-day; if we believe in Whitsunday, we shall believe that Christ is in all men, that God's spirit is abroad in the earth, and therefore the dispraise, misunderstanding, and calumny of men will be exquisitely painful to us, and ought to be so; and, on the other hand, the esteem of men, and renown among men for doing good deeds will be inexpressibly precious to us. They will be signs and warrants to us that God is pleased with us, that we are sharing in that 'honor and glory' which Paul promises again and again, with no such scruples as yours, to those who lead heroic lives. We shall not neglect the voice of God within us; but we shall remember that there is also a voice of God without us, which we must listen to; and that in a Christian land, *vox populi*, patiently and discriminately listened to, is sure to be found not far off from the *vox Dei*.

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"Now, let me seriously urge this last fact on you. Of course, in listening to the voice of the man outside there is a danger, as there is in the use of any faculty. You may employ it, according to Divine reason and grace, for ennobling and righteous purposes; or you may degrade it to carnal and selfish ones; so you may degrade the love of praise into vanity, into longing for the honor which comes from men, by pandering to their passions and opinions, by using your powers as they would too often like to use theirs, for mere self-aggrandisement, by saying in your heart—*quam pulchrum digito monstrari et dicier hic est.* That is the man who wrote the fine poem, who painted the fine picture, and so forth, till, by giving way to this, a man may give way to forms of vanity as base as the red Indian who sticks a fox's tail on, and dances about boasting of his brute cunning. I know all about that, as well as any poor son of Adam ever did. But I know, too, that to desire the esteem of as many rational men as possible; in a word, to desire an honorable and true renown for having done good in my generation, has nothing to do with that; and the more I fear and struggle against the former, the more I see the exceeding beauty and divineness, and everlasting glory of the latter as an entrance into the communion of saints.

"Of course, all this depends on whether we do believe that Christ is in every man, and that God's spirit is abroad in the earth. Of course, again, it will be very difficult to know who speaks by God's spirit, and who sees by Christ's light in him; but surely the wiser, the humbler path, is to give men credit for as much wisdom and rightness as possible, and to believe that when one is found fault with, one is probably in the wrong. For myself, on looking back, I see clearly with shame and sorrow, that the obloquy which I have brought often on myself and on the good cause, has been almost all of it my own fault—that I have given the devil and bad men a handle, not by caring what people would say, but by *not caring*—by fancying that I was a very grand fellow, who was going to speak what I knew to be true, in spite of all fools (and really did and do intend so to do), while all the while I was deceiving myself, and unaware of a canker at the heart the very opposite to the one against which you warn me—I mean the proud, self-willed, self-conceited spirit which made no allowance for other men's weakness or ignorance; nor again, for their superior experience and wisdom on points which I had never considered—which took a pride in shocking and startling, and defying, and hitting as hard as I could, and fancied, blasphemously, as I think, that the word of God had come to me only, and went out from me only. God forgive me for these sins, as well as for my sins in the opposite direction; but for these sins especially, because I see them to be darker and more dangerous than the others.

"For there has been gradually revealed to me (what my many

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readings in the lives of fanatics and ascetics ought to have taught me long before), that there is a terrible gulf a-head of that not caring what men say. Of course it is a feeling on which the spirit must fall back in hours of need, and cry, 'Thou God knowest mine integrity. I have believed, and therefore I will speak; Thou art true, though all men be liars!' But I am convinced that that is a frame in which no man can live, or is meant to live; that it is only to be resorted to in fear and trembling, after deepest self-examination, and self-purification, and earnest prayer. For otherwise, Ludlow, a man gets to forget that voice of God without him, in his determination to listen to nothing but the voice of God within him, and so he falls into two dangers. He forgets that there *is* a voice of God without him. He loses trust in, and charity to, and reverence for his fellow-men; he learns to despise, deny, and quench the Spirit, and to despise prophesyings, and so becomes gradually cynical, sectarian, fanatical.

"And then comes a second and worse danger. Crushed into self, and his own conscience and *schema mundi*, he loses the opportunity of correcting his impression of the voice of God within, by the testimony of the voice of God without; and so he begins to mistake more and more the voice of that very flesh of his, which he fancies he has conquered, for the voice of God, and to become, without knowing it, an autotheist. And out of that springs electicism, absence of tenderness *for* men, for want of sympathy *with* men; as he makes his own conscience his standard for God, so he makes his own character the standard for men; and so he becomes narrow, hard, and if he be a man of strong will and feelings, often very inhuman and cruel. This is the history of thousands—of Jeromes, Lauds, Puritans who scourged Quakers, Quakers who cursed Puritans; Nonjurors, who though they would die rather than offend their own conscience in owning William, would plot with James to murder William, or devastate England with Irish Rapparees and Auvergne dragoons. This, in fact, is the spiritual diagnosis of those many pious persecutors, who, though neither hypocrites or blackguards themselves, have used both as instruments of their fanaticism.

"Against this I have to guard myself, you little know how much, and to guard my children still more, brought up, as they will be, under a father, who, deeply discontented with the present generation, cannot but express that discontent at times. To make my children 'banausoi,' insolent and scoffing radicals, believing in nobody and nothing but themselves, would be perfectly easy in me if I were to make the watch-word of my house, 'Never mind what people say.' On the contrary, I shall teach them that there are plenty of good people in the world, that public opinion has pretty surely an undercurrent of the water of life, below all its froth and garbage, and that in a Christian country like this, where, with all

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faults, a man (sooner or later) has fair play and a fair hearing, the esteem of good men, and the blessings of the poor, will be a pretty sure sign that they have the blessing of God also; and I shall tell them, when they grow older, that ere they feel called on to become martyrs, in defending the light within them against all the world, they must first have taken care most patiently, and with all self-distrust and humility, to make full use of the light which is around them, and has been here for ages before them, and would be here still, though they had never been born or thought of. The antinomy between this and their own conscience may be painful enough to them some day. To what thinking man is it not a life-long battle? but I shall not dream that by denying one pole of the antinomy I can solve it, or do anything but make them, by cynicism or fanaticism, bury their talent in the earth, and *not* do the work which God has given them to do, because they will act like a parson who, before beginning his sermon, should first kick his congregation out of doors, and turn the key; and not like St. Paul, who became all things to all men, if by any means he might save some."

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CHAPTER XV.

1856.

AGED 37.

Winter at Farley Court—Letter from a Sailor at Hong Kong—Union Strikes—Fishing Poem and Fishing Flies—The Sabbath Question—Invitation to Snowdonia—Visit to North Wales—American Visitors—Preface to Tauler's Sermons.

THE winter of 1856, spent at Farley Court, a lovely spot in Swallowfield parish, adjoining to and overlooking Eversley, was a bright and happy one. Living on high ground, and in a dry house, acted as a tonic to him as well as to his family, and infused fresh life into his preaching and his parish work. In his night-schools, which were well attended, he gave lectures on mines, shells, and other subjects connected with Natural History, illustrated with large drawings of his own. The appearance of a ghost in the neighborhood, which had greatly alarmed his parishioners, but which he stalked down and found, as he expected, was a white deer, escaped from Calverly Park, led to his preaching a sermon on Ghosts to his people. The old incubus of the Crimean War was removed after two years pressure, and the new one of the Indian Mutiny, which weighed even more heavily upon him from the thought of the sufferings of women and children, was as yet in the future, and his heart rebounded again. The formation of the camp at Aldershot created fresh interests for him at this time and during his remaining years, by bringing a new element into his congregation at Eversley, and giving him the friendship of many Crimean officers. In July he was at Aldershot on the memorable occasion of the Queen's first inspection of the remnant of her Crimean army, and saw the march-past of the different regiments before Her Majesty, who was on horseback—a sight never to be forgotten, and which impressed him deeply.

In August the long dreamt of expedition to Snowdon with his friends Mr. Tom Hughes and Mr. Tom Taylor, which resulted in

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the writing of "Two Years Ago," was accomplished. His spare hours were devoted to the study and classification of the Phryganæ, which was carried on more by the side of trout streams in North Wales and in an occasional day's fishing at Wotton and Wild Moor, than in his own study. He contributed articles to the "North British Review" on Art and Puritanism, and to "Frazer's Magazine" on Mystics and Mysticism,* and began his new romance. During the summer and autumn many a pilgrimage was made by Americans to the home of the author whose works were then perhaps more appreciated at the other side of the Atlantic than in his own country. Among these were Mrs. Beecher Stowe and her sister, Mrs. Perkins.

The following letters will show the life and vigor which marked his private correspondence this year:

TO T. HUGHES, ESQ.

FARLEY COURT.

"I wish you would make a vow, and keep it strong; for F. says, that if you will, I may: and that is not to 'cross the sea like Sophia,' but to go with me to Snowdon next summer for a parson's week, *i.e.* twelve days. For why? I have long promised my children a book to be called 'Letters from Snowdon,' and I want to rub up old memories, and to get new ones in parts which I have not seen. You do not know how easy it is. You get second class into the mail at Euston Square at 9 p.m., and breakfast at Aber, under the Carnadds, next morning. An ordnance map, a compass, fishing tackle, socks, and slippers are all you want. Moreover, I do know where to fish, and one of the crackest fishers of the part has promised to give me as many flies of his own making as I like, while another can lend us boat or coracle, if we went to fish Gwynnant Dinas. I conceive that, humanly speaking, if we went to work judgmatically, we could live for 12*s.* a-day each at the outside (if we are canny, at less), kill an amount of fish perfectly frightful, and *all the big ones*, by the simple expedient of sleeping by day, walking evening and morning, and fishing during the short hot nights. Wales is a cheap place, if you avoid show inns; and, save a night at Capel Curig, we need never enter a show inn. We may stay two or three days at Pen-y-Gwyrrryynnwwdddelld——there—I can't spell it, but it sounds Pennygoorood, which is the divinest pig-sty beneath the canopy, and at Bedgelert old Jones the clerk, and king of fishermen, will take us in—and do for us—if we let him. The parson

* Since published in the Miscellanies.

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of Bedgelert is a friend of mine also, but we must depend on our own legs, and on stomachs, which can face braxy mutton, young taters, Welsh porter, which is the identical drainings of Noah's flood turned sour, and brandy of more strength than legality. Bread horrid. Fleas MCCCC ad infinitum. Bugs a sprinkling. For baths, the mountain brook; for towel, a wisp of any endogen save Scirpus triqueter, or Juncus squarrosus; and for cure of all ills, and supplement of all defects, baccy. Do come—you have no notion of the grandeur of the scenery, small as it is compared with the Alps."

TO ———, ESQ.

February 27, 1856.

"Your letter delighted me . . . . *** gave me your message. My answer is, I am going to preach on 'Saved by Hope' to my people, on Sunday, and also when I preach for my father at Chelsea on (D. V.) April 27, for the District Visiting Society . . . . With regard to *** I fear neither you nor any man can give him a fresh *back to his head:* enlarge that deficient driving wheel in the cerebellum, so as to keep the thinking and feeling part of the brain at work. It is sad to see how much faults of character *seem* to depend on physiognomic defects; but do they really depend upon it? Is a man's spirit weak because he has a poor jaw, and a small back to his head; or is his jaw poor, and his cerebellum small, because his spirit is weak? I would fain believe the latter; fain believe that the body is the expression of the soul, and is moulded by it, and not, as Combe would have it, the soul by the body: my reason points to that belief; but I shrink from my own reason, because it seems to throw such tremendous moral responsibility on man, to forbid one's saying 'poor fellow, it is not his fault, it is a constitutional defect;' for if one says that a man is not responsible for the form of his own soul—where does all virtue and vice go to? And this brings one straight to the question of madness, on which I fully agree with you. I said so in print, long ago, in a sermon on Ahab at Ramoth Gilead, which you will find in my first set of National Sermons. And I have seen cases myself which I could attribute to nothing else. I cannot but believe that a peculiar kind of epilepsy of which I have had two cases among the poor of my parish, and some of the horrible phænomena of puerperal mania, are 'the unclean spirit' of the New Testament. I am perfectly certain that the accesses of mingled pride, rage, suspicion, and hatred of everybody and everything, accompanied by the most unspeakable sense of loneliness and '*darkness*' (St. John's metaphor, for it is the only one), which were common to me in youth, and are now, by God's grace, very rare (though I am just as capable of them as ever, when I am at *unawares* and give place to the devil

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by harsh judgments or bitter words) were and are nothing less than temporary possession by a devil. I am sure that the way in which those fits pass off in a few minutes, as soon as I get ashamed of myself, is not to be explained by '*habit*,' either physical or moral (though '*moral* habits' I don't believe in), but by the actual intervention of an unseen personage, I believe our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, driving away that devil. I had once a temporary madman here among our cottagers, who in his first fit tore off his clothes and ran away into the woods naked. (I suspect that desire of nakedness to be the blind effort to be merely himself, and to escape from the sense of oppression caused by something, or being over and above self, *i.e.*, from possession). In that fit I did not see him, it was before I came here. In his second he turned melancholy mad, walked up and down in silence, and when he spoke, declared that the devil had hold of him, and would not let him sleep. The Doctor luckily believed in demoniacal possession, and came to me, saying, 'I can't cure this man's mind by making his liver act. You must make his liver act by curing his mind.' I went to the patient and agreed with him fully, that the devil *was* in him; and I said, 'I will tell you why he is in you; because, my dear man, you have been a thief, and a cheat, and a liar' (as all the world knew), 'and have sold yourself to the father of lies. But if you will pray to God to forgive you (and then I set forth those precious promises in Christ, which the *Record* thinks I don't believe), 'and will lead a new and honest life, you may snap your fingers at the devil.' And after awhile the man got well, and has had no return for seven years. I did that in the face of the troublesome fact, that his son (and a great rogue too) was subject to melancholy madness also, and that his sister was evidently cracked—her madness being causeless jealousy. That looked like a 'constitutional' defect in the family blood; but I thought the man must know his own business best, and took him at his word, and on the same plan I had very fair success with his son also. But enough—only pray write to me again on this matter that we may compare notes. I cannot tell you the relief to me to find a man like minded; and therefore write, when you have a spare five minutes, on any matter. You are one by whose confidence I feel honored, and I do not use that word lightly.

"There is much more in your letter I must answer another day."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

FARLEY COURT, *March*, 1856.

". . . . I enjoy your sermons weekly very much, and a good deal which you say in them, hits me very hard. What glib cruelty and nonsense I have talked in past times! If I wanted a proof of the 'corruption of human nature,' I could find no plainer

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one than the way in which really amiable and thoughtful people take up with doctrines which outrage their own reason and morality, simply because they find them ready-made to their hands; and now it seems as if the second-hand creed was actually conquering. I go into no middle-class house, religious or irreligious, without finding their whole religious library composed of the very school which we are fighting against—Adam Clarke, C——, S——, etc. And what hope would one have, if one did not know that underneath all this lay the strangest unrest in, and dissatisfaction with, and disbelief in it all. I wish I could have some talk with you; for unless I can get from you some of your moderate and charitable and two-sided notions, I shall begin to regard Calvin as a child of the Devil, and Calvinism as the upas tree, which Satan planted in the Lord's garden at the Reformation to poison all with its shade. The influence of Calvinism abroad seems to me to have been uniformly ruinous, destructive equally of political and moral life, a blot and a scandal on the Reformation; and now that it has at last got the upper hand in England, can we say much more for it?

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

1856.

". . . . Since I saw you I have felt a great deal. A dear friend has suddenly lost a wife, who also was very dear to us. I was on the spot and saw all; and it was very dreadful, in spite of all the perfect hope behind. God help us, what cobwebs we all are; why should He not sweep *us* away, as He does better than us? It is a very searching thought. . . . . How such moments as these draw men near each other! Mrs. Kingsley last night just escaped a horrible accident, from the fall of a horse. I felt her danger draw me nearer to every one whom I esteemed, by shocking me with the fearful possibility of loneliness—though only for a time at worst—still loneliness, and very dreadful."

Among the letters of this year, he was deeply touched by the following from a naval officer, dated H.M.S. "St. George," off Hong Kong:

"Among the many blessings for which I have had to thank God this night, the most special has been for the impressions produced by your noble sermon of 'Westward Ho!' Some months ago I read it for the first time, then sailed on a long cruize, and now on returning have read it again with prayer that has been answered, for God's blessing has gone with it. I feel as I never felt before, that Protestantism is the religion of this life especially, and that I have been heeding the future to the neglect of the living present. Many a day of late, thinking of you, I have gone on deck to my

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duty and seen God, where theoretically only I have been in the habit of looking for Him, on the sea, and in the clouds, and faces of men; and the Holy Spirit descending, has stirred my pulses with the sense of universal love prevailing, above, around, and beneath.

"'O Uncreate, unseen, and undefined, source of all light, and fountain of all mind, lurks there in all the wide expanse, one spot —above, around, beneath, where Thou art not?' I am able to speak of God and of religion with less of the humiliating hesitation that I am accustomed to, and trust that He will give me that manliness that will enable me so to talk of His workings, which, alas! we are in the habit of practically ignoring. Accept then, my dear sir, this tribute to your own manly, plain, and practical preaching. Doubtlessly it has found an echo far and wide; to 'roll from soul to soul, and grow for ever, and for ever!'

"May God raise up for us many such teachers, and long preserve you in all your faculties of heart and head, to testify of Him, and prepare the world for the coming of Christ.

"Sir Michael Seymour has morning prayers, daily, in his own ship—an almost solitary instance in the navy; but as the admiral sets the example, may we not hope that the good old habit of those days when 'first, above all things,' it was provided 'that God be duly served twice every day,' is returning?

'Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day,
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning tongue and pen,
Aid it hopes of honest men;
Aid it paper—aid it type—
Aid it for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play,
Men of thought and men of action
Clear the way!'

"Ever, I pray so to continue, I remain, my dear sir,
"Your grateful brother in the faith,
"R. N."

"P. S.—As a nautical man I must take the liberty of pointing out one *little* nautical error, and only one. You describe the cable of the 'Rose' as *rattling* through the hawse-hole, forgetting

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that then (and for 230 years afterwards) hemp cables alone were used, in which there is little *rattle*, as any one who has been compelled to work them will testify. Yet, on second thought, you are not far out, for before letting go hemp cables you get a range up before the bilts, which portion runs out rapidly enough; but it is not done now with chain. You would have made a first-rate sailor, sir!"

This was one among the many letters which he received about his novel of "Westward Ho!" The writer some years afterwards made himself known to him as Captain Alston, of H.M.S. "St. George," and a strong personal attachment was formed between the two men who had so much in common; and up to Captain Alston's lamented death, which occurred a short time before that of his friend, he consulted Mr. Kingsley on all points connected with his noble work, which was latterly on board the Reformatory Training Ships on the Thames and the Clyde. After his first visit to Eversley, Captain Alston writes:

"It does not pay, my dear Mr. Kingsley, to stay with you. I don't know when I felt so miserable as I did yesterday. Positively I thought incipient heart-breaking had commenced; it felt very like it—chokiness and all that, in the train going up. I thought I should shake it off after dinner, but could not. My pipe made me worse, for it reminded me only of your snuggery, your arm-chair, your talk, and your kindness. The more I feel kindness the more incapable I am of thanking people for it to their face. In the land of the hereafter we shall know each other. Then soul will come to soul, and you will know how much I care for you; the red Indian spirit won't let him write the proper word (or perhaps it is from those old hard hearts, the sons of Odin, one inherits this reserve), and I will put it down to *race*, and bide that time, and say no more about it.

"Salute all in the two houses for me, and old S., and take a *Dieu vous garde* from

"A. H. ALSTON."

To a friend at Sheffield, he wrote on the subject of Trades Unions:

"If these trade unions are to be allowed to exist, they can only exist on the ground of being not only organs for combination, but for keeping the combination men within the law. If they will not disprove that such outrages have been committed by union men;

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if they will not, in honor to their own class, be the first to drag such hounds to justice; if they will do nothing to free themselves from the old stigma that from 1820–48, they have themselves notoriously engaged in such outrages and murders—then let them be put down by law as incapable morally as politico-economically. With you I have defended the right of combination among the workmen, in hope that they would become wiser than of yore. But if they continue to murder, I see nothing for them but the just judgment of public opinion which will sweep them away, and I fear inaugurate a reign of tyranny and of capital. I and others have been seeing with dread the growing inclination of the governing classes to put down these trades unions, &c., by strong measures. What am I to say when I see the working men themselves, in the face of this danger, justifying the measures of those who wish to be hard on them? I have seen enough of trade unions to suspect that the biggest rogues and the loudest charlatans are the men who lead or mislead the honest working men; but if the honest working men themselves make no move towards detecting and exposing the authors of such outrages, they must suffer with their blind and base leaders. If they fancy they are too strong for the classes above them, that they can defy the laws of England and the instincts of humanity, then they will find themselves mistaken, even if they have to be taught their folly by a second Bristol riots or a second Peterloo."

In March, 1856, among many other letters about his books came one from a perfect stranger, as he called himself, dated from Cambridge, saying, he felt compelled after reading the "Sermons for the Times," to express his own deep debt of gratitude:

"I immediately took them to a friend, whose remorse for a past course of sin has often led him to the very verge of suicide, and he has just been to me with a heart full of grateful delight, and told me that the sermon on 'Salvation' has made him a completely new creature. I have ventured to trespass on your time, because I cannot help thinking that a minister of God must have sore trials to bear, and bitter disappointments, and the experience that he has planted, not altogether in vain, the good seed, cannot but be consoling."

In writing to another stranger who had made full confession of his doubts and difficulties to him, Mr. Kingsley says:

"Your experiences interested me deeply, and confirm my own. An atheist I never was; but in my early life I wandered through many doubts and vain attempts to explain to myself the riddle of

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life and this world, till I found that no explanation was so complete as the one which one learnt at one's mother's knee. *Complete* nothing can be on this side of the grave, on which St. Paul himself said, that he only saw through a glass darkly; but complete enough to give comfort to the weary hearts of my poor laboring folk, and to mine also, which is weary enough at times. . . . . I am much pleased to hear what you say about your mother. Believe me, the good old-fashioned Church-folk, when they were good, were nearer the truth than either Exeter-Hallite or Puseyite. . . . ."

With spring his thoughts turned to fishing; and one April morning when the south-westerly wind wafted certain well-known sounds from the Camp, the South-Western Railway, and Heckfield Place, to the little Rectory, these lines were written and put into his wife's hand:

Oh blessed drums of Aldershot!
Oh blessed south-west train!
Oh blessed, blessed Speaker's clock,
All prophesying rain!

Oh blessed yaffil, laughing loud!
Oh blessed falling glass!
Oh blessed fan of cold grey cloud!
Oh blessed smelling grass!

Oh bless'd southwind that toots his horn
Through every hole and crack!
I'm off at eight to-morrow morn,
To bring *such* fishes back!

April 1, 1856.

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

FARLEY COURT.

"When can you come and see us? We return to Eversley on Easter Monday; all that week swallowed up in confirmations, leastwise till Thursday; and just coming home is a confused time; but if you can't come any other time you must e'en come then; for come you must. This 'gracious rain' will put the fish all right in a week, and we might run to Farnham or elsewhere, for a day (more I can't spare), to see what a large march-brown, and a red or a golden palmer would do. I have great hopes of fishing this spring, and am organizing a series of 'leaves' from everybody round. I think I can get eight or nine leaves for day's fishing, and eight or nine days is more than I can take, for half of them are sure to be

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bright, or calm, or morning frosts, or something catawompous and multificative. How do you stand towards 'Rev. Popham' (as the tradesmen would call him)? I have the promise of fishing, and a bed with 'Rev. John,' and would ask for the fishing if you would come too. But it wouldn't be worth while if we couldn't also do Kennet, or Lambourne at Newbury, in our way back. When does your new Duke give up Donnington? or is it of any use to get a day out of the club on the big river? They offered me one (leastwise the secretary did). Is there aught to be killed in those tracks? Next Wotton. I have 'taken the lunars' (as the middies say) of Wotton on the big map of Surrey, and find it *on* the Blackwater rail, at such distance that I could leave my house at seven, and see the ghost of the author of 'Sylva' (delightful old gentleman, too, to see) by nine. Therefore I could get there and back in a day and meet you. The fishing seems a chain of pondicules or pondlets, fed by a chalk spring out of Leith Hill. As a geologist, I know what that ought to be. Leith Hill is 900 feet; highest chalk point, save Inkpen Beacon, south of Hungerford. Valley of Holmesdale, say 500—a good fall, and on chalk now and then, when with a gentle ripple and a clear burning sun, fish yield themselves to the embraces of a little saucy march-brown, or a minnow, and a fat black alder, or again a real yellow sally (which ain't yellow, but orange legs and lemon body, if you can get them). That's the sport; to throw your fly, and let it sink (never draw it), and in half a minute take it out gently to see if aught's at the end of it, and if so, hit him as if you loved him, and hold on. Therefore let's go to Wotton; but only for *one* day. You must come home with me in the evening, per Blackwater rail; my dogcart will meet us at the station, and we will start early next morning—whither? *I* think, to my happy fishing-ground. We will fish both streams; and, oh, my goodness!—leastwise if we have a sou'wester—all's in that blessed sound. Shelley was an ass when he wrote *his* ode to the south-west wind. He didn't know what the dear old Zephyros was good for; who does, but we the heirs of all creation, masters of 'water the mother of all things?'

"As for going to J. Paine, this is my ipsedavit. Paine Esquire's fishing was good when it *was* Paine Esquire's; but since it has become clubbate, clubbified, or beclubbed, it is as a man might say, by too-many-respectable-of-the-town-of-Farnham-gents-continually-and-with-thumping-brass-and-other-minnows-becoopered.

"Given a strong May fly about two days on, and a warm sou'wester with gleams, you might do the gun-trick, for there are M. fishes; but don't you desire that you may obtain the said combination of your planets? Wheeler at Troyle only allows one rod, and has not enough for two. So *I* think the happy fishing-ground will be the place.

"What a lot of nonsense I have writ! and all about nothing;

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for I shall see you, my dear old fellow, on the 26th, D.V. But I like writing to you, and that's the truth; you are so jolly; and most people want to make me *wiser* when they write, as if I hadn't found out with Solomon, that all is vanity and vexation.

* * * * * *

"Enclosed is the portrait of the gentleman who told Thomas Hughes that he would fish at Wotton on Whitmonday, totally forgetting that it was the club day, and he had the club sermon to preach, and the club dinner to eat. I am an ass, that I am, as the parson remarked. But Whit Tuesday I can go; therefore, O friend, forgive, and correct the consequences of my exceeding stupidity, and try to fix Whit-Toosday. Now. If you can come early on Friday, you'll come in for my tithe luncheon, and be introduced to some of my jolly yeomen. If you can be here Monday, you'll see the club, and dine wi' em—oh that you would! They would enjoy it so—and then we could start to Wotton simultaneous next morning.

"The Saturday fishing stands; but this is a black planet for it. However, it'll change before then, and how the fish will feed when the change comes. If you get free, get a few sized stone flies, darkish color, fine lot of yellow about the tail; also half-a-dozen smallest governors, but with *pale* partridge wing, and pale HONEY-colored tail; pheasant wings and orange tails are only fit for cockneys to catch dace with at Hampton Court. Mind what I say, I'll change off a brace of either from you for any flies of mine you like; also bring me (and I will pay thee) 1 lb. avoirdups. of Skinner's best Bristol birdseye. You mind that last, or I'll send you back for it. Do you her?

"Opes opens. The glass has stopped going up, and is thinking about going down. Wind has chopt from N.N.W. to E.N.E. (*with* the sun which ain't as good as against; but may indicate a break after two or three days of going round with the sun, and fine weather) evins grant! for I'm froze.—Coughing in limbo, and every soul in the parish in the flenzies. Handkerchers is riz on the market I guess, this last month.

"Mind your March browns—certain till the black alder comes out, which he won't here for three weeks, unless we have a sudden change."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

(Who had sent a Pamphlet on the Sabbath question.)

EVERSLEY, *Wednesday, July*, 1856.

"I have read through your pamphlet forthwith, and with very great delight. I cannot conceive why you should fancy that I should not agree with it; for I agree with every word. I feel with you that the *only* ground on which Sunday amusements can be

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really defended, is as a carrying out of the divineness of the sabbath, and not as a relaxation of it; but I won't put in bad words to you what you have put in infinitely better ones. And as I do not see how to lay down the ground of the sabbath better than you have done, so I do not see how to dogmatize about practical applications any farther than the hints you have given. I have often fancied I should like to see the great useless naves and aisles of our cathedrals turned into museums and winter gardens, where people might take their Sunday walks, and yet attend service; but such a plan could only grow up of itself, round a different service than ours, or at least round a service interpreted and commented on by very different preaching; and till the Tartarus and Elysium superstition, which lies as really at the bottom of this question as at the bottom of all, is settled, I see no hope for that. It is you yourself who made me feel, in that pamphlet, how the Tartarus question comes in here, too, by a few lines towards the bottom of p. 15, ending, 'a cast-away.' Those lines have made me see more than I ever did, the dignity of work and rest, and their analogy with God's work and rest—so justifying all that Parker, Emerson, or Carlyle have said about it, by putting it on a ground which they deny. Yet if the problem of human existence be to escape the impending torture—*cui bono?* Who need care for rest, or work either, save to keep the body alive till the soul is saved? Till that doctrine vanishes no one will feel any real analogy between his life and God's life, and will be as selfish and covetous in his work, and as epicurean in his rest, as men are now.

"It was their ignorance of this dark superstition, I suppose, which enabled the old Jews to keep their sabbath (as they seem to have done from the few hints we have) as a day of 'rejoicing before the Lord,' in attempts more or less successful to consecrate to Him the simple enjoyments of life—in feasting, singing, and dancing. 'In the midst go the damsels playing with the timbrels.' But this would be absurd *here*, and therefore I suppose it is, that the all-wise Book keeps the practical details so in the background, leaving each future nation to actualise the sabbath according to its own genius. I think what you have said on that quite admirable.

"Nevertheless, we (after we are dead and alive for evermore) shall see that conception carried out on earth.

> In mighty lands beyond the sea,
> While honor falls to such as *thee*,
> From hearts of heroes yet unborn.

"For, my dear master, though the solution of this, and many another problem which you have started, remains for our descendants, yet you must not grow sad, or think that you have not done

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and are not still doing, a mighty work, in pointing out the laws by which alone they can be solved. You are like a man surveying a tropic forest, which he can only do by hewing his path yard by yard, unable to see a rood before him; other men will follow him, till, and plant, and build, while he dies in faith, not having received the promises. And you will look down from heaven upon this nation working on under the new spiritual impulse which you have given it, and which will assuredly conquer, just as Captain Sturt will look down on that glorious Australian empire to-be, which he rescued out of the realm of Hades and the blank useless unknown, at the expense of his health, his eyesight, and his life. As Charles Mansfield, perhaps, may look down on that Paraguay which will surely realise some day his highest dreams of its capabilities, and through him too; for his book (light though it seem) will not be forgotten, and other men will carry out the conception, which he, perhaps, *could not* have done from over-conscientiousness, and worship of too lofty an ideal. I can see, too, more and more, why, as you seem to lament, you are shut out so strangely from sympathy with flowers and beetles that you might have sympathy with men. And are they not of more value than many beetles? Of the evangelical phraseology one word is true, that 'an immortal soul' (if people only knew what an immortal soul meant!) is of more value than all the material universe. And I can understand why there should be men like you, to whom it is said, 'Thou shalt not be tempted to waste thy time over the visible world, because thy calling is to work out that spiritual moral world, of which man can learn *just nothing* from the visible world—which he can only learn from his own soul, and the souls of other men.'

"My dear master, I have long ago found out how little I can discover about God's absolute love, or absolute righteousness, from a universe in which everything is eternally *eating* everything else—infinite cunning and shift (in the good sense). Infinite creative fancy it does reveal; but nothing else, unless interpreted by moral laws which are in oneself already, and in which one has often to trust against all appearances, and cry out of the lowest deep (as I have had to do)—Thou art not Siva the destroyer. Thou art not even Ahriman and Ormuzd in one. And yet, if Thou art not, why does Thy universe seem to say that Thou art? Art Thou a 'Deus quidam Deceptor,' after all?—No. There is something in me—which not nature, but Thou must have taught me—which cries and will cry: Though Thou slay me, as Thou hast slain world on world already—though I and all this glorious race of men go down to Hades with the ichthyosaurs and the mammoths, yet will I trust in Thee. Though St. Peter's words be fulfilled (as they may to-morrow by the simplest physical laws) and the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth and all the works therein be burned up—yet I know that my Redeemer, He who will justify

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me, and make me right, and deliver me out of the grasp of nature, and proclaim my dominion over nature, liveth, and will stand at the latter day upon the earth, and in some flesh or other I shall see God, see Him for myself as a one and accountable moral being for ever. But beetles and zoophytes never whispered *that* to me. Any more than the study of nature did to * * * * or to Cuvier himself. It can teach no *moral theology*. It may unteach it, if the roots of moral theology be not already healthy and deep in the mind. I hinted that in 'Glaucus': but I would do no more, because many readers mean by 'moral' and 'theology' something quite different from what you and I do, and would have interpreted it into a mere iteration of the old lie that science is dangerous to orthodoxy.

"But I won't talk of myself, save to say that I sometimes envy you, who are not distracted from work at the really *human* truths, by the number of joints in a grub's legs. I have been longing to hear from you; and I ought to have written to you, but had nothing to say. My life runs on here in a very simple, easy way, what with the parish and Mrs. Kingsley, and the children, and a little literary work, in which I am trying to express in a new form the ideas which I have got from you, and which I have been trying to translate into all languages, from 'The Saint's Tragedy' to 'Glaucus.' I have no other work on earth, and want none.

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, 1856.

"MY DEAR OLD LAD,—

"Froude cannot go with us; so are you willing to go to Snowdon? Killarney is finer, I know, and there are saumons; but there are saumons in Snowdon—I know where, and we may have them in August if we be canny. I'll show you a rock where you are sure of one. And I want to go there, for several reasons; but Killarney is very tempting; only, as I get old, somehow, I don't like new places; I like to thumb over the same book, and trot over the same bog, and feel 'homey' wherever I be.

"Now, if so be as we go to Snowdon, there is our tracks, &c. Buy the two sheets of the Ordnance Maps (I'll go share in pence), which comprises the country from Aber and Bangor north, to Port Madoc, and Festiniog south. Consider, behold, and perpend; then send 'em on to me, in the coat pocket of one Hughes, Esq., from a Saturday night to a Monday morning, and we will talk it out. My plan would be this—

There is no inn in Snowdon which is not awful dear,
Excepting Pen-y-gwrydd (you can't pronounce it, dear),
Which standeth in the meeting of noble valleys three.
One is the vale of Gwynant, so well beloved by me,

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One goes to Capel-Curig, and I can't mind its name,
And one it is Llanberris Pass, which all men knows the same.
Between which radiations vast mountains does arise,
As full of tarns as sieves of holes, in which big fish will rise,
That is, just one day in the year, if you be there, my boy,
About ten o'clock at night, and then I wish you joy.
Now to this Pen-y-gwrydd inn I purposeth to write.
(Axing thy post town out of Froude, for I can't mind it quite),
And to engage a room or two, for let us say a week,
For fear of gents, and Manichees, and reading parties meek,
And there to live like fighting-cocks at almost a bob a day,
And arterwards toward the sea make tracks and cut away,
All for to catch the salmon bold in Aberglaslyn pool,
And work the flats in Traeth-Mawr, and will, or I'm a fool.
And that's my game, which, if you like, respond to me by post;
But I fear it will not last, my son, a thirteen days at most.
Flies is no object; I can tell some three or four will do,
And John Jones, Clerk, he knows the rest, and ties and sells 'em too.
Besides of which I have no more to say, leastwise just now,
And so, goes to my children's school and umbly makes my bow.

"C. K."

TO THE SAME.

EVERSLEY, 1856.

"Of all men on earth I should like to have Tom Taylor for a third. Entreat him to make it possible, and come and be a salvidge man with us; and tell him I can show him views of the big stone work which no mortal cockney knows, because, though the whole earth is given to the children of men, none but we jolly fishers get the plums and raisins of it, by the rivers which run among the hills, and the lakes which sit a-top thereof. Tell him I'll show him such a view from Craig-y-Rhaidyr of Snowdon from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, as tourist never saw, nor will see, 'case why, he can't find it; and I will show him the original mouth of the pit, which is Llyn Dulyn, and the lightning lake, where the white syenite is blasted into shivers, which make you shiver, if you be sentimental—but *I* only think of the trouts—which the last I saw killed in Llyn Melch was 3½ pounds, and we'll kill his wife and family; and crow-berry and desolate Alpine plants grow thereby, and we will sleep among them, like love among the roses, Thomas. And oh, what won't we do, except break our necks? and I'll make Tom Taylor come down over Craig-y-Rhaidyr, which is 700 feet of syenite, the most glorious climb I know, and the original short-cut to Ludlow at Festiniog; but wouldn't do on a hot day, or a dark night.

"I think you ought to come to me Saturday night, Strettel will

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be here; but I'll get you a bed in the village. We should go tc Reading by the 5.30 train, which will get us to Wolverhampton, 8.35, and there wait for the Holyhead mail at 12.44, which will drop us at Bangor at 5 in the morning. There we can either go on by coach to Pen-y-Wynod, or walk on in the cool of the morning, fishing as we go, and send our traps by coach, to be dropped for us. Pray bring a couple of dozen moderate lake-sized hooks, to tie flies on, for I am out of hooks, except the very biggest size, salmon-peel size, in fact.

"You'll be pleased to hear that I got a fishing at Lady Mildmay's famous Warnborough preserve last night—the day was B. B. B., burning, baking, and boiling, and as still as glass, so I did not tackle-to till 5.30—and between that and nine I grassed twenty fish, weighing twenty-two pounds, besides losing a brace more whoppers. Biggest brace killed, three pounds and two pounds—a dead bright calm, and a clear stream—in fifteen minutes I had three fish, two of three pounds and one of two pounds, but lost one of them after a long fight. Not so shady, Tom, for *all on shorm fly and caperer.*

"Mind and don't get those flies too small. A size larger than what I said would be no harm, but I don't mind small hooks, if a big fly be tied thereon—see what a difference a wise man and a fool may make. (Here was a sketch of two flies—'wise men's fly,' and 'cockney maiden's fly.') Let's have lots for our money, say I, in flies, as in all things. Why do fish take your caperer, spite of his ugliness, but because he looks the fattest one they ever saw yet? Think over these things

"Poor dear Charles's * book has come at last. I think it perfect. Tell Ludlow he was quite right in altering as little as possible, and that I am to review it in 'Fraser's.' The 'Saturday' has already got a review in hand."

At last the happy day in August was fixed, and the following invitation sent before the three friends started for Snowdonia:

THE INVITATION.

Come away with me, Tom,
Term and talk is done;
My poor lads are reaping,
Busy every one.
Curates mind the parish,
Sweepers mind the Court,
We'll away to Snowdon
For our ten days' sport,
Fish the August evening
Till the eve is past,

* "Letters from Paraguay, by Charles Blachford Mansfield."

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Whoop like boys at pounders
Fairly played and grassed.
When they cease to dimple,
Lunge, and swerve, and leap,
Then up over Siabod,
Choose our nest, and sleep.
Up a thousand feet, Tom,
Round the lion's head,
Find soft stones to leeward
And make up our bed.
Eat our bread and bacon,
Smoke the pipe of peace,
And, ere we be drowsy,
Give our boots a grease.
Homer's heroes did so,
Why not such as we?
What are sheets and servants?
Superfluity.
Pray for wives and children
Safe in slumber curled,
Then to chat till midnight
O'er this babbling world.
Of the workmen's college,
Of the price of grain,
Of the tree of knowledge,
Of the chance of rain;
If Sir A. goes Romeward,
If Miss B. sings true,
If the fleet comes homeward,
If the mare will do,—
Anything and everything—
Up there in the sky
Angels understand us,
And no "saints" are by.
Down, and bathe at day-dawn,
Tramp from lake to lake,
Washing brain and heart clean
Every step we take.
Leave to Robert Browning
Beggars, fleas, and vines;
Leave to mournful Ruskin
Popish Apennines,
Dirty Stones of Venice
And his Gas-lamps Seven;
We've the stones of Snowdon
And the lamps of heaven.

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Where's the mighty credit
In admiring Alps?
Any goose sees "glory"
In their "snowy scalps."
Leave such signs and wonders
For the dullard brain,
As æsthetic brandy,
Opium and cayenne;
Give me Bramshill common
(St. John's harriers by),
Or the vale of Windsor,
England's golden eye.
Show me life and progress,
Beauty, health, and man;
Houses fair, trim gardens,
Turn where'er I can.
Or, if bored with "High Art,"
And such popish stuff,
One's poor ear need airing,
Snowdon's high enough.
While we find God's signet
Fresh on English ground,
Why go gallivanting
With the nations round?
Though we try no ventures
Desperate or strange;
Feed on common-places
In a narrow range;
Never sought for Franklin
Round the frozen Capes:
Even, with Macdougall,*
Bagged our brace of apes;
Never had our chance, Tom,
In that black Redan;
Can't avenge poor Brereton
Out in Sakarran;
Tho' we earn our bread, Tom,
By the dirty pen,
What we can we will be,
Honest Englishmen.
Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles;

* Bishop of Labuan.

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See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet;
Once a year, like schoolboys,
Robin-Hooding go,
Leaving fops and fogies
A thousand feet below.

On the 11th of August they started, and in the train he writes home.

"A glorious day. Snowdonia magnificent. The sensation of going through the tubular bridge very awful and instructive. The sound of it, the finest bass note I have ever heard. Anglesey, an ugly wild flat place, like Torridge Moors, with great dunes of blown sand along the coast, fit for those weird old Druids. . . . ."

PEN-Y-GWRYD.

"I have had, as far as scenery is concerned, the finest day I ever had. We started for Edno at 10, but did not find it till 2, because we mistook the directions, and walked from 10 till 1.30 over a Steinerer Maar, a sea of syenite and metamorphic slate which baffles all description, 2,000 ft. above Gwynant, ribs and peaks and walls of rock leaping up and rushing down, average 50 to 100 ft., covered with fir, club moss, crowberry and bearberry, and ling, of course. Over these we had to scramble up and down, beating for Edno lake as you would beat for a partridge, but in vain. All we found was one old cock grouse, who went off hollowing 'Cock-cock-what-a-shame cock-cock' till we were fairly beat. In despair we made, not a dash, but a crawl, at Moel Meireh ('Margaret's Peak,' some pathetic story I suppose), which rises about 100 ft. above the stony sea, a smooth pyramid of sandy-pink syenite. Hughes got up first, by a crack, for the walls are like china, and gave a who-whoop; there was Edno half a mile beyond, and only a valley as deep as from Finchampstead church to the river to cross, besides a few climbs of 50 ft. So there we got, and eat our hard boiled eggs and drank our beer, and then set to, and caught just nothing. The fish, always sulky and capricious, would not stir. But the delight of being there again, 2,200 ft. up, out of the sound of aught but the rush of wind and water and the whistle of the sheep (which is just like a penny whistle ill-blown), and finding oneself *at home* there! Every rock, even the steps of slate and footholds of grass which —— and I used to use, just the same. Unchanged for ever. It is an awful thought. Soon we found out why the fish wouldn't rise. The cloud which had been hanging on

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Snowdon, lowered. Hebog and Cnicht caught it. It began to roll up from the sea in great cabbage-headed masses, grew as dark as twilight. The wind rolled the lake into foam; we staggered back to an old cave, where we shall sleep, please God, ere we come home, and then the cloud lowered, the lake racing along in fantastic flakes and heaps of white steam hiding everything 50 yards off one minute, then leaving all clear and sharp-cut pink and green. While out of it came a rain of marbles and Minié bullets —a rain which searches, and drenches, and drills. Luckily I had on a flannel shirt. We waited as long as we dared, and then steered home by compass, for we could not see 50 yards, except great rows of giants in the fog, sitting humped up side by side, like the ghosts of the sons of Anak staring into the bogs. So home we went, floundering through morass and scrambling up and down the giants, which were crags 50 to 100 feet high, for we dared not pick our road for fear of losing our bearings by compass. And we were wet—oh, were we not wet? but, as a make-weight, we found the 'Grass of Parnassus' in plenty, and as we coasted the vale of Gwynant, 1,500 ft. up, the sight of Snowdon, sometimes through great gaps of cloud, sometimes altogether hidden, the lights upon that glorious vista of Gwynant and Dinas, right down to Hebog—the flakes of cloud rushing up the vale of Gwynant far below us—no tongue can describe it. I could see Froude's fir-wood, and home close, quite plain from Moel Meirch. It looked as if you could have sent a stone into it, but it was four miles off. I have got for you grass of Parnassus; Alpine club-moss; ladies' mantle; ivy-leaved campanula; beech fern; A. Oreopteris (sweet fern).

"The great butterwort is out of flower (as is the globe flower), but it stars every bog with its shiny yellow-green stars of leaves. Good bye. I am up at half-past three for Gwynant, which is full of salmon.

"P.S.—I have just got your dear letter. Tell Rose that I am drying all the plants I can for her. . . . Tell Maurice I saw a grouse and a water-ouzel—lots of these last. . . ."

When the brief holiday came to an end, the three friends were asked by the landlord of the inn, at Pen-y-gwryd, to write their names in his visitors' book. The following verses were speedily composed, and though the autographs have been cut out of the book by some tourist the lines were preserved:

TOM TAYLOR.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd with colors armed and pencils,
But found no use whatever for any such utensils;
So in default of them I took to using knives and forks,
And made successful drawings—of Mrs. Owen's corks.

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CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd in frantic hopes of slaying
Grilse, Salmon, 3 lb. red-fleshed Trout, and what else there's no saying;
But bitter cold and lashing rain, and black nor'eastern skies, sir,
Drove me from fish to botany, a sadder man and wiser.

TOM HUGHES.

I came to Pen-y-gwryd a larking with my betters,
A mad wag and a mad poet, both of them men of letters;
Which two ungrateful parties after all the care I've took
Of them, make me write verses in Henry Owen's book.

T. T.

We've been mist-soak'd on Snowdon, mist-soak'd on Glyder Vawr,
We've been wet through on an average every day three times an hour;
We've walk'd the upper leathers from the soles of our balmorals;
And as sketchers and as fishers with the weather have had our quarrels.

C. K.

But think just of the plants which stuff'd our box, (old Yarrel's gift,)
And of those which might have stuff'd it if the clouds had given a lift:
Of tramping bogs, and climbing cliffs, and shoving down stone fences.
For Spiderwort, Saussurea, and Woodsia ilvensis.

T. H.

Oh my dear namesake's breeches, you never see the like.
He burst them all so shameful a crossing of a dyke.
But Mrs. Owen patch'd them as careful as a mother,
With flannel of three colors—she hadn't got no other.

T. T.

But can we say enough of those legs of mountain muttons,
And that onion sauce lies on our souls, for it made of us three gluttons?
And the Dublin stout is genuine, and so's the Burton beer;
And the apple tarts they've won our hearts, and think of soufflets here!

C. K.

Resembling that old woman that never could be quiet,
Though victuals (says the child's song) and drink formed all their diet;
My love for plants and scrambling shared empire with my dinner,
And who says it wasn't good must be a most fastidious sinner.

T. H.

Now all I've got to say is, you can't be better treated;
Order pancakes and you'll find they're the best you ever eated.
If you scramble o'er the mountains you should bring an ordnance map;
I endorse all as previous gents have said about the tap.

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T. T.

Pen-y-gwryd, when wet and worn has kept a warm fireside for us,
Socks, boots, and never-mention-ems, Mrs. Owen still has dried for us;
With host and hostess, fare and bill so pleased we are that going,
We feel for all their kindness, 'tis we not they are Owen!

T. H. T. T. C. K.

Nos tres in uno juncti hos fesimus versiculos;
Tomas piscator pisces qui non cepi sed pisciculos,
Tomas sciagraphus, sketches qui non feci nisi ridiculos,
Herbarius Carolus montes qui lustravi perpendiculos.

T. H.

There's big trout I hear in Edno, likewise in Gwynant lake,
And the governor and black alder are the flies that they will take,
Also the cockabundy, but I can only say,
If you think to catch big fishes I only Hope you may.

T. T.

I have come in for more of mountain gloom than mountain glory,
But I've seen old Snowdon rear his head with storm-tossed mist wreaths;
I stood in the fight of mountain winds upon Bwlch-Cwm-y-Llan,
And I go back an unsketching but a better minded man.

C. K.

And I too have another debt to pay another way,
For Kindness shown by these good souls to one who's far away,
Even to this old colly dog who tracked the mountains o'er,
For one who seeks strange birds and flowers on far Australia's shore.

In the course of the autumn several American friends came and went: one from the Southern States, thus recalls his visit and the Rectory life at Eversley in 1856:

". . . It is your own fault if Eversley does no more seem to me a name. When I think of Mrs. Kingsley and of you I seem to myself to be sitting with you still in those quaint old rooms. Still Maurice comes by with an insect or a flower, or just a general wonder and life in his eyes—still I hear the merry laugh of the little Princess, and see Dandy lying lazy, smiling and winking in the sun; and I fill my olive-wood pipe, and saunter in and out of the aromatic old study and lounge, a new man and a happier one, on the sloping green lawn, under the good old fir-trees. And so I talk on as if I were with friends long known, and known long to be cherished much. All of which is wholly your fault and Mrs. Kingsley's. . . . If your are not too busy, I am sure you will write

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and tell me how the novel advances (Two Years Ago!), and how Eversley in all its regions is. . . ."

TO FRANCIS RUSSELL, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, 1856.

"I am horror-struck. Mrs. Kingsley declares I have never answered your letter. . . . . The perpetual variety of work which I have been in must be my excuse if I am guilty. To-day, however, I have no excuse of work, being idle, from having been rolled into a pancake yesterday by a horse, who lay on me for five pleasant minutes at the bottom of a ditch. We were delighted with the Parnassia, and astonished at your knack of drying. I never saw flowers dried so well. As for the vivarium, everything and all information, is to be got from a man named A. Lloyd, 21, Portland Road. But if your friend be at Edinburgh, an hour's work at low tide at the back of Musselburgh pier will give him all that is wanted, and the hints in 'Glaucus' ought to be enough as to preserving them alive. I have no news to tell you. I work in the parish and write, and seldom get out to kill a great pike or two. Such an autumn I never remember. All our summer gardens are still untouched by frost, and the country looks as it did in June.

"What do you think of the peace prospects? France bankrupt; the Emperor's life not worth two years' purchase. Russia bullying as badly as ever, and Italy at a dead-lock. I give the peace two years to live. Will it live one? *Ought* it to live one?"

Mr. Kingsley having been asked to write a preface to Tauler's Life, now writes to Miss Winkworth.

EVERSLEY, *August* 8, 1856.

"I shall be most happy to write the preface to Tauler's Sermons. Believe me, I have no fear of Pantheism in Tauler. I shall be delighted to do all I can to spread your translation. Believe me, you will be doing a good work; may it prosper! I need not say, remember me most affectionately to Chevalier Bunsen, and thank him (ought I not to thank you too?) for the 'Signs of the Times,' which has taught me much. . . . . You will be glad to hear, I am sure, that your 'Theologia' is being valued by every one to whom I have recommended it, and I have more hope of Tauler, because, as I suppose, he is more like the teaching (in form) to which the many have been accustomed, and which they can understand. I would certainly leave out the Romanist passages; I am sure that they are really only excrescences, which have nothing to do with the real bone and muscle of his or any man's soul; and if you do not omit them, your chance of a hearing is gone. . . . .

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My hope is that the Evangelicals will read Tauler, even though they may shrink from the 'Theologia.'"

The preface was written with great diffidence. Like the preface to the "Theologia," it goes down into the deep things of God, and is worthy of its subject—especially the passages on the Mystics.

THE GREAT FIR-TREES ON THE RECTORY LAWN AT EVERSLEY.

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CHAPTER XVI.

The Father in his Home—An Atmosphere of Joy—The Out-door Nursery—Life on the Mount—Fear and Falsehood—The Training of Love—Favorites and Friends in the House, in the Stable, and on the Lawn.

"CHEERFULNESS or joyousness," said Jean Paul, in his 'Levana, or the Doctrine of Education,' "is the heaven under which everything but poison thrives. All new-born creatures require warmth, and what then is warmth to the human chicken but happiness? One has but to give them play-room by taking away what may be painful, and their powers shoot up of themselves. The joyousness of children! Should they have anything else? I can endure a melancholy man, but not a melancholy child!" *

And with this atmosphere of joyousness the parents tried to surround the children at the Rectory, and that not only as a means of present enjoyment, but as a tonic to strengthen the young creatures to meet the inevitable trials of the future. We must pause a moment in the midst of the father's work and letters; we have seen him in his church and parish, and now must see him in his home, where his children had the best of everything; the sunniest and largest rooms indoors, and because the Rectory was on low ground,—the churchyard six feet above the living rooms, and the ground sloping upwards on three sides,—he built them a hut for an out-door nursery, on the "Mount," where they kept books, toys, and tea-things, spending long happy days on the highest and loveliest point of moorland in the glebe, a real bit of primæval forest; and there he would join them when his parish work was done, bringing them some fresh treasure picked up in his walk, a choice wild flower or fern, or rare beetle, sometimes a lizard or a field-mouse; ever waking up their sense of wonder, calling out their powers of observation, and teaching them lessons out of God's great green book, without their knowing they were learning.

And then the Sundays, the hardest day of the week to him, were bright to the children, who began the day with decking the graves

* "Levana, or the Doctrine of Education," chap. 2.

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in the dear churchyard, an example which the poor people learnt to follow, so that before Morning Service it looked like a flower garden; and when his day's work was done, however weary he might be, there was always the Sunday walk, a stroll on the moor, and some fresh object of natural beauty pointed out at every step. Indoors, the Sunday picture books were brought out. Each child had its own, and chose its subject for the father to draw, either some Bible story, or bird, beast, or flower mentioned in Scripture. Happy Sundays! never associated with gloom or restrictions, but with God's works as well as His word, and with sermons that never wearied.

Punishment was a word little known in his house. Corporal punishment was never allowed. His own childish experience of the sense of degradation and unhealthy fear it produced, of the antagonism it called out between a child and its parents, a pupil and its teachers, gave him a horror of it. It had other evils, too, he considered, besides degrading both parties concerned. "More than half the lying of children," he said, "is, I believe, the result of fear, and the fear of punishment." On these grounds he made it a rule (from which he never departed,) not to take a child, suspected of a fault, at unawares, by sudden question or hasty accusation, the stronger thus taking an unfair advantage of the weaker and defenceless creature, who, in the mere confusion of the moment, might be tempted to deny or equivocate. "Do we not pray daily, 'Lord, confound me not,' and shall we dare to confound our own children by sudden accusation, suspicious anger, making them give evidence against themselves, when we don't allow a criminal to do that in a court of law? The finer the nature the more easily is it confounded, whether it be of child, dog, or horse. It breaks all confidence between parent and child." "Do not train a child," he said to a friend, "as men train a horse, by letting anger and punishment be the *first* announcement of his having sinned. If you do, you induce two bad habits; first, the boy regards his parent with a kind of blind dread, as a being who may be offended by actions which to *him* are innocent, and whose wrath he expects to fall upon him any moment in his most pure and unselfish happiness. Alas! for such a childhood! Εἰδὼς λέγω! Next, and worst still, the boy learns not to fear sin, but the *punishment* of it, and thus he learns to lie. At every first fault, and offence too, teach

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him the principle which makes it sinful—illustrate it by a familiar parable—and then, if he sins again it will be with his eyes open!" He was careful, too, not to confuse or "confound" his children by a multiplicity of small rules. Certain broad, distinct laws of conduct were laid down. "It is difficult enough to keep the Ten Commandments," he would say, "without making an eleventh in every direction." This, combined with his equable rule, gave them a sense of utter confidence and perfect freedom with him. They knew what they were about and where to find him, for he had no "moods" with them, and if they had, he could be pitiful and patient.

Like a brave man as he was, he kept his feelings of depression, and those dark hours of wrestling with doubt and disappointment and anxiety, which must come to every thinking, feeling human being, within the sanctuary of his own heart, unveiled only to one on earth, and to his Father in Heaven. And when he came out of his study, and met his children and guests at breakfast, he would greet them with bright courtesy and that cheerful disengaged temper acquired by strict self-discipline, which enabled him to enter into all their interests, and the joy and playfulness of the moment. The family gatherings were the brightest hours in the day, lit up as they were with his marvellous humor. "I wonder," he would say, "if there is so much laughing in any other home in England as in ours." He became a light-hearted boy once more in the presence of his children, and still more remarkably so in that of his aged mother, when he saw her face clouded with depression during her later years, which were spent under his roof. He brought sunshine into her room whenever he entered it, as well as the strong spiritual consolation which she needed, and received in his daily ministrations by her bedside morning and evening.

The griefs of children were to him most piteous. "A child over a broken toy is a sight I cannot bear," and when nursery griefs and broken toys were taken to the study, he was never too busy to mend the toy and dry the tears. He held with Jean Paul Richter again, that children have their "days and hours of rain," days when "the child's quicksilver" falls rapidly before the storms and cold weather of circumstances, and "parents should not consider or take much notice, either for anxiety or sermons," * lightly

* "Levana," chap. 8.

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passing over these variations of temperature, except where they are symptoms of coming illness. And here his knowledge of physiology and that delicate organization of brain, which had given him many a sad experience in his own childhood, made him keen to watch and detect such symptoms. Weariness at lessons, and sudden fits of temper or obstinacy, he detected, as often springing from physical causes, and not to be treated hastily as moral, far less spiritual delinquencies, being merely, perhaps, phases of depression, which pass over with change of occupation, air and scene, and the temporary cessation of all brain work.

Justice and mercy, and that rigid self-control, which kept him from speaking a hasty word or harboring a mean suspicion, combined with a divine tenderness, were his governing principles in all his home relationships. It has been said of Sir William Napier's expression of countenance, in words that perfectly describe Charles Kingsley, "This tenderness was never so marked as when he was looking at or talking with little children. At such times the expression which came over his face was wonderfully beautiful and touching. Towards these little creatures he had an eager way of stretching out his hands, as if to touch them, but with a hesitation arising from the evident dread of handling them too roughly. The same sort of feeling, too, he manifested in a minor degree, towards small animals, little dogs, kittens and birds." *

And he respected as well as loved his children, from the early days when "Heaven lay about them in their infancy," and he hung with reverent and yet passionate wonder over the baby in its cradle, to grown-up years when he looked upon them as friends and equals. Home was to them so real a thing that it seemed in a way as if it must be eternal. And when his eldest son, in America, heard of the father's death, and of another which then seemed imminent, and foresaw the break up of the home, he stood as one astonished, only to say, in the bitterness of his soul:

"I feel as if a huge ship had broken up piece by piece, plank by plank, and we children were left clinging to one strong spar alone —God! . . . . . Ah, how many shoals and quicksands of life he piloted me through, by his wonderful love, knowledge, and endurance—that great father of ours, the dust of whose shoes we are not worthy to kiss." . . . .

* Life of Sir W. Napier.

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Nearly two years have passed since that bitter day, and his son, now at home once more, adds his memories to the many in this book of memories.

"'Perfect love casteth out all fear,' was the motto on which my father based his theory of bringing up his children; and this theory he put in practice from their babyhood till when he left them as men and women. From this, and from the interest he took in all their pursuits, their pleasures, trials, and even the petty details of their everyday life, there sprang up a 'friendship' between father and children that increased in intensity and depth with years.

"To speak for myself, and yet I know full well I speak for all, he was the best friend—the only true friend I ever had. At once he was the most fatherly and the most unfatherly of fathers—fatherly in that he was our intimate friend, and our self-constituted adviser; unfatherly in that our feeling for him lacked that fear and restraint that make boys call their father 'the governor.'

"I remember him as essentially the same to all of us always: utterly unchanged and unchanging since the time that he used to draw Sunday pictures for us to the time when he treated us as men and women of the world.

"Ours was the only household I ever saw in which there was no favoritism. It seemed as if in each of our different characters he took an equal pride, while he fully recognized their different traits of good or evil; for, instead of having one code of social, moral, and physical laws laid down for one and all of us, each child became a separate study for him; and its little 'diseases *au moral*,' as he called them, were treated differently according to each different temperament.

The time above all others in which he opened out his heart to us, I think, was walking over on Sunday evenings to the services held in the little school-room at Bramshill.

"I can *see* him now, on one of those many summer evenings, as he strode out of the back garden-gate with a sorrowful 'No! go home, Sweep!' to the retriever that had followed us stealthily down the walk, and who now stood with an ear cocked and one paw up, hoping against hope, that he might be allowed to come on. I can *feel* him striding by me in the narrow path, while from the bright sky and the look of the country he drank in nature, till his eye lit up, his chest expanded, his step grew elastic, and he was a boy again with me. I can *hear* him tell me, at the bottom of the field, of a heavy fall out hunting over the fence into the meadow, and his ringing laugh at the recollection of his own mishap. His cheery 'Good afternoon' to the cottager at the corner; the 'Well-done, boy,' and grim smile of approval, with which he greeted a jump over the gate at the top of the hill, on which he

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sits a moment to take in the long sweeps of purple heather running down to the yellow corn land—the brown roof of the Rectory bursting up among its trees—the long flats of the little valley, with its greens and cricketers. 'For cricket,' he used to say, 'is better than beer, and the poor lads don't get a chance to play on week-day: but remember *you* do.'

"And then the walk on over the moor, chatting gaily of the fox's earth hard by, the green tiger-beetle that whirred from under our feet, the nightjar (goatsucker) that fluttered up from a sandy place in the path, and swooped madly away among the fir trees, while ever and anon some word would strike a deeper chord, and a few words would put something that mayhap had been an old stumbling-block, into an entirely new and true light.

"All his deepest teaching, his strongest influence was, in a way, of the negative kind, inasmuch as there were no long lectures, no pithy arguments, but in his own life he showed, spoke, and lived his doctrines, so that his utter unselfishness, his genial tenderness towards their mother and themselves, gave the children an example that could not be passed by unnoticed, however unworthily followed.

"The only thing that he really required of us was reverence and respect for people older than ourselves, which was also one of the most strongly marked traits in his own character, and one which made him entirely ignore himself and his own superiority, in most cases, in speaking to men older than he was.

"This required reverence, however, on our part, never created any feeling of restraint when with him; too true a friendship existed, and perhaps the brightest picture of the past that I look back to now—that we can all look back to is—not the eager look of delight with which he used to hail any of our little successes—not any special case of approval, but it is the drawing-room at Eversley in the evenings when we were all at home and by ourselves. There he sat, with one hand in mother's, forgetting his own hard work and worry in leading our fun and frolic, with a kindly smile on his lips, and a loving light in that bright grey eye that made us feel that, in the broadest sense of the word, he was our father."

"To see him with you and the children," said a friend, "was to know what the *man* was. I made that remark when the children were young, and how tenfold more was this the case when they grew up around him."

But to speak of his home without mentioning his love of animals would be to leave the picture incomplete. His dog and his horse were his friends, and they knew it, and understood his voice and eye. He was a perfect horseman, and never lost his temper with

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THE RECTORY AT EVERSLEY.

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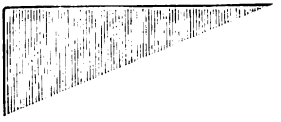

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his horse, talking to and reasoning with it if it shied or bolted, as if it had been a rational being, knowing that, from the fine organization of the animal, a horse, like a child, will get confused by panic fear, which is only increased by punishment. His dog Dandy, a fine Scotch terrier, was his companion in all his parish walks, attended at the cottage lectures and school lessons, and was his and the children's friend for thirteen years. He lies buried under the great fir trees on the Rectory lawn, with this inscription on his gravestone, "Fideli Fideles," and close by "Sweep," a magnificent black retriever, and "Victor," a favorite Teckel, given to him by the Queen, with which he sat up during the two last suffering nights of the little creature's life. Cats, too, were a continual delight to him; the stable had always its white cat, and the house its black or tabby, and he never tired of watching their graceful movements. His love of animals was strengthened by his belief in their future state—a belief which he held in common with John Wesley, and many other remarkable men. On the lawn dwelt a family of natter jacks (running toads), who lived on from year to year in the same hole in the green bank, which the scythe was never allowed to approach. He had two little friends in a pair of sand wasps, who lived in a crack of the window in his dressing-room, one of which he had saved from drowning in a hand-basin, taking it tenderly out into the sunshine to dry; and every spring he would look out eagerly for them or their children, who came out of, or returned to the same crack. The little fly-catcher, who built its nest every year under his bedroom window, was a constant joy to him. He had also a favorite slow-worm in the churchyard which his parishioners were warned not to kill, from the mistaken idea prevalent in Eversley that slow-worms were poisonous. All these tastes he encouraged in his children, teaching them to love and handle gently without disgust all living things, toads, frogs, beetles, as works and wonders from the hand of a Living God. His guests were surprised one morning at breakfast when his little girl ran up to the open window of the dining-room holding a long repulsive-looking worm in her hand. "Oh! daddy, look at this *delightful* worm." He had but one aversion which he could never conquer—to a spider, and it was of himself he spoke in 'Glaucus,' after saying "that every one seems to have his antipathic animal;—I know one bred from his childhood to zoology by land and sea, and bold in asserting, and

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honest in feeling, that all without exception is beautiful, who yet cannot, after handling, and petting, and examining all day long every uncouth and venomous beast, avoid a paroxysm of horror at the sight of the common house-spider!"

But, after all, a bird, he often said, was to him the most wonderful of God's creations; he watched for the arrival of the birds of passage every spring with a strange longing, and seemed less restless after the swallow had appeared at Eversley. His eyes would fill with tears at each fresh arrival, and again each autumn as he grieved over their departure. He knew their every note, and was never tired of watching their character and habits.

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CHAPTER XVII.

1857.

AGED 38.

"Two Years Ago"—The Crowded Church—Unquiet Sundays—Letters to Mr. Bullar—Dr. Rigg—Mr. Tom Hughes' Pietists and θυμός—Letter from a Naval Chaplain—Indian Mutiny—The Romance of Real Life.

THE year 1857 opened brightly on Charles Kingsley, for it found him, for the first time for three years, in his own home for the winter at Eversley, with his wife and his three children.

"I am writing nothing now; but taking breath, and working in the parish—never better than I am at present; with many blessings, and, awful confession for mortal man, no sorrows! I sometimes think there must be terrible arrears of sorrow to be paid off by me—that I may be as other men are! God help me in that day!"

He writes in January to his friend Mr. Hughes:—

"The book is done ('Two Years Ago'); the last proof going through the press now, and I know you will like it. . . . I am better off now than I have been for years! God be thanked, and God grant, too, that I may not require to be taken down by some terrible trouble. I often fancy I shall be. If I am, I shall deserve it, as much as any man who ever lived. I say so now—justifying God beforehand, lest I should not have faith and patience enough to justify Him when the punishment comes. . . . Many thanks for your wholesome letter—the rightest letter I have had for many a day. It has taught me a great deal, dear old man; and you are nearer to God than I am, I see well. . . ."

The "terrible trouble" came,—but not in the shape of personal grief or domestic affliction; and, till the awful news from India burst upon England, all went well. He was made this year a Fellow of the Linnean Society, which had been one of the ambitions of his life. Two visits from his dear friend Max Müller (soon to be more nearly related to him), refreshed his spirit. Mr. Chadwick,

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with whose kind assistance he was hard at work on sanitary and educational subjects, came to discuss these questions with him, and a strange medley of visitors proposed themselves, and were made welcome, at the Rectory. One day, a Unitarian minister,—clergymen of the Church of England, Dissenters, Americans—all came on missions of their own, and opened their hearts to him as they could to no other man. And on the lawn, under the old fir trees on long summer days, he and his guests discussed all things in heaven and earth.

Sunday after Sunday he had the keen delight of seeing Crimean officers from Aldershot and Sandhurst in his congregation. Among others one who had been dangerously wounded in the Redan, at Sevastopol, and who, when lying between life and death at Scutari, had read "Yeast," and determined, if he ever came back alive, "to go and hear the clergyman preach who could give such a picture of a hunting scene as the one in the opening chapter." One Sunday he came—while still on crutches—a stranger to Mr. Kingsley, but soon to become a friend, a constant attendant at church, and always a welcome guest at the Rectory early Sunday dinner.

Each day the post brought some letter either of thanks for his books or asking counsel. He preached a series of sermons on the Creed, and one, by request of a member of the congregation who wrote anonymously, on the Intermediate and Future State, when he ventured to speak more plainly than he had yet done in the pulpit on the subject so near his heart. The little church was often full of strangers, and one Sunday, when twelve carriages were standing in and outside the stable-yard, the sexton was heard to say, he could not think why there was "such flitting to and fro to our church on Sundays." Having heard the same preaching for fifteen years himself, he could not tell what the wonder of it was. To the rector this notoriety was simply painful: "I cannot bear having my place turned into a fair on Sundays, and all this talking after church." So to avoid the greetings of acquaintances and the observation of strangers in the churchyard, he had a little back gate made into his garden, and escaped after service, through the vestry door. His whole soul and energy were thrown so intensely into the services of his church, that when they were over he found quiet essential to help him to calm down from the excitement of his own earnestness.

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In the summer the news of the Indian mutiny came, which absorbed and depressed him; and some friends, knowing how hard-worked and sad he was, invited him to go with them to the Manchester Exhibition, then open, with all its glorious pictures: but when the day came he could not make up his mind to leave a poor sick man, who he felt would miss his daily visits. With his keen love of art, it cost him a pang to give up the sight of such a collection of pictures as might never again come together in England during his lifetime; but he said he could not have enjoyed them while a parishioner was counting on seeing him. This trifling incident is mentioned to show how thorough and unselfish he was in his parish work, which in this case could so easily have been passed over for three days to any neighboring clergyman.

He seldom went to London; and to a friend who pressed him to come up and hear one of his own songs finely sung there, he refused. "I love home and green fields more and more, and never lust either after Babylon or the Continent. . ."

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *January* 27, 1857.

"Your theory of speaking is all true. My defect was the same as your friend's, but mine came from an under jaw contracted by calomel, and nerves ruined by croup and brain fever in childhood. That prevented my opening my mouth; that gave me a wrong use of the diaphragm muscles, till I got to speak inspiring, and never to fully inflate my lungs; and that brought on the last and worst (yet most easily cured) spasm of the tongue. All the while, I could speak, not only plain but stentorially, while boxing, rowing, hunting, skating, and doing anything which compelled deep inspirations. . . ."

"Matthew xxii. 30, has been to me always a comfort. I am so well and really married on earth, that I should be exceedingly sorry to be married again in heaven; and it would be very needless. All I can say is, if I do not love my wife, body and soul, as well there as I do here, then there is neither resurrection of my body nor of my soul, but of some other, and I shall not be I. Therefore, whatsoever the passage means, it can't mean what monks make it. Ten years ago I asked in 'Yeast' the question which my favorite old monk legends (from which I have learnt volumes) forced on me, 'Who told you that the angelic life was single?' and I have found no answer yet. . . ."

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March 19, 1857.

"Many thanks for your favorable opinion of the book ('Two Years Ago'); but I fear you take Tom Thurnall for a better man than he was, and must beg you not to pare my man to suit your own favorable conception; but consider that *that* is the sort of man I want to draw, and you must take him as you find him. My experience is, that men of his character (like all strong men till God's grace takes full possession of them) are weak upon one point—every thing can they stand but that; and the more they restrain themselves from prudential motives, the more sudden and violent is the temptation when it comes. I have indicated as delicately as I could the world-wide fact, which all know and all ignore; had I not done so, Thurnall would have been a mere chimera fit only for a young lady's novel.

"I feel deeply the change in one's imagination during the last twenty years. As a child I never could distinguish dreams from imaginations, imaginations from waking impressions; and was often thought to be romancing when I was relating a real impression. In ill health from overwork about 16 to 18, I had spectral illusions often (one as clear as any of Nicolai's), accompanied with frightful nervous excitability, and inability to settle to any work, though always working at something in a fierce, desultory way. At twenty I found out tobacco. The spectres vanished; the power of dull application arose; and for the first time in my life, I began to be master of my own brain.

"Now, I am in general the most prosaic and matter-of-fact of parsons. I cannot dream if I try. I go to my brain as to a store-house or carpenter's shop, from which I take out coolly what I want, and put it into the best shape I can. The German mode of thought, feeling, and writing, such as you find in Jean Paul or Novalis, lies behind me, as 'boy's love' belonging to an era 'when the spirits of the prophets' were not yet 'subject to the prophets.' Whether this be right or wrong, I know not; but I confess the fact;—and if we ever get a week together, I fear that you will think me a most dull and frivolous fellow, who cares for nothing but to romp with your children, and pick flowers, and study the weather *usque ad nauseam*.

"But here lies the difference between us. Your work is utterly of the head; and you go for amusement to fancy, to imagination, to metaphysic. My work, whether parish or writing, lies just in the sphere wherein you play; and if I played in that sphere too, I should go mad, or soften my brain, like poor Southey. So when I play, I think about nothing; ride, fish, chat with the farmers over the crops, examine beetles and worms, and forget that I have a heart as much as I can. But I won't bore you more about myself."

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TO REV. DR. RIGG.

EVERSLEY, *April* 5, 1857.

"I have to thank you for an able and candid review of my writings in the 'London Quarterly Review.' I am sorry to differ from you, but I take this opportunity of assuring you that our differences are far fewer than you fancy, and that you would, I think, find me less unorthodox than you will have made your readers take me to be.

"But one statement I must energetically contradict—that I am in anywise in theology a follower of Mr. Thomas Carlyle. I have pointed out in my works certain points on which, in past years, he has done good service; but I am at a loss to conceive why my having done so should make any man think that I agree with his theology. This hasty assumption has led you to suppose that he is the 'mystic teacher' to whom I alluded in my review of Vaughan's 'Mystics,' a notion only equalled in wrongness by that of some people that I meant Mr. Urquhart. It has also led you into the mistake that I sympathise with his attack on Howard. . . . . If you wish to see whether I am a Pantheist or not, may I beg you to peruse pp. 243–247 of vol. iii. of 'Two Years Ago,' on which a Baptist review well remarked, that whatever I was, a Pantheist I was not."

This correspondence led to a personal acquaintance and warm friendship between Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Rigg, now the respected head of the Wesleyan Training College, Horseferry Road, London.

TO MRS. GASKELL.

ST. LEONARD'S, *May* 14, 1857.

"Let me renew our long-interrupted acquaintance by complimenting you on poor Miss Brontë's Life. You have had a delicate and a great work to do, and you have done it admirably. Be sure that the book will do good. It will shame literary people into some stronger belief that a simple, virtuous, practical home life is consistent with high imaginative genius; and it will shame, too, the prudery of a not over cleanly, though carefully white-washed age, into believing that purity is now (as in all ages till now) quite compatible with the knowledge of evil. I confess that the book has made me ashamed of myself. 'Jane Eyre' I hardly looked into, very seldom reading a work of fiction—yours, indeed, and Thackeray's * are the only ones I care to open. 'Shirley' dis-

* Of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" his estimate was very high. In a letter to his wife in 1850 he says, "I can read nothing but 'Vanity Fair,' over and over again, which fills me with delight, wonder, and *humility*. I would sooner have drawn Rawdon Crawley than all the folks I ever drew."

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gusted me at the opening: and I gave up the writer and her books with the notion that she was a person who liked coarseness. How I misjudged her! and how thankful I am that I never put a word of my misconceptions into print, or recorded my misjudgments of one who is a whole heaven above me.

"Well have you done your work, and given us the picture of a valiant woman made perfect by sufferings. I shall now read carefully and lovingly every word she has written, especially those poems, which ought not to have fallen dead as they did, and which seem to be (from a review in the current *Fraser*), of remarkable strength and purity. I must add that Mrs. Kingsley agrees fully with all I have said, and bids me tell you that she is more intensely interested in the book than in almost any which she has ever read."

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *June* 12, 1857.

"Eight and thirty years old am I this day, Tummas; whereof twenty-two were spent in pain, in woe, and vanitie; and sixteen in very great happiness, such as few men deserve, and I don't deserve at all. And now I feel like old Jacob, 'with my staff I passed over Jordan, and now I am become two bands'—for why? I actually couldn't get home from Hastings except in two relays, what with servants, tutor, and governess. Well, Tom, God has been very good to me; and I can't help feeding a hope that I may fight a good fight yet before I die, and get something done. I've done little enough yet. The best work ever I've done has been my plain parish work, and that I've done miserably ill, cowardly and idly of late, and bullying and second-hand dogmatic of old; but perhaps I shall get training enough to go into the fight well before I die; and if not, I trust one's not going to be idle up there, Tom. Surely as long as there's a devil or devils, even an ass or asses, in the universe, one will have to turn out to the reveille now and then, wherever one is, and satisfy one's θυμός 'rage' or 'pluck,' which Plato averreth (for why, he'd have been a wraxling man, and therefore was a philosopher, and the king of 'em) to be the root of all virtue. Why not, Tom? Mayn't we?

"Now to business, Tommy, which is fish. O that I could go to Lambourne Monday! But I preach in town Sunday, and have three good fellows a dying in my parish, so that I must be at home Monday afternoon. But oh if you take Donnington Priory, won't I immortalise you in verse and prose? Oh the bliss! I think the boys will catch o. The fish will be glutted with the fly, and attendant Naiads pitying, holding basins under their noses: mortal aldermanic they were Wednesday here. I caught a fairish lot on the Caperer, which they took as a relish to the heavy fly; but the

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moment they were ashore the Mayflies came up. Oh a Dover steamer in a chopping sea was cleanly to it. Poor carnal parties! Why shouldn't they tuck while they can? Mayflies come to them at Whitsuntide, as club-feasts do to the clods, to give them one jolly blow out in the year, and it's a pleasure to look at them. That's why good fishing days always fall on Sundays, Tom, to give the poor fish a good day's appetite (dinner always ready), and nobody to catch them while they're enjoying it.

"Also make a note of this. A party with doubtful h's, and commercial demeanor, appears on Wednesday on our little stream, and kills awfully. Throws a beautiful line, and catches more than I have in a day for this two years here; fly, a little green drake, with a ridiculous tufted bright yellow wing, like nothing as ever was. Stood aghast; went home and dreamed all the spiders' webs by the stream were full of thousands of them, the most beautiful yellow ephemeræ with green peacock-tail heads. Oh the beauty of them; and wasn't I riled when I found it was all for fancy? But won't I 'realoirioize,' as the Scots parsons say, those little fellows next year, and apply them to the part affected?"

EVERSLEY, 1857.

"I have often been minded to write to you about 'Tom Brown,' so here goes. I have puffed it everywhere I went, but I soon found how true the adage is that good wine needs no bush, for every one had read it already, and from every one, from the fine lady on her throne, to the red-coat on his cock-horse, and the school-boy on his forrum (as our Irish brethren call it), I have heard but one word, and that is, that it is the jolliest book they ever read. Among a knot of red-coats at the cover-side, some very fast fellow said, 'If I had had such a book in my boyhood, I should have been a better man now!' and more than one capped his sentiment frankly. Now isn't it a comfort to your old bones to have writtten such a book, and a comfort to see that fellows are in a humor to take it in? So far from finding men of our rank in a bad vein, or sighing over the times and prospects of the rising generation, I can't help thinking they are very teachable, humble, honest fellows, who want to know what's right, and if they don't go and do it, still think the worse of themselves therefore. I remark now, that with hounds, and in fast company, I never hear an oath, and that, too, is a sign of self-restraint. Moreover, drinking is gone out, and, good God, what a blessing! I have good hopes, and better of our class, than of the class below. They are effeminate, and that makes them sensual. Pietists of all ages (George Fox, my dear friend, among the worst), never made a greater mistake (and they have made many), than in fancying that by keeping down manly *θυμός*, which Plato saith is the root of all virtue, they could keep down sensuality. They were dear

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good old fools. However, the day of 'Pietism' is gone, and 'Tom Brown' is a heavy stone in its grave. 'Him no get up again after that,' as the niggers say of a buried obi-man. I am trying to polish the poems: but Maurice's holidays make me idle. Powles' school has been most successful for him; he has come home healthier and jollier than ever he was in his life, and is truly a noble boy.

"Sell your last coat and buy a spoon. I have a spoon of huge size (Farlow his make). I killed forty pounds weight of pike, &c., on it the other day, at Strathfieldsaye, to the astonishment and delight of ——, who cut small jokes on 'a spoon at each end,' &c., but altered his note when he saw the melancholies coming ashore, one every ten minutes, and would try his own hand. I have killed heaps of big pike round with it. I tried it in Lord Eversley's lakes on Monday, when the fish wouldn't have even his fly. Capricious party is Jaques. Next day killed a seven pounder at Hurst. I am going again to the Speaker's, for he wants his jack killed down, and has hurt his leg so that he can't do it, wherefore he has sent for me. Ain't I a slaved party; ill-used by aristocrats, and compelled to fish in waters where his last was eleven pounds, and where he has had them out of twenty-four and eighteen?"

During the course of the year a letter arrived from a chaplain of a Queen's ship on the Nova Scotia station, who, after apologizing for the liberty he was taking in writing to thank him for his books, adds—

"I found on our arrival here (Halifax) that an edition of 'Two Years Ago,' published at Boston, was to be had; but no one seemed to know it. My purpose in writing to you is partly for encouragement in the preaching of views to which I am becoming the more and more attached, and partly to tell you how much your books are liked by naval men. I could, also, tell you of good resulting from the reading of them. For example, I know one instance of an officer, who is a man of cultivated mind, and yet he told me that until he had read 'Two Years Ago,' he had never said his prayers (for years past) except when in trouble. It would fill up this letter altogether, were I to tell you of all the praises I hear from every one of my mess-mates who have read this book. I consider it a duty to get them all to read it, and 'Westward Ho!'; as I believe, both are calculated to make men better. I have got them both for the sick quarters, and hope to have them generally read by the ship's company as well. . . . .

"About sailors. I have always found that they came willingly to church. My preaching since I have read your 'Sermons for the Times,' speaks more of love than ever; I always held the same

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opinions, but was afraid of the preaching of them; now, however, that I find one whom I believe to be both wise and good not afraid, I do not see why I should be so either.

"I have a bible class for the men, which I tried in the 'cock-pit' and failed; on the main-deck, and failed; and at last, taking a lesson from 'Two Years Ago,' I resolved to go to the men instead of expecting them to come to me—and thus, I have at last succeeded. My plan was the following:—I went to the fore-capstan, round which the men smoke, and laying my book down thereon, I said I was come to read a chapter for them, and that those who did not wish to be present, might move 'aft'—and that, so far from wishing to interrupt their smoking time (evening) it was my special desire that they should continue smoking, their attention being all I wanted. I have this class now regularly on Thursday evenings, and a more attentive or orderly audience could not be seen; the men are beginning to feel an interest in it and congregate there some time before the hour arrives. I wish you could see them, such fine manly handsome fellows. I know it is doing good. It might at first sight be supposed that the time, place, and circumstances would be calculated to lower my position; but so far from that, the men know that I must be in earnest, and they are more gentle and respectful than ever. I need hardly say that I preach love to them as the great inducement, and agree with you that no other plan should be tried . . . . From the 'Sermons of the Times,' I have learnt much, and now have clearer ideas on many of the subjects. . . . ."

After some particularly bitter newspaper attacks, a friend writes to him to tell him the effect "Two Years Ago" had had on a distinguished member of one of our universities, who had had no settled faith for years.

"I write for your soul's comfort in your noble and much traduced work in God's service. Poor dear * * * attributed his being convinced of sin, and driven to seek Christ the Lord and Savior, to your last book, especially that fearful account of Elsley Vavasour's chase across the mountain, and Tom Thurnall's experience in the Russian dungeon. He had always said to me that he never could understand what was meant by the sense of sin as spoken of in the Bible, and by Maurice in his Theological Essays. But one night, about six weeks before his death, when he awoke in pain and darkness in the middle of the night, the remembrance of that terrible isolation which you had described in these passages came upon him in awful horror, and drove him to seek help from God. No one who knew * * * before that time and after it could fail to see how great the change was that was wrought in him.

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He only spoke of it to me once, and as I knew how distasteful to him was all self-analysis at least to others, I never re-opened the matter, but after his death I found he had said the same thing to * * *. Now, my dear Kingsley, I trust this will be some comfort to you in the midst of all this foolish calumny. As I said, I meant to have written of this to Mrs. Kingsley. I know how she would prize such a fact in connection with such a man."

TO REV. GEORGE HENSLOWE.

[Who had written to him as to the possibility of a sense of humor in the Creator.]

EVERSLEY, *Sept.* 11, 1857.

"I cannot see how your notions can be gainsayed, save by those who have a lurking belief that God is the Devil, after all—a sort of unjust and exacting Zeus, against whom they would rebel if they had Prometheus' courage: but not having that, must flatter him instead.

"The matter presents itself to me thus. I see humor in animals, *e.g.*, a crab and a monkey, a parrot, a crow. I don't find this the result of a low organization. In each of these four cases the animal is of the highest belonging to this class. Well; there the fact is; if I see it, God must see it also, or I must have more insight than God into God's own works. Q. E. Abs.

"Then comes a deeper question. God sees it: but is He affected by it? I think we could give no answer to this, save on the ground of a Son of God, who is that image of the father in whom man is created.

"If the New Testament be true, we have a right to say of humor, as of all other universally human faculties—Hominus est = Ergo Christi est = Ergo Dei est.

"I must accept this in its fulness, to whatever *seemingly* startling and dangerous result it may lead me, or my theology and my anthropology part company, and then, being philosophically unable to turn Manichee (whether Calvinist or Romanist), the modern Pantheism would be the only alternative; from which homeless and bottomless pit of immoral and unphilosophical private judgment may God deliver us and all mankind. And you will see that into that Pantheism men will rush more and more till they learn to face the plain statement of the creed, 'And He was made man,' and the Catholic belief, that as the Son of man, He sits now ἐν (τοῖς) οὐρανοῖς, and on the very throne of God. Face the seemingly coarse anthropomorphism of the Old Testament, and believe that the New Testament so far from narrowing it, widens and deepens it.

"This is my only hope and stay, while I see belief and practice alike rocking and reeling to decay. May God keep it alive in me and in you, recollecting always that to do the simple right thing

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which lies at our feet, is better than to have ascended into the third heaven, and to have all γνῶσις and all mysteries.

"You sign yourself by a very noble name. Are you a son of that good and wise man to whose lectures about Chara and Nitella I have listened in Quy-fen eighteen years ago? I shall be happy to hear from you again."

He gave many lectures in the diocese this autumn for Mechanics' Institutes, and among others his "Thoughts in a Gravel Pit," and one on "Chaucer," also a long promised one at Bristol on "Great Cities, their Influence for Good and Evil." *

He was just now engaged on a volume of poems for publication, and they had been advertised by Messrs. Parker for Christmas. But while preparing them for the press he was asked to write an article on Sanitary reform. This work, and the terrible depression produced on his mind by the Indian mutiny, prevented his being able to get them ready in time. The agony of his mind as the details from India poured in, though he had no relatives or personal friends engaged in the mutiny, was terrible, and he writes to Mr. Bullar:—

". . . Do not talk to me about India, and the future of India, till you can explain the past—the past six months. O Bullar, no man knows, or shall know, what thoughts they have cost me. . . . . Meanwhile, I feel as if I could dogmatise no more. I dare say you are right and I wrong. I have no heart, at least, to continue any argument, while my brain is filled with images fresh out of hell and the shambles. Show me what security I have that my wife, my children, should not suffer, from some unexpected outbreak of devils, what other wives and children have suffered, and then I shall sleep quiet, without longing that they were safe out of a world where such things are possible. . . . . .

"You may think me sinful for having such thoughts. My experience is, that when they come, one must face them, do battle with them deliberately, be patient if they worst one for a while. For by all such things men live, in these is the life of the spirit. Only by going down into hell can one rise again the third day. I have been in hell many times in my life; therefore, perhaps, have I had some small power of influencing human hearts. But I never have looked hell so close in the face as I have been doing of late. Wherefore I hope thereby to get fresh power to rise, and to lift others heavenward. But the power has not come yet. . . . . And

* Published in the "Miscellanies."

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I can only cry, 'O Lord, in Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded. Wherefore should the wicked say, where is now his God?'

"But while I write now, and while I fret most, there comes to me an inner voice, saying—What matter if *thou* art confounded. *God is not.* Only believe firmly that God is at least as good as thou, with thy 'finite reason,' canst conceive; and He will make thee at last able to conceive how good He is, and thou shalt have the one perfect blessing of seeing God.

"You will say I am inconsistent. So I am; and so, if read honestly, are David's Psalms. Yet that very inconsistency is what brings them home to every human heart for ever. The words of a man in real doubt and real darkness, crying for light, and not crying in vain. As I trust I shall not. God bless you."

TO GEORGE BRIMLEY, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, 1857.

"DEAR BRIMLEY,

"Your letter has much comforted me; for your disapproval is really to me a serious thing, from what I know of your critical powers; while my own hopeless inability to judge of the goodness or badness of anything I write makes me more and more modest about my own 'æsthesis.' That word 'masque' I will omit hereafter. The truth is, that I have drawn, modelled in clay, and picture fancied, so much in past years, that I have got unconsciously into the slang—for slang it is—and I am faulty therein.

"About the melodrama on the Glyder, I quite agree with you that some folks will carp. There was a cantankerous lady (I heard who she was, but forget—why not?) who attacked me fiercely on that score, anent 'Westward Ho!' She knew not that the one point which infuriated her most, viz., the masts and sails and people looking *red-hot* against a black background instead of vice versa, when Amyas is struck blind, was copied from the experience of a near relative who was struck senseless by a flash of lightning, and squinted and had weak eyes for years after. So much for the reward which one gets for copying nature!

"In the Glyder scene I have copied nature most carefully, having surveyed every yard of the ground this summer. The vision of Snowdon towering and wet against the background of blue flame, appearing and disappearing every moment, was given me by Froude, who lived there three years, and saw it, and detailed it carefully, begging me to put it in! But why go on justifying? I don't think the deerstalkers of Park Lane and Belgravia will sneer, because they see such things in their field-sports, and are delighted when such men as Maxwell or St. John, or perhaps I—for they have told me so often—can put them into words for them; but the true

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snubbers are the cockneys who write for the press, and who judge of the universe from the experiences of the London suburbs, or a summer's watering-place trip. I have seen as awful sights here at the breaking up of a long drought; and what I wanted to do was boldly to defy criticism on that very point, calling the chapter 'Nature's Melodrama,' and showing, meanwhile, that the 'melodramatic element' was a false, and morbid, and cowardly one, by bringing in Naylor and Wynd, thinking the very same horrors capital fun. I would not have taken Elsley there if I had not taken them there also, as a wholesome foil to his madness.

"Claude and Sabina are altogether imaginary. Ever since 'Yeast,' I have been playing with them as two dolls, setting them to say and do all the pretty *naïve* things any one else is too respectable to be sent about, till I know them as well as I know you. I have half-a-dozen pet people of that kind, whom I make talk and walk with me on the moors, and when I am at my parish work; and charming company they all are, only they get more and more wilful, being 'spoilt children,' and I cannot answer for any desperate aberration of theirs, either in doctrine or practice, from hour to hour. Like all the rest of human life, the best things which I get out of them are too good to be told. So nobody will ever know them, save a little of the outside. Writing novels is a farce and a sham. If any man could write the simple life of a circle of five miles round his own house, as he knew, and could in many cases swear it to be, at that moment, no one would believe it; and least of all would those believe it who did believe it. Do you ask the meaning of the paradox?

"Those who know best that the facts are true, or might be true, would be those most interested in declaring them impossible. When any man or woman calls anything 'over-drawn,' try them, if you can, by the argument—

"'Now, confess. Have you not seen, and perhaps done, stranger things?' And in proportion to their honesty and geniality they will answer, 'Yes.'

"I have never found this fail, with people who were human, and were capable of having any 'history' at all."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

1858.

AGED 39.

Eversley Work—Diphtheria—Lectures and Sermons at Aldershot—Blessing the Colors of the 22nd Regiment—Staff College—Advanced Thinkers—Poems and Santa Maura—Letter from Dr. Monsell—Letters to Dr. Monsell, Dean Stanley, &c.—Letter from Captain Congreve—Birth of his Son Grenville—Second Visit to Yorkshire.

THIS was a year of severe work and anxiety, for he could not afford a curate. Diphtheria, then a new disease in England, appeared in the neighborhood, and was very fatal. It created a panic, and to him it was a new enemy to be hated, and fought against, as it was his wont to hate and fight against every form of disease, and especially those which he suspected to come from malaria, and other preventable causes. Its prevalence among children, and cases in his own parish, affected and excited him, and he took counsel with medical men, as to how to meet the earliest symptoms of the new foe. When it reached Eversley, some might have smiled at seeing him, going in and out of the cottages with great bottles of gargle under his arm, and teaching the people—men, women, and children, to gargle their throats, as a preventive; but to him it was terrible grim earnest, acting as he did on Thomas Carlyle's principle, "Wheresoever thou findest disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him, make order of him."

His work for the Hants and Wilts Education Society, to which he had bound himself to give so many lectures annually, in lieu of subscription, was heavy: he lectured on local geology, on Chaucer, on Jack of Newbury, and Flodden Field, and on the Days of the Week; in those days seldom repeating the same lecture. The position of Eversley with regard to Chobham, Aldershot, and Sandhurst, brought him more and more in contact with military men, and widened his sphere of influence. The society of soldiers

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as a class was congenial to him. He inherited much of the soldier spirit, as he inherited soldier blood; and the few of his direct ancestors' portraits that have survived the wreck of his family, are all of men in uniform, including, with others of earlier date, General Kingsley, Governor of Fort William, colonel of the 20th Regiment, who fought at the battle of Minden; and among the family papers there are commissions with the signature of the reigning authorities. He had himself, at one time, thought of the army as a profession, and had spent much time as a boy in drawing plans of fortifications; and after he took holy orders it was a constant occupation to him, in all his walks and rides, to be planning fortifications. There is scarcely a hill-side within twenty miles of Eversley, the strong and weak points of which in attack and defence during a possible invasion, he has not gone over with as great an intensity of thought and interest as if the enemy were really at hand; and no soldier could have read and re-read Hannibal's campaigns, Creasy's Sixteen decisive battles, the records of Sir Charles Napier's Indian warfare, or Sir William's magnificent history of the Peninsular War, with keener appreciation, his poet's imagination enabling him to fill up the picture and realize the scene, where his knowledge of mere military detail failed. Hence the honor he esteemed it to be allowed to preach to the troops at Aldershot, and to lecture to military men there and at Woolwich. His eyes would kindle and fill with tears as he recalled the impression made on him on Whit Sunday, 1858, by the sound heard for the first time, and never to be forgotten, of the clank of the officers' swords and spurs, and the regular tramp of the men as they marched into church, stirring him like the sound of a trumpet. He lectured this year, too, to the troops in the camp on Cortez. He was also asked by Mrs. William Napier to bless the new colors which she presented to her father's old regiment, the 22nd, of which Sir Charles Napier himself had spoken when he, as its distinguished colonel, presented colors to the 1st battalion some years before:

"That brave regiment which won the battle of Meanee—won the battle of Hydrabad—won Scinde for England; . . . . the regiment which stood by the King of England at Dettingen, stood by the celebrated Lord Peterborough at Barcelona; and into the arms of whose grenadiers the immortal Wolfe fell on the

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heights of Abraham. Well may I exult in the command of such a regiment." (Life of Sir Charles Napier.)

After the ceremony, Mrs. Napier went round the ranks, among which were many old veterans who had survived from the great Indian battles, in which her father commanded them in the field, and introduced Mr. Kingsley to them. That too was a red letter in his calendar, as he called it. He camped out a night this summer with the Guards on Cove Common. His sermons in camp brought many officers over to Eversley Church, and led to the formation of friendships which were very dear to him. During the earlier years of the Staff College, Sandhurst, of which his valued friend General William Napier was commandant, he was often invited to mess, and was received with a marked respect, which did as much honor to his hosts as to their guest. That he never shrunk from showing his colors, the following reminiscence from one who was present will testify:—

"We had among us one or two so-called 'advanced thinkers,' men who were inclined to ridicule religion somewhat. I remember once the conversation at mess took that direction, and Mr. Kingsley stopped it at once and forever in the pleasantest, and at the same time most effectual manner, by pointing out how unmanly and ungenerous it was to endeavor to weaken a faith which was a trusted support to one's friends. He said it was impossible to use arguments of this kind without causing pain to some, and even if a man could hope to produce conviction, it could only be by taking from his convert much of the present joy of his life. Would any brave man desire to do that for the mere sake of a rhetorical triumph? There was the regular little apology, 'Forgot for a moment that there was a clergyman at the table,' &c.

"'All right, never mind, but you must not apologize on that ground. We are paid to fight those arguments as you soldiers are to do another sort of fighting, and if a clergyman is worth his salt, you will always find him ready to try a fall with you. Besides, it is better for your friends, if they are to have the poison, to have the antidote in the same spoon.'"

Early this year his poems were published, and among them "Santa Maura," which had a powerful effect on thoughtful people, the story being so little known.

"I am delighted," he says to Mr. Maurice, "that you are satisfied with 'St. Maura.' Nothing which I ever wrote came so out

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of the depths of my soul as that, or caused me during writing (it was all done in a day and a night) a poetic fervor such as I never felt before or since. It seemed to me a sort of inspiration which I could not resist; and the way to do it came before me clearly and instantly, as nothing else ever has done. To embody the highest spiritual nobleness in the greatest possible simplicity of a young village girl, and exhibit the martyr element, not only free from that celibate element which is so jumbled up with it in the old myths; but brought out and brightened by marriage love. That story, as it stands in the Acta SS., has always been my *experimentum crucis* of the false connection between martyrdom and celibacy. But enough of this selfish prosing. . . . . I have no novel in my head just now. I have said my say for the time, and I want to sit down and become a learner, not a teacher, for I am chiefly impressed with my own profound ignorance and hasty assumption on every possible subject."

The volume of poems led to his first communication with Dr. Monsell, who writes:—

GULVAL VICARAGE, PENZANCE, *April* 14, 1858.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,

"I have read with wondrous delight your beautiful book of poetry just come out, and thank you most sincerely for a great deal of it as a source of very pure pleasure, and a great deal of it as very deep and earnest teaching in holy things. One poem especially I thank God for, that entitled 'St. Maura.'. I could wish that sent out into the world by itself, as a little tract, to be slipt into the hands of the suffering, or of those who are sometimes in the midst of great blessings disposed to make too much of the little trials they are called on to endure. It would strengthen and brace up to high endeavors and endurings many who now little dream of what real endurance for the love of Christ means. I know it was so with me the other day. I had heard from home of some parish vexations, which pained me far more than any earthly ill should do. I took up that dear book, read that one poem for the first time aloud to my wife and children, and as I laid it down with tears in my eyes, could smile through those tears at any little cross I had to bear for my dear Master's sake. What it has done for me I am sure it will do for thousands, and therefore I have ventured to tell you how God has blessed it to me.

"May He strengthen and bless you in your noble endeavors to glorify Him and benefit your race is the sincere prayer of one who has been much benefited by your writings.

"Yours most faithfully,

"JOHN S. B. MONSELL.

"(Vicar of Egham.)"

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The answer is characteristic:—

EVERSLEY, *April* 2, 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your letter gave me the most lively pleasure, and all the more lively, because it came from you, whose spiritual poems have been a delight and comfort in a time of anxiety to my dear wife.

"Would to God that I could *be* the persons that I can conceive. If you wish to pray against a burden and temptation, pray against that awful gift (for it is a purely involuntary gift) of imagination, which alternately flatters and torments its possessor,—flatters him by making him fancy that he possesses the virtues which he can imagine in others; torments him, because it makes him feel in himself a capacity for every imaginable form of vice. Yet if it be a gift of God's (and it cannot be a gift of the devil's) it must bring some good, and perhaps the good is the capacity for sympathy with blackguards, 'publicans and sinners,' as we now euphemize them in sermons, trying, as usual, to avoid the tremendous meaning of the words by borrowing from an old English translation. To see into the inner life of these; to know their disease, not from books, but from inward and scientific anatomy, imagination may help a man. If it does that for me I shall not regret it; though it is, selfishly speaking, the most humiliating and tormenting of all talents.

"God be with you and yours,

"C. KINGSLEY."

TO REV. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

EVERSLEY, *April* 10, 1858.

"MY DEAR STANLEY,—

"I must write and tell you the perfect pleasure with which I have read your three lectures on Ecclesiastical History, which that excellent fellow, Edward Egerton, lent me.

"It is a comfort in this dreary world to read anything so rational and fair, so genial and human; and if those Oxford youths are not the better men for such talk, they deserve the pool of Hela.

"What you say about learning ecclesiastical history by biography is most true. I owe all I really know about the history of Christianity (ante Tridentine), to thumbing and re-thumbing a copy of 'Surius' Actæ Sanctorum.' In that book I found out for the first time in my life 'what they were all about.' But you have, from your greater knowledge, and wider view, a spirit of hope about it all, which sadly fails me at times; and therefore your lectures have done me good; and I thank you for them, as for personal and private consolation which I sorely wanted. God bless you and prosper you and your words."

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Among the many pleasant friendships formed at this time, which sprung out of the Eversley Church services, was that of Captain Congreve, who thus recalls those Sundays:—

"It was in the spring of 1858 that Capt., now Colonel, Jebb, of the 67th, and I first began to go to Eversley Church. We used to walk over on Sunday mornings after breakfast, and then have some bread and cheese at the little public house in the village after church.

"There we discussed with our host, the parson and the village generally, and I remember his amusing us very much once, when referring to some cricket to be played in the afternoon, by saying, 'Eh, Paason, he doan't objec'—not ee—as loik as not 'e'll coom and look on, and ee do tell 'em as its a deal better to 'ave a bit o' elthy play o' a Sunday evenin' than to be a-larkin' 'ere and a-larkin there hall hover the place a-courtin' and a-drinkin' hale.'

"Mr. Kingsley soon observed the two new faces in his church, and spoke to us one Sunday after service. From that time I think we were pretty constant guests at your Sunday luncheon-table. I shall never forget the genial, happy, unreserved intercourse of those Sunday afternoons, and I never strolled home to mess without feeling that I had come away wiser and better from the contact with that clear and kindly mind. He essentially loved men and manly pursuits, and perhaps liked soldiers, as being a class among whom manly feeling and many virtues were cultivated.

"The Staff College was then in its infancy, and had perhaps gathered together a few of the best educated, hardest working, and most ambitious young men in the service.

"Mr. Kingsley was very soon a welcome and an honored guest at our mess. He entered into our studies, popularised our geology, and was an able critic on questions of military history. Not only that, however,—head work needs physical relaxation. He told us the best meets of the hounds, the nearest cut to the cover, the best trout streams, and the home of the largest pike. Many an hour have I spent pleasantly and profitably on the College lakes with him. Every fly that lit on the boat-side, every bit of weed that we fished up, every note of wood-bird, was suggestive of some pretty bit of information on the habits, and growth, and breeding of the thousand unnoticed forms of life around.

"Yours truly,

"W. CONGREVE."

His youngest son, Grenville Arthur, for whom, in the course of time, "The Waterbabies" and "Madame How" were written, was born this spring, and named after his godfather, Dean Stanley,

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and Sir Richard Grenvil, one of the heroes of "Westward Ho!" from whom Mrs. Kingsley's family claimed descent.

A new novel was now projected on the subject of the Pilgrimage of Grace, which made it necessary for him to go into Yorkshire for a few days to identify places and names. This was his only holiday for the year, and thanks to the kindness of his friend, Mr. (now the Rt. Hon.) E. Forster, and Mr. Morrison, of Malham, it was a very charming one, combining antiquities, manufactures, scenery, and fishing, with the facts he had to make out. The novel was partly written, but never finished.

BURLEY, WHARFSIDE, *July*, 1858.

"At a most delicious place, and enjoying good society and a good library, with some very valuable books. . . . . Tell the children I have just seen—oh! I don't know what I hav'nt seen—the largest water-wheel in England, making light summer over-coats for the Yankees and Germans. I am in a state of bewilderment—such machinery as no tongue can describe, about three acres of mills and a whole village of people, looking healthy, rosy, and happy; such a charming half-time school for the children, library for the men, &c. Tell R. I saw the wool as it came off the sheep's back in Leicestershire, followed it till it was turned into an 'alpaca' coat, and I don't care to see conjuring or magic after that. The country is glorious. . . . . ."

"We had a delighftul day at Bolton yesterday, and saw the Abbey. Tell R. I jumped over the Strid where young Romilly was drowned. Make her learn Wordsworth's ballad on it, 'What is good for a bootless bene'?"

After his return home a lady of an old Roman Catholic family sent him through a mutual friend some curious facts for his book, but expressed her fears that his strong Protestant sympathies would prevent his doing justice to her co-religionists. He thus acknowledges her help in a letter to Mr. C. Kegan Paul:—

EVERSLEY, *October*, 1858.

"Will you thank Mrs. **** most heartily from me for all she has found out for me. The Merlin's prophecy about Aske is invaluable. The Miltons I don't know of, and would gladly know. The York documents about the Pilgrimage of Grace have got, I hear, to Durham, at least there are none to be found in the Chapter Library at York.

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"But let her understand—if it be any comfort to her—that I shall in this book do the northern Catholics ample justice; that Robert and Christopher Aske, both good Romanists, are my heroes, and Robert the Rebel my special hero. I can't withdraw what I said in 'Westward Ho,' because it is true. Romanism under the Jesuits became a different thing from what it had been before. Of course Mrs. **** does not know that, and why should she?

"But I fear she will be as angry as ever, though really she is most merciful and liberal, at my treatment of the monks. I love the old Catholic Laity: I did full justice to their behavior at the Armada juncture; but I know too much of those shavelings, and the worst is, I know, as Wolsey knew, and every one knew, things one dare'nt tell the world, much less a woman. So judgment must go by default, as I cannot plead, for decency's sake. Still, tell her that had I been born and bred a Yorkshire Catholic, I should probably—unless I had been a coward—have fought to the last drop at Robert Aske's side. But this philosophy only gives one a habit of feeling for every one, without feeling with them, and I can now love Robert Aske, though I think him as wrong as man can be, who is a good man and true."

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CHAPTER XIX.

1859.

AGED 40.

Sanitary Work—First Sermon at Buckingham Palace—Queen's Chaplaincy—First Visit to Windsor—Letter to an Atheist—Correspondence with Artists—Charles Bennett—Ladies' Sanitary Association—Letter from John Stuart Mill.

As years went on he devoted time, thought, and influence more and more to Sanitary science; the laws of health, and the enfranchisement of men's bodies from disease and dirt, and their inevitable consequences of sin, misery, and physical if not spiritual death, became more important in his eyes than any Political reforms. He lectured at the different institutes in the diocese of Winchester on the laws of health, rather than on literary and scientific matters, and attended the first public meeting in Willis's Rooms of the Ladies' National Sanitary Association, where he made a speech that was afterwards published under the title of "The Massacre of the Innocents."

This year, 1859, was an altogether important one to him. On Palm Sunday he preached for the first time before the Queen and the Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace, and was shortly afterwards made one of Her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary. He now took his turn as Queen's Chaplain in the services at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and preached in the autumn before the Court in the private chapel at Windsor Castle. On this occasion he had the honor of being presented to the Queen and the Prince Consort, and to the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, then staying at Windsor, and from that hour to his dying day he received marks of Royal kindness and condescension, the memory of which will be an heirloom to his children. To a man of his fine imagination and deep loyalty, who had sounded the depths of society, and whose increasing popularity as an author, and power as a preacher, had given him a large acquaintance with all ranks, this new phase in

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his life seemed to come just to complete the cycle of his experiences. But while its result was, in a certain sense, to establish his position and enlarge his influence, on his own character it had a humbling rather than exalting effect. From this time there was a marked difference in the tone of the public press, religious and otherwise, towards him : and though he still waged war as heretofore against bigotry, ignorance, and intolerance, and was himself unchanged, the attacks on him from outside were less frequent and less bitter.

The events of this year, uninteresting to the outside world, but each important to himself in giving color to his daily life and leaving its own mark on his heart and imagination, are soon told. He sent his eldest son to Wellington College, which had opened in the winter, and where the scheme of education, due much to the wise influence of the Prince Consort, was more consonant to his own views for his son, being of a wider and more modern character than that of the older and more venerable public schools. He was present at the marriage of his friend Max Müller and a beloved niece,* who spent the first week of their married life at Eversley Rectory ; and he preached them their wedding sermon, giving them their first communion in his own church. Dean Stanley (then Canon of Christ Church, Oxford) paid his first visit to Eversley. His acquaintance with Lord Cranworth and with Lord Carnarvon, to whom he became more and more attached as time went on, was made this year. In the autumn, with his wife, he spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, but having no curate, his holiday was short, and more than once he broke down from overwork ; the excitement too of the Sundays, and his full church, overpowered him. He shrunk from the bustle of London, refused all sermons there, and withdrew from politics.

"I have not been to town," he said, "for more than two days in the last nine months. I see no chance of preaching there, I am happy to say, for a long time, save next Sunday, when I preach to the Queen. As for politics, I heed them not. The only politician now living is the Lord of all ; and He has principle and principles ;

* The G. to whom the lines were written beginning—

"A hasty jest I once let fall,
As jests are wont to be, untrue."—To G., "Poems," p. 236.

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whoever has not. It is a fearful lookout when God has to govern a nation because it cannot govern itself. . . . ."

Notwithstanding fair prospects and outward distinction, he clung more and more passionately to his country home—the "far off look," and longing for rest and reality, and for the unfolding of the mystery of life grew stronger upon him, and he said more frequently to his wife "How blessed it will be when it is all over!" With his children, however, he was always bright and merry. To his friend, Mr. Tom Hughes, he writes this summer, on the 12th of June :—

"This is my fortieth birthday. What a long life I have lived! and silly fellows that review me say that I can never have known ill-health or sorrow. I have known enough to make me feel very old—happy as I am now; and I am very happy. . . . ."

A correspondence with an intelligent artizan, an avowed atheist, and editor of an atheist newspaper in one of the manufacturing towns in the north, is unfortunately lost, with the exception of Mr. Kingsley's last letter, in answer to one telling him that his correspondent had in common with his class read "Alton Locke," "Yeast," and "Hypatia," with interest, from "their freshness of thought and honesty, which seemed to place them above the factions of creed, while breathing the same spirit of Christian kindness which Fenelon and Dr. Arnold practised." "Such perusal," he added, "makes us better men."

EVERSLEY, *January* 15, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I should have answered so frank and manly a letter before, but my father's sudden and severe illness called me away from home. I hope that you and your friends will not always remain Atheists. . . . It is a barren, heartless, hopeless creed, as a creed—though a man may live long in it without being heartless or hopeless himself. Still, he will never be the man he ought to have been; and therefore it is bad for him and not good. But what I want to say to you is this, and I do want to say it. Whatever doubt or doctrinal Atheism you and your friends may have, don't fall into moral Atheism. Don't forget the Eternal Goodness, whatever name you may call it. I call it God. Or if you even deny an Eternal Goodness, don't forget or neglect such goodness as you find in yourselves—not an honest, a manly, a loving, a

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generous, a patient feeling. For your own sakes, if not for God's sake, keep alive in you the sense of what is, and you know to be, good, noble, and beautiful. I don't mean beautiful in 'art,' but beautiful in morals. If you will keep that moral sense—that sense of the beauty of goodness, and of man's absolute duty to be good, then all will be as God wills, and all will come right at last. But if you lose that—if you begin to say, 'Why should not I be quarrelsome and revengeful? why should I not be conceited and insolent? why should I not be selfish and grasping? then you will be Atheists indeed, and what to say to you I shall not know. But from your letter, and from the very look of your handwriting, I augur better things; and even hope that you will not think me impertinent if I send you a volume of my own Sermons to think over manfully and fairly. It seems to me (but I may flatter myself) that you cannot like, as you say you do, my books, and yet be what I call moral Atheists.

"Mind, if there is anything in this letter which offends you, don't take fire, but write and ask me (if you think it worth while) what I mean. In looking it through I see several things which (owing to the perversion of religious phrases in these days) you may misunderstand, and take your friend for your foe.

"At all events, I am, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

Artists now often consulted him, and among them Charles Henry Bennett, a man full of genius, then struggling with poverty and the needs of a large young family, who began by illustrating children's books, then went on the staff of "Punch," and died a few years since, greatly regretted. His letters, followed by a visit to Eversley, led to Mr. Kingsley's offering to write him a preface to an Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress, for which he had some difficulty in getting a publisher, but on this offer Messrs. Longman undertook to bring out the work at once.

TO CHARLES H. BENNETT, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *January* 23, 1859.

". . . I feel as deeply as you our want of a fitting illustration of the great Puritan Epic, and agree in every word which you say about past attempts. Your own plan is certainly the right one, only in trying for imaginative freedom, do not lose sight of beauty of form. I am, in taste, a strong classicist, contrary to the reigning school of Ruskin, Pugin, and the pre-Raphaelites, and wait quietly for the world to come round to me again. But it is perfectly possible to combine Greek health and accuracy of form, with

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German freedom of imagination, even with German grotesqueness. I say Greek and German (*i.e.*, fifteenth and sixteenth century German) because those two are the only two root-schools in the world. I know no such combination of both as in Kaulbach. His illustrations of Reinecke Fuchs are in my eyes the finest designs (save those of three or four great Italians of the sixteenth century), which the world has ever seen. Any man desiring to do an enduring work, must study, copy, and surpass them.

"Now in Bunyan there is a strong German (Albert Durer) element which you must express, viz., 1st, a tendency to the grotesque in imagination; 2nd, a tendency to spiritual portraiture of the highest kind, in which an ideal character is brought out, not by abstracting all individual traits (the Academy plan), but by throwing in strong individual traits drawn from common life. This, indeed, has been the manner of the highest masters, both in poetry and painting, *e.g.*, Shakespeare and Dante, and the portraits, and even heroic figures of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Bronzino, the two latter with Titian, the triumvirate of portrait-painting. You find the same in Correggio. He never idealises, *i.e.*, abstracts in a portrait, seldom in any place. You would know the glorious 'Venus' of the National Gallery if you met her in the street. So this element you have a full right to employ.

"But there is another, of which Bunyan, as a Puritan tinker, was not conscious, though he had it in his heart, that is, classic grace and purity of form. He had it in his heart, as much as Spenser. His women, his Mr. Greatheart, his Faithful, his shepherds, can only be truly represented in a lofty and delicate outline, otherwise the ideal beauty which lifts them into a supernatural and eternal world is lost, and they become mere good folks of the seventeenth century. Some illustrators, feeling this, have tried to medievalize them—silly fellows. What has Bunyan to do with the Middle Age? He writes for all ages, he is full of an eternal humanity, and that eternal humanity can only be represented by something of the eternal form which you find in Greek statues. I don't mean that you are to Grecianize their dress, any more than medievalize it. No. And here comes an important question.

"Truly to illustrate a poem, you must put the visions on paper as they appeared to the mind of the seer himself. Now we know that Bunyan saw these people in his mind's eye, as dressed in the garb of his own century. It is very graceful, and I should keep to it, not only for historic truth's sake, but because in no other way can you express Bunyan's leading idea, that the same supernatural world which was close to old prophets and martyrs, was close to him; that the devil who whispered in the ears of Judas, whispered in the ears of a cavalier over his dice, or a Presbyterian minister in his Geneva gown. Take these hints as meant, kindly."

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ST. LEONARD'S, *April* 1, 1859.

"I saw Longman the other day hunting his hounds, and we had a talk about you and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' I shall be ready for you some time this summer. Do you know the old cuts of the 'Pelerinage de l'homme,' from which Bunyan took his idea? They have been lately republished. I will show them to you when you come down to me.

"I like your heads well. I really have had no time to write to you before, having been half insane with parish work and confirmation classes. I think Mr. Worldly Wiseman excellent, and 'the Lust of the Eye,' ditto. 'Mr. Gripeman' is too handsome. I think you want a more sharp, comprest, and cruel lip. But the general shape of the face is good. It is very like Alva, who was a cruel man, and a rigid pedant.

"I think you must have more smirk about Smoothman's face; and should certainly shave him, all but a very neat little imperial. The 'Lust of the Flesh,' is hardly animal enough. I have generally seen with strong animal passion, a tendency to high cheek-bone; but only in a dark woman. Yours may stand for a blonde type; but even then I should prefer a lower forehead. I should take the 'Pride of Life' for an older woman, and a much stouter one. Give her very full features and bust. As it is, your 'Pride of Life' has more animal passion than the 'Lust of the Flesh;' indeed, beyond that of vacuity, she has not much. She would be gad-about and vain enough, but not pompous and magnificent. Besides, she is a low type, and you should have the highest you can get. You see I criticise freely. I liked your 'Vanity Fair' sketches (in words) very much. Embody them in lines, and you will indeed do well. Do you know Walker's 'Analysis of Female Beauty?' It is a valuable book, and has much which would help any man."

In July Mr. Kingsley attended the first meeting of the Ladies' Sanitary Association at Willis's Rooms, and made the following remarkable speech:—

"Let me say one thing to the ladies who are interested in this matter. Have they really seriously considered what they are about to do in carrying out their own plans? Are they aware that if their Society really succeeds they will produce a very serious, some would think a very dangerous, change in the state of this nation? Are they aware that they would probably save the lives of some thirty or forty per cent. of the children who are born in England, and that therefore they would cause the subjects of Queen Victoria to increase at a very far more rapid rate than they do now? And are they aware that some very wise men inform us

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that England is already over-peopled, and that it is an exceedingly puzzling question where we shall soon be able to find work or food for our masses, so rapidly do they increase already, in spite of the thirty or forty per cent. kind Nature carries off yearly before they are five years old? Have they considered what they are to do with all those children whom they are going to save alive? That has to be thought of; and if they really do believe, with political economists now, that over-population is a possibility to a country which has the greatest colonial empire that the world has ever seen, then I think they had better stop in their course and let the children die, as they have been dying.

"But if, on the other hand, it seems to them, as I confess it does to me, that the most precious thing in the world is a human being, that the lowest, and poorest, and most degraded of human beings is better than all the dumb animals in the world; that there is an infinite, priceless capability in that creature, degraded as it may be —a capability of virtue, and of social and industrial use, which, if it is taken in time, may be developed up to a pitch, of which at first sight the child gives no hint whatsoever; if they believe again, that of all races upon earth now, probably the English race is the finest, and that it gives not the slightest sign whatever of exhaustion; that it seems to be on the whole a young race, and to have very great capabilities in it which have not yet been developed, and above all, the most marvellous capability of adapting itself to every sort of climate, and every form of life that any nation, except the old Roman, ever had in the world: if they consider with me that it is worth the while of political economists and social philosophers to look at the map, and see that about four-fifths of the globe cannot be said as yet to be in anywise inhabitated or cultivated, or in the state in which men could make it by any fair supply of population and industry and human intellect:—then, perhaps, they may think with me that it is a duty, one of the noblest of duties, to help the increase of the English race as much as possible, and to see that every child that is born into this great nation of England be developed to the highest pitch to which we can develop him, in physical strength and in beauty, as well as in intellect and in virtue. And then, in that light, it does seem to me, that this Association—small now, but I do hope some day to become great, and to become the mother Association of many and valuable children—is one of the noblest, most right-minded, straight-forward, and practical conceptions that I have come across for some years.

"We all know the difficulties of Sanitary Legislation. One looks at them at times almost with despair. I have my own reasons, with which I will not trouble this meeting, for looking on them with more despair than ever; not on account of the government of the time, or any possible government that could come to

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England, but on account of the peculiar class of persons in whom the ownership of the small houses has become more and more vested, and who are becoming more and more, I had almost said, the arbiters of the popular opinion, and of every election of parliament. However, that is no business of mine here; that must be settled somewhere else: and a fearfully long time, it seems to me, it will be before it is settled. But, in the mean time, what legislation cannot do, I believe private help, and, above all, woman's help, can do even better. It can do this; it can not only improve the condition of the working-man; I am not speaking of working-men just at this time, I am speaking of the middle classes, of the man who owns the house in which the working-man lives. I am speaking, too, of the wealthy tradesman; I am speaking, it is a sad thing to have to say, of our own class as well as of others. Sanitary Reform, as it is called, or, in plain English, the art of health, is so very recent a discovery, as all true physical science is, that we ourselves and our own class know very little about it, and practice it very ill. And this Society, I do hope, will bear in mind that it is not simply to affect the working-man, not only to go into the foul alley; but it is to go to the door of the farmer, to the door of the shopkeeper, aye, to the door of ladies and gentlemen of the same rank as ourselves. Women can do in that work what men cannot do. Private correspondence, private conversation, private example, may do what no legislation can do. I am struck more and more with the amount of disease and death I see around me in all classes, which no sanitary legislation whatsoever could touch, unless you had a complete house-to-house visitation of a government officer, with powers to enter every house, to drain and ventilate it, and not only that, but to regulate the clothes and the diet of every inhabitant, and that among all ranks. I can conceive of nothing short of that, which would be absurd and impossible and most harmful, which would stop the present amount of disease and death which I see around me, without some such private exertion on the part of women, above all of mothers, as I do hope will spring from this Institution more and more.

"I see this, that three persons out of four are utterly unaware of the general causes of their own ill health, and of the ill health of their children. They talk of their 'afflictions,' and their 'misfortunes;' and, if they be pious people, they talk of 'the will of God,' and of 'the visitation of God.' I do not like to trench upon those matters, but when I read in my Book and in your Book that 'it is not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish,' it has come to my mind sometimes with very great strength, that that may have a physical application as well as a spiritual one, and that the Father in heaven who does not wish the child's soul to die may possibly have created that child's body for the purpose of its not dying except in a good old age. Not

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only in the lower class, but in the middle class, when one sees an unhealthy family, then in three cases out of four, if one takes time, trouble, and care enough, one can, with the help of the doctor who has been attending them, run the evil home to a very different cause than the will of God; and that is, to a stupid neglect, a stupid ignorance, or what is just as bad, a stupid indulgence.

"Now, I do believe that if those tracts which you are publishing. which I have read, and of which I cannot speak too highly, are spread over the length and breadth of the land, and if women, clergymen's wives, the wives of manufacturers and of great employers, district visitors and school mistresses, have these books put into their hands, and are persuaded to spread them, and to enforce them, by their own example and by their own counsel, then in the course of a few years, this system being thoroughly carried out, you would see a sensible and large increase in the rate of population.

"When you have saved your children alive, then you must settle what to do with them. But a living dog is better than a dead lion; I would rather have the living child, and let it take its chance, than let it return to God—wasted. Oh! it is a distressing thing to see children die. God gives the most beautiful and precious thing that earth can have, and we just take it and cast it away; we cast our pearls upon the dunghill, and leave them. A dying child is to me one of the most dreadful sights in the world. A dying man, a man dying on the field of battle, that is a small sight; he has taken his chance; he has had his excitement, he has had his glory, if that will be any consolation to him; if he is a wise man, he has the feeling that he is doing his duty by his country, or by his King, or by his Queen. It does not horrify or shock me to see a man dying in a good old age, even though it be painful at the last, as it too often is. But it does shock me, it does make me feel that the world is indeed out of joint, to see a child die. I believe it to be a priceless boon to the child to have lived for a week, or a day; but oh, what has God given to this thankless earth, and what has the earth thrown away, in nine cases out of ten, from its own neglect and carelessness? What that boy might have been, what he might have done as an Englishman, if he could have lived and grown up healthy and strong! I entreat you to bear this in mind, that it is not as if our lower classes or our middle classes were not worth saving; bear in mind that the physical beauty and strength and intellectual power of the middle classes,—the shopkeeping class, the farming class, the working class—whenever you give them a fair chance, whenever you give them fair food and air, and physical education of any kind, prove them to be the finest race in Europe. Not merely the aristocracy, splendid race as they are: but down and down and down to the lowest laboring man, to the navigator;—why there is not such a

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body of men in Europe as our navigators, and no body of men perhaps have had a worse chance of growing to be what they are; and yet see what they have done. See the magnificent men they become in spite of all that is against them, all that is drawing them back, all that is tending to give them rickets and consumption, and all the miserable diseases which children contract; see what men they are, and then conceive what they might be.

"It has been said, again, that there are no more beautiful races of women in Europe than the wives and daughters of our London shopkeepers, and yet there are few races of people who lead a life more in opposition to all rules of hygiene. But in spite of all that, so wonderful is the vitality of the English race, that they are what they are; and therefore we have the finest material to work upon that people ever had. And therefore, again, we have the less excuse if we do allow English people to grow up puny, stunted, and diseased.

"Let me refer again to that word that I used: death—the amount of death. I really believe there are hundreds of good and kind people who would take up this subject with their whole heart and soul if they were aware of the magnitude of the evil. Lord Shaftesbury told you just now that there were one hundred thousand preventable deaths in England every year. So it is. We talk of the loss of human life in war. We are the fools of smoke and noise; because there are cannon-balls and gunpowder, and red coats, and because it costs a great deal of money, and makes a great deal of noise in the papers, we think, What so terrible as war? I will tell you what is ten times, and ten thousand times, more terrible than war, and that is—outraged nature. War, we are discovering now, is the clumsiest and most expensive of all games; we are finding that if you wish to commit an act of cruelty or folly, the most expensive act that you can commit is to contrive to shoot your fellow-men in war. So it seems; but Nature, insidious, inexpensive, silent, sends no roar of cannon, no glitter of arms to do her work; she gives no warning note of preparation; she has no protocol, nor any diplomatic advances, whereby she warns her enemy that war is coming. Silently, I say, and insidiously she goes forth; no—she does not even go forth, she does not step out of her path, but quietly, by the very same laws by which she makes alive, she puts to death. By the very same laws by which every blade of grass grows, and every insect springs to life in the sunbeam, she kills, and kills, and kills, and is never tired of killing, till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is so slow to learn, that nature is only conquered by obeying her.

"And bear in mind one thing more. Man has his courtesies of war, and his chivalries of war: he does not strike the unarmed man; he spares the woman and the child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is

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obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity: for some awful, but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child, with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah, would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of preventable suffering, the mass of preventable agony of mind and body, which exists in England year after year! And would that some man had the logical eloquence to make them understand that it is in their power, in the power of the mothers and wives of the higher class, I will not say to stop it all,—God only knows that,—but to stop, as I believe, three-fourths of it.

"It is in the power, I believe, of any woman in this room to save three or four lives, human lives, during the next six months. It is in your power, ladies, and it is so easy. You might save several lives apiece, if you choose, without, I believe, interfering with your daily business, or with your daily pleasure, or, if you choose, with your daily frivolities, in any way whatsoever. Let me ask, then, those who are here, and who have not yet laid these things to heart: Will you let this meeting to-day be a mere passing matter of two or three hours' interest, which you shall go away and forget for the next book or the next amusement? Or will you be in earnest? Will you learn—I say it openly—from the noble chairman *, how easy it is to be earnest in life; how every one of you, amid all the artificial complications of English society in the nineteenth century, can find a work to do, and a noble work to do, chivalrous work to do,—just as chivalrous as if you lived in any old fairy land, such as Spenser talked of in his 'Faery Queen;' how you can be as true a knight-errant, or lady-errant in the present century, as if you had lived far away in the dark ages of violence and rapine? Will you, I ask, learn this? Will you learn to be in earnest, and use the position, and the station, and the talent that God has given you, to save alive those who should live? And will you remember that it is not the will of your Father that is in heaven that one little one that plays in the kennel outside should perish, either in body or in soul?"

Mr. Kingsley's work was incessant, and the letters now printed give a most inadequate idea of the labor of his life, of the calls on his sympathy, and of the different attitudes in which he had to put his mind according to the variety of subjects on which he was asked for counsel, or called upon to do battle; but as Bishop Forbes

* The Earl of Shaftesbury.

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beautifully says of Professor James D. Forbes in words which truly picture Mr. Kingsley, especially in the concluding sentence,

"I never saw in any man such fearlessness in the path of duty. The one question with him was 'Is it right?' No dread of consequences, and consequences often bitterly felt by him, and wounding his sensitive nature, ever prevented him from doing that to which conscience prompted. His sense of right amounted to chivalry."

But he seldom returned from speech or lecture without showing that so much life had actually gone out of him—not only from the strain of brain and heart, but from the painful sense of antagonism which his startling mode of stating things called out in his hearers, and of which he was keenly conscious at the time.

The following letter from Mr. Mill was in answer to one from Mr. Kingsley thanking him for the gift of his "Dissertations and Discussions," and also for the work on "Liberty," which he says, "affected me in making me a clearer-headed, braver-minded man on the spot."

MR. JOHN STUART MILL TO REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

SAINT VEREN, NEAR AVIGNON, *Aug.* 6, 1859.

"Your letter of July 5 reached me long after its date, while wandering in search of health in the Pyrenees. Allow me, while expressing the great pleasure it gave me, to say that its humility, as it respects yourself, seems to me as much beyond the mark as the deference expressed towards me exceeds anything I have the smallest title to.

"*Laudari a laudato*, or by any other *viro*, has never been very much of an object with me. But to be told by a man who is himself one of the good influences of the age, and whose sincerity I cannot doubt, that anything I have written makes him feel able to be a still better influence, is both an encouragement and a reward —the greatest I can look for, now that a still greater has been taken from me by death.

"Far from having read none of your books, I have read them nearly all, and hope to read all of them. I have found in them an earnest endeavor towards many of the objects I myself have at heart; and even when I differed from you it has never been without great interest and sympathy. There are few men between whom and myself any nearer approximation in opinion could be more agreeable to me, and that you should look forward to it gives me a pleasure I could not forbear to express."

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TO FREDERIC SHIELDS, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *Nov.* 29, 1859.

"Your letter is sensible and pertinent to the matter in hand, and I tell you at once what I can. I think that you much overrate the disuse of armor in Bunyan's day. When the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written it was much gone out, but in Bunyan's boyhood he must have seen everywhere old armor hanging up in every gentleman or burgher's house (he would to his dying day), which had been worn and used by the generation before him. Allowing, as we must, in every human being for the reverence for early impressions, I think his mind would have pictured to him simply the Elizabethan and James I.'s armor, which he saw hanging in all noble houses, and in which he may have, as a boy, seen gentlemen joust, for tilting was not extinct in his boyhood. As for this co-existing with slop breeches (what we now call knickerbockers are nothing else), I think you will find, as now, that country fashions changed slowlier than town. The puffed trunk-hose of 1580-1600 co-existed with the finest cap-à-pied armor of proof. They gradually in the country, where they were ill made, became slops, *i. e.*, knickerbockers. By that time almost loose and short cavalier breeks had superseded them in the court—but what matter? The change is far less than that during 1815-1855. The anachronism of putting complete armor by the side of one drest as Christian is in the frontispiece of the original edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is far less than putting you by the side of a Life-Guard's officer in 1855; far less, again, than putting a clod of my parish, drest as he would have been in A. D. 1100, in smock frock and leather gaiters, by the side of you or me. Therefore use without fear the beautiful armor of the later years of Elizabeth and the beginning of James I., and all will be right, and shock nobody. As for shields, I should use the same time. Shields were common among serving men in James I. There are several in the Tower, fitted with a pistol to be fired from the inside, and a long spike. All are round. I believe that 'sword and buckler play' was a common thing among the country folk in Bunyan's time. Give your man, therefore, a circular shield, such as he would have seen in his boyhood, or even later, among the retainers of noble houses. As for the cruelties practised on Faithful,—for the sake of humanity don't talk of that. The Puritans were very cruel in the North American colonies; horribly cruel, though nowhere else. But in Bunyan's time the pages of Morland, and others, show us that in Piedmont, not to mention the Thirty Years' War in Germany, horrors were being transacted which no pen can describe nor pencil draw. Dear old Oliver Cromwell stopped them in Piedmont, when he told the Pope that unless they were stopped English cannon should be heard at the gates of the

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Vatican. But no cruelty to man or woman that you dare draw can equal what was going on on the Continent from Papist to Protestant during Bunyan's lifetime.

"I have now told you all I can. I am very unwell, and forbid to work. Therefore I cannot tell you more, but what I send I send with all good wishes to any man who will be true to art and to his author."

TO LORD ROBERT MONTAGU.

EVERSLEY, *July* 7, 1859.

"As to revivals I don't wonder at revivalists taking to drink. Calvinism has become so unreal—so afraid of itself—so apologetic about its own peculiar doctrines, on which alone it stands, that revivals now must be windy flarings up in the socket of the dying candle. All revivals of religion which I ever read of, which produced a permanent effect, owed their strength to the introduction of some new element, derived from the actual modern consciousness, and explaining some fresh facts in or round man; *e.g.*, the revivals of the Franciscans and Dominicans—those of the Reformation and of Wesley.

"We may see such things ere we die. At present revivals are mere threshings of the old chaff, to see if a grain of corn be still there."

TO —— ——, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *March* 16, 1859.

"I wish you would give me the chapter and page in which Swedenborg handles your text (Matt. xxii. 24–28). There are many noble and beautiful things in that text-book of his, and I should like to see what he makes of so puzzling a passage. It seems to me that we must look at it from the stand-point of the Sadducees, and therefore of our Lord as condescending to them. It is a hideous case in itself. . . . . I conceive the Jews had no higher notion than this of the relation of the sexes. Perhaps no eastern people ever had. The conception of a love-match belongs to our Teutonic race, and was our heritage (so Tacitus says with awe and astonishment) when we were heathens in the German forests. You will find nothing of it in Scripture, after the first chapter of Genesis, save a glimpse thereof (but only a glimpse) in St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. To me, who believe the Gospel of St. John, and believe therefore that Jesus Christ, the Word of God, was the light and life of my German forefathers, as well as of the Jews, there is nothing strange in this. I only say, Christ has taught us something about wedlock, which He did not teach the Jews; that He taught it is proved by its fruits, for

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what has produced more of nobleness, more of practical good, in the human race, than the chivalrous idea of wedlock, which our Teutonic race holds, and which the Romance or Popish races of Europe have never to this day grasped with any firm hold? Therefore all I can say about the text is . . . (about marriage in the world to come) that it has nought to do with me and my wife. I know that if immortality is to include in my case identity of person, I shall feel to her for ever what I feel now. That feeling may be developed in ways which I do not expect; it may have provided for it forms of expression very different from any which are among the holiest sacraments of life; of that I take no care. The union I believe to be as eternal as my own soul. I have no rule to say in what other pairs of lovers it may or may not be eternal. I leave all in the hands of a good God; and can so far trust His Son Jesus Christ our Lord, as to be sure that He knew the best method of protesting against the old Jewish error (which Popish casuists still formally assert) that the first end of marriage is the procreation of children, and thereby laid the true foundation for the emancipation of woman.

"Let neither Swedenborg, nor any other man, argue you out of the scientific canon, that to understand the spirit of Scripture, or any other words, you must first understand the letter. If the spirit is to be found anywhere, it is to be found by putting yourself in the place of the listeners, and seeing what the words would have meant to them. Then take that meaning as an instance (possibly a lower one) of an universal spiritual law, true for all men, and may God give you wisdom for the process of induction by which that law is to be discovered."

The next letter, on the Eternity of Marriage, written some years before, may fitly come in here with scattered extracts on the same subject.

". . . In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God!—And how are the angels of God in heaven? Is there no love among them? If the law which makes two beings unite themselves, and crave to unite themselves, in body, soul, and spirit, be the law of earth—of pure humanity—if, so far from being established by the Fall, this law has been the one from which the Fall has made mankind deflect most in every possible way; if the restoration of purity and the restoration of this law are synonymous; if love be of the Spirit—the vastest and simplest exercise of will of which we can conceive—then why should not this law hold in the spiritual world as well as in the natural? In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but is not marriage the mere approximation to a unity which shall

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be perfect in heaven? Read what Milton says of angels' love in Books VI. and VII. and take comfort. What if many have been alone on earth? may they not find their kindred spirit in heaven, and be united to it by a tie still deeper than marriage? And shall we not be re-united in heaven by that still deeper tie? Surely on earth God has loved, Christ the Lord has loved—some more than others—why should we not do the same in heaven, and yet love all? Here the natural body can but strive to express its love—its desire of union. Will not one of the properties of the spiritual body be, that it will be able to express that which the natural body only tries to express? Is this a sensual view of heaven? then are the two last chapters of the Revelation most sensual. They tell, not only of the perfection of humanity, with all its joys and wishes and properties, but of matter! They tell of trees, and fruit, and rivers—of gold and gems, and all beautiful and glorious material things. Isaiah tells of beasts and birds and little children in that new earth. Who shall say that the number of living beings is filled up? Why is heaven to be one vast lazy retrospect? Why is not eternity to have action and change, yet both, like God's, compatible with rest and immutability? This earth is but one minor planet of a minor system: are there no more worlds? Will there not be incident and action springing from these when the fate of this world is decided? Has the Evil Spirit touched this alone? Is it not self-conceit which makes us think the redemption of this earth the one event of eternity? The same feeling (sensuality, which is self-love) prompted men of old to fancy that this globe was the centre of the universe.

"These are matters too high for us, therefore we will leave them alone; but is flatly denying their existence and possibility leaving them alone? No! it is intruding into them more conceitedly, insolently, and sensually than speculating on them by the carnal understanding—like the Mystics, Platonists, and Gnostics. Calvin was a more conceited mystic than Henry More. It is more humble, more rational, to believe the possibility of all things than to doubt the possibility of one thing. Reason is the deadly fire, not only of mysticism and credulity, but of unbelief and bigotry! . . . .

"And what if earthly love seems so delicious that all change in it would seem a change for the worse? Shall we repine? What does reason (and faith, which is reason exercised on the invisible) require of us, but to conclude that, if there is change, there will be something better there? Here are two truths—

"1st. Body is that which expresses the spirit to which it is joined; therefore, the more perfectly spiritual the body, the better it will express the spirit joined to it.

"2nd. The expression of love produces happiness; therefore, the more perfect the expression the greater the happiness! And, therefore, bliss greater than any we can know here awaits us in

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heaven. And does not the course of nature point to this? What else is the meaning of the gradual increase of love on earth? What else is the meaning of old age? when the bodily powers die, while the love increases. What does that point to, but to a restoration of the body when mortality is swallowed up of life? Is not that mortality of the body sent us mercifully by God, to teach us that our love is spiritual, and therefore will be able to express itself in any state of existence? to wean our hearts that we may learn to look for more perfect bliss in the perfect body? . . . . Do not these thoughts take away from all earthly bliss the poisoning thought, 'all this must end?' Ay, end! but only end so gradually that we shall not miss it, and the less perfect union on earth shall be replaced in heaven by perfect and spiritual bliss and union, inconceivable because perfect!

"Do I undervalue earthly bliss? No! I enhance it when I make it the sacrament of a higher union! Will not these thoughts give more exquisite delight, will it not tear off the thorn from every rose and sweeten every nectar cup to perfect security of blessedness, in this life, to feel that there is more in store for us—that all expressions of love here are but dim shadows of a union which shall be perfect, if we will but work here, so as to work out our salvation!

. . . . . .

"My views of second marriage are peculiar. I consider that it is allowed for the hardness of men's hearts, but from the beginning it was not so, and will not be so, some day, when the might of love becomes generally appreciated! perhaps that will never be, till the earth is renewed."

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CHAPTER XX.

1860.

AGED 41.

Professorship of Modern History—Death of his Father and of Mrs. Anthony Froude—Planting the Churchyard—Visit to Ireland—First Salmon killed—Wet Summer—Sermon on Weather—Letter from Sir Charles Lyell—Correspondence—Residence in Cambridge—Inaugural Lecture in the Senate House—Visits to Barton Hall—Letter from Sir Charles Bunbury.

THE Regius professorship of Modern History at Cambridge had not been filled up since the resignation of Sir James Stephen, and some of Mr. Kingsley's friends wished to see him in the vacant chair. It was mentioned to Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister. On the 9th of May he received a letter from Lord Palmerston asking him if he was willing to undertake the duties of the post; he accepted with extreme diffidence, and went up to the University in the spring to take his M.A. degree, which he had not been able to afford as yet. Dr. Whewell, who was then Master of Trinity, received him most kindly. Having been one of those who had disapproved most emphatically of "Alton Locke" when it was first published, his generosity on this occasion, and his steady friendship from that time up to the date of his own death in 1866, laid the new Professor under a deep debt of gratitude. The feelings with which he re-visited Cambridge are told in a letter to his wife from Trinity Lodge.

TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE, *May* 22, 1860.

". . . It is like a dream. Most beautiful—and London buildings having been the only ones I have seen for years, I am struck with the sharpness and richness of the stone work, and the exquisite clearness of the atmosphere. My windows look into Trinity Walks—the finest green walks in England, now full of flags and tents for a tulip show. I had a pleasant party of men to meet me last night. After breakfast I go to Magdalene, then to the Senate House; after luncheon to this flower show, then to dinner in hall at Magdalene; and back as early as I can. . . . . All

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this is so very awful and humbling to me. I cannot bear to think of my own unworthiness. . . . ."

His experience of life this year was new, varied, and often very sad. His father, to whom he had ever been the most dutiful and devoted son, died early in the winter, and from that hour till her death in 1873, the care of his widowed mother was one of his first and most nobly fulfilled duties. He writes to his old college friend, the Rev. James Montagu, from Chelsea rectory in February :

". . . Forgive me for my silence, for I and my brothers are now wearily watching my father's death-bed—long and lingering. Miserable to see life prolonged when all that makes it worth having (physically) is gone, and never to know from day to day whether the end is to come in six hours or six weeks. But *he* is all right and safe, and death for him would be a pure and simple blessing.

" James Montagu, never pray for a long life. Better die in the flower of one's age, than go through what I have seen him go through in the last few days. I shall come to you at Shoeburyness; but when, God knows."

The epitaph he wrote over his father's grave in Brompton Cemetery speaks his appreciation of that father.

" Here lies
All that was mortal
of
CHARLES KINGSLEY,
Formerly of Battramsley House, in the New Forest, Hants,
And lately of St. Luke's Rectory, Chelsea.
Endowed by God with many noble gifts of mind and body,
He preserved through all vicissitudes of fortune
A loving heart and stainless honour;
And having won in all his various Cures
The respect and affection of his people,
And ruled the Parish of Chelsea well and wisely
For more than twenty years,
He died peacefully in the fear of God and in the faith of Christ
On the 29th of February, 1860,
Aged 78 years,
With many friends, and not an enemy on earth;
Leaving to his children as a precious heritage
The example of a Gentleman and a Christian."

To Mr. Maurice he writes—

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CHELSEA, *March*, 1860.

"I have been so hunted backwards and forwards to Eversley and hither, upon trying business at both places, that I have not had time to thank you for your kind and comforting letter. My poor dear mother broke down frightfully for a day or two after the funeral; but the necessity of exertion is keeping her up now. —— is here, as a ministering angel, doing everything for her, and we hope in a week or two to get her down to her quiet little cottage at Eversley, to end her days with us. Ah, Mr. Maurice, such times as these bring conviction of sin with them. How every wrong word and deed toward that good old man, and every sorrow I caused him, rise up in judgment against one, and how one feels that right doing does not atone for wrong doing. I have this comfort, that he died loving me, and satisfied with me and my small success, and happy in his children, as he said again and again. But if death—at least the death of a rational human being—be not an ugly damnable solecism, even in a good old age, then I know not what is. I shall see and hear you, please God, Sunday afternoon. Remember me."

He was called away from Chelsea to be present at the enlargement and consecration of his churchyard at Eversley, and to meet his bishop (Dr. Sumner), whose coming, as he had never been in Eversley before, was a great event. The new ground gave the Rector the opportunity of planting the whole with evergreens, for it had long been his wish to make his churchyard an arboretum, and gradually to gather together rare shrubs and trees, so that it should be truly a Gottesacker in a double sense. He writes to his wife, then at Chelsea:

EVERSLEY, *March* 10.

". . . I can understand your being unhappy leaving us and this delicious place again. It does look too blessed for a man to spend his life in. I have been making it blessed-er in the last thirty hours, with a good will; for I and B. (his churchwarden) have been working with our own hands, as hard as the four men we have got on. We have planted all the shrubs in the churchyard. We have gravelled the new path with fine gravel, and edged it with turf; we have levelled, delved, planned, and plotted; and pressed into the service that most cockney of good fellows ——, making him work like a horse, in carrying water. M. is trimming up unsightly graves, and we shall be all right and ready for the Bishop by Monday. . . . .

"Altogether I am delighted at the result and feel better, thanks to two days' hard work with pick and spade, than I have done for

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a fortnight. So never mind about me. . . . But I cannot bear working and planning at improvements without you; it seems but half a life; and I am leaving everything I can (considering the bishop on Monday) to be done after you come back. Oh! when shall we settle down here in peace and see the spring come on? Patience, though.—It wants three weeks to spring, and we may, by God's blessing, get back here in time to see the spring unfold around us, and all mend and thrive. After all, how few troubles we have! for God gives with one hand, if He takes away with the other. . . . . I found a new competitor for the corner of the new ground, just under our great fir tree, which I had always marked out for you and me, in dear old Bannister (his churchwarden, a farmer), who had been telling M. that he wanted to be buried close to me. So I have kept a corner for ourselves; and then he comes at our feet, and by our side —— insists on lying. Be it so. If we could see the children grown up, and the History * written, what do I need, or you either below?"

The vacant space by the side of his own proposed grave was soon to have a tenant he little dreamt of, for in the spring another heavy sorrow came—and one to whom he had been more than a brother in some of the most important circumstances of her life for the last sixteen years, his wife's sister, Charlotte, wife of Anthony Froude, was laid there under the shade of the fir trees she loved so well. Her grave was to him during the remainder of his own life a sacred spot, where he would go almost daily to commune in spirit with the dead, where flowers were always kept blooming, and where on the Sunday morning he would himself superintend the decorations—the cross and wreaths of choice flowers placed by loving hands upon it.

Death was very busy that year among those he loved, and before twelve months were over three of those who stood around that grave, a brother, a nephew, and a friend, John Ashley Warre, Charles Grenfell, and Mr. John Parker, were all called away into the unseen world.

The latter, publisher, of West Strand, London, who had been fellow student with Charles Kingsley, at King's College, London, and with whom he had renewed his old intimacy at the publication of the "Saint's Tragedy," was a constant visitor at the Rectory.

* Before his appointment at Cambridge he had begun a "School History of England," of which only the three first chapters were written.

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At Mr. Parker's house in London he had met the very best literary society whenever he had an evening to spare away from home, and his death made a great gap in the knot of remarkable men who had gathered round him. In a letter to one of these, Mr. Skelton, Mr. Kingsley thus speaks of him:—

"I trust if you come to London you will take courage to come forty miles further to Eversley. You will meet there, not only for your own sake but for John Parker's, a most cordial welcome. Before our window lies the grave of one whom he adored, my wife's favorite sister. He was at her funeral. The next funeral which her widowed husband and I attended was his: Froude nursed him like a brother till the moment of death. His was a great soul in a pigmy body; and those who know how I loved him, know what a calumny it is to say that I preach 'muscular Christianity.'"

TO JOHN BULLAR, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, 1860.

"I am getting all right now, by dint of much riding with my boy, who is home for Easter. Riding has a specific effect on me, both on body and mind, and I hardly know how I should keep well without it. I hope you have not suffered, like me, with this gale. Two of the prettiest trees on my lawn (and I have some very pretty ones) came down with a crash this morning, and I have had the melancholy pleasure and exercise of dismembering ancient friends. When spring is coming, I cannot guess. My hope is that this gale will 'blow the weather out,' as sailors say; and that we shall have a sudden turn to thunder, heat, and rain. I have seen this happen several times, just at this season. . . .

"I am utterly astonished at your courage in letting your wife go to Egypt. I have just let mine go to Devonshire without me, to nurse a sick sister, and I feel like a cat without its skin."

After he had taken his M.A. degree he writes from the north to his wife—

"I have been thinking and praying a good deal over my future life. A new era has opened for me: I feel much older, anxious, and full of responsibility; but more cheerful and settled than I have done for a long time. All that book writing and struggling is over, and a settled position and work is before me. Would that it were done, the children settled in life, and kindly death near to set one off again with a new start somewhere else. I should like the only epitaph on our tomb to be Thekla's:

"'We have lived and loved,
We live and love.'"

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No book was written this year, his spare time being given to the preparation of his Inaugural Lecture at Cambridge, and the course of Lectures which was to follow it. By command of the Prince Consort, he preached the annual sermon for the Trinity House, of which H.R.H. was then Master. He preached also at Whitehall, Windsor Castle, and St. James's. He was made chaplain to the Civil Service Volunteers; he lectured at Warminster and Bury St. Edmund's. A few weeks' rest in Ireland with Mr. Froude, helped him greatly in preparing for his career in Cambridge, and at Markree Castle he killed his first salmon, a new and long coveted experience in life.

MARKREE CASTLE, SLIGO, *July* 4, 1860.

". . . . I have done the deed at last—killed a real actual live salmon, over five pounds weight, and lost a whopper from light hooking. Here they are by hundreds, and just as easy to catch as trout; and if the wind would get out of the north, I could catch fifty pounds of them in a day. This place is full of glory—very lovely, and well kept up. . . .

"But I am haunted by the human chimpanzees I saw along that hundred miles of horrible country. I don't believe they are our fault. I believe there are not only many more of them than of old, but that they are happier, better, more comfortably fed and lodged under our rule than they ever were. But to see white chimpanzees is dreadful; if they were black, one would not feel it so much, but their skins, except where tanned by exposure, are as white as ours. Tell Rose I will get her plants. I have got the great Butterwort already; very fine. . . ."

July 5.

"I had magnificent sport this morning—five salmon killed (biggest, seven pounds), and another huge fellow ran right away to sea, carrying me after him waist deep in water, and was lost, after running 200 yards, by fouling a ship's hawser! There is nothing like it. The excitement is maddening, and the exertion very severe. I am going to sleep for two hours, having been up at four. . . . ."

The summer of 1860 was a very wet one. Rain fell almost incessantly for three months. The farmers were frightened, and the clergy all over the country began to use the prayer against rain. The cholera had long been threatening England, and Mr. Kingsley's knowledge of physical and sanitary science had told him how beneficial this heavy rain was—a gift from God at that particular

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moment to ward off the enemy which was at hand, by cleansing drains and sweeping away refuse, and giving the poor an abundance of sweet clean water. It was a notable fact that while ignorant people were crying out against the rain, the chemists complained that there was so little illness they had nothing to do, and the medical men pronounced it to be a very healthy season. The parishioners of Eversley, however, remonstrated with him for not using the prayer for fine weather, and he answered them by preaching a sermon on Matth. vii. 9–11, which provoked much discussion, and was published under the title of "Why should we pray for fair weather?"

On this subject Sir Charles Lyell writes to Mr. Kingsley:—

LONDON, *September* 23, 1860.

"On my return from the Continent, I find here your excellent sermon on the prayer for rain, sent to me, I presume, by your direction, and for which I return you many thanks. Two weeks ago, I happened to remark to a stranger, who was sitting next me at a *table d'hôte* at Rudoldstadt in Thuringia, that I feared the rains must have been doing a great deal of mischief. He turned out to be a scientific man from Berlin, and replied, 'I should think they were much needed to replenish the springs, after three years of drought.'

"I immediately felt that I had made an idle and thoughtless speech. Some thirty years ago I was told at Bonn of two processions of peasants, who had climbed to the top of the Peter's Berg, one composed of vine-dressers, who were intending to return thanks for sunshine, and pray for its continuance: the others from a corn district, wanting the drought to cease and the rain to fall. Each were eager to get possession of the shrine of St. Peter's Chapel before the other, to secure the saint's good offices, so they came to blows with fists and sticks, much to the amusement of the Protestant heretics at Bonn, who, I hope, did not by such prayers as you allude to, commit the same solecism, occasionally, only less coarsely carried out into action."

In the following winter Mr. Kingsley writes from Eversley to Sir Charles Bunbury on the same topic.

"The frost here is intense and continuous. The result, the perfect health of everybody. Of course, sufficient food and firing are required. But much that I have seen of late years (and this frost *inter alia*) proves to me that the most 'genial' weather is not the healthiest.

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"I have been called names, as though I had been a really selfish and cruel man, for a foolish 'Ode to the North-East Wind.' If my cockney critics had been country parsons, they would have been more merciful, when they saw me, as I have been more than once, utterly ill from attending increasing sick cases during a soft south-west November of rain and roses; and then, released by a hard frost, my visits stopped in a few days by the joyful answer, 'Thank God, we are getting all well now, in this beautiful seasonable weather.' 'Seasonable weather'—that expression has taught me much. In the heart of the English laborer and farmer, unsophisticated by any belief that the Virgin Mary or the saints can coax the Higher Powers into sending them a shower or a sunbeam, if they be sufficiently coaxed and flattered themselves—into their hearts and minds has sunk a deep belief that God is just and wise, and orders all things well, according to a 'law which cannot be broken.' A certain sermon of mine about the rains, which shocked the clergy of all denominations, pleased deeply, thank God, my own laborers and farmers. They first thanked me heartily for it, and begged for copies of it. I then began to see (what I ought to have seen long before) that the belief in a good and just God is the foundation, if not of a scientific habit of mind, still of a habit of mind into which science can fall, and seed, and bring forth fruit in good ground. I learnt from that to solve a puzzle which had long disturbed me—why the French philosophers of the last century, denying and scoffing at much which I hold true and dear, had still been not only men of science, but men who did good work in their time. They believed, even Voltaire, in a *good* God—at least they said, 'If God is at all, He is good, just, and wise.' That thought enabled them at once to face scientific fact, and to testify against cruelty, oppression, ignorance, and all the works of darkness wherever they found them. And so I learnt to thank God for men who seemed not to believe in Him, and to value more and more the moral instincts of men, as a deeper and more practical theology than their dogmas about God. Excuse this tirade. But you are one of the few persons to whom I can speak my whole heart. . . .

"Meanwhile, you would exceedingly oblige me by telling me where the geology of Palestine is described. I cannot get trustworthy information about it. Lynch and the man who went some years ago to look for coal, tell me very little; and though Lord Lindsay has some hints about the volcanic appearances north of the Lake Tiberias, he tells one nothing about the age and superposition of the beds. It seems strange that so little should be known about one of the most remarkable volcanic districts of the world. The age of the normal limestones; of the bitumen beds of the Dead Sea; of the Edomite mountains; and of the recent (?) volcanic rocks of the north, all ought to be known by some one or other But most who have gone have wasted their time in looking

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for the 'Cities of the Plain,' instead of collecting sound physical facts. Some have been afraid, it seemed to me, of looking at the physical facts too closely, for fear of coming to some 'rationalist' conclusion."

In the autumn the new Professor went up to Cambridge. "It is with a feeling of awe, almost of fear, that I find myself in such a place on such an errand," he said when he delivered his Inaugural Lecture * in the crowded Senate House on the 12th of November. He had an enthusiastic welcome from the undergraduates, and the lecture, which was published under the title of "The Limits of Exact Science applied to History," was listened to with profound attention, and most kindly received by all ranks in the university. He now settled in Cambridge with his family till Christmas, and began his first course of lectures, eventually published as "The Roman and the Teuton," to a class of upwards of one hundred undergraduates, and during the nine years of his professorship his class was one of the best attended in the university. His residence in Cambridge enabled him to cultivate one of the most valuable friendships of his life, that of Sir Charles Fox Bunbury, of Barton Hall, Suffolk, at whose house, rich in itself with works of art, and with a museum and arboretum, in which he delighted, he had the rare pleasure of meeting, year by year, men distinguished in science, in literature, and in society. There he first met Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Edmund Head, Dr. Joseph Hooker, and Sir Louis Mallet, and renewed his friendship with Lord Arthur Harvey (now Bishop of Bath and Wells), and his happy days at Barton, which became a second home to himself and his family, were a constant refreshment to his spirit.

"I cannot understand," he says, with characteristic modesty, in a letter to Sir Charles, after one of his first visits to him, "the kind words which you use about my visit to you. That you should speak so kindly of a poor stammering superficial person like me, shows me only that there are more good and kind and tolerant people in the world than I looked for, and I knew there were many . . . ."

The friendship he so dearly prized was mutual. But Sir Charles's

* The Inaugural Lecture is now incorporated with the new edition of the "Roman and the Teuton," with a preface by Max Müller. (Macmillan.)

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generous appreciation must be told in his own words in a letter to Mrs. Kingsley.

BARTON, *October* 18, 1875.

"I have lost in him," he says, "an invaluable friend; one whom for many years past I have truly loved and revered, and who has left a blank, that, for me, can never be filled up. I scarcely ever was in his company without learning something from him. Much as I like and admire his writings—to many of which I return again and again with fresh pleasure—his conversation was much more delightful than his books. I have very seldom, if ever, known a man whose talk was so charming, so rich in matter, so various, so easy and unassuming, so instructive and so free from dogmatism. Sensibility, humor, wisdom, were most happily blended in it. Many a long conversation I have enjoyed with him, and the remembrance of them will always be precious to me; but I continually regret that my memory could not retain more of what I heard from him. Our talk often turned upon subjects of natural science, in which he delighted, and of which his knowledge was extensive and sound. He more than once said to me that, if circumstances had allowed him leisure, botany, and natural history in general, would have been his favorite studies. We passed many hours (delightful to me) in examining together my botanical collections, and discussing the questions which they suggested. His remarks were always instructive and valuable. He had not, indeed, had leisure to prosecute those elaborate researches, or to acquire that vast knowledge of details, which belong to the great masters of science; but his knowledge was by no means superficial. He had mastered the leading principles and great outlines of scientific natural history, in its principal branches; and the large generalizations in which he delighted, were based on a well-directed study of facts, both in books and in nature.

"He had the true naturalist's eye for quick and acute observation; the philosopher's love of large views and general principles; the poet's faculty of throwing a glow of light upon the objects which he wished to illustrate. This combination of powers gave a peculiar charm to his descriptions of natural objects, as is well exemplified in his West Indian book and in many parts of his essays, especially in 'From Ocean to Sea,' 'My Winter Garden,' and 'Chalk Stream Studies.' I think it a great loss to science that he was not able to carry out a plan which, as he told me, he had formed;—that of writing the Natural History of his own district, the district of the Bagshot sands. He would have made of it a work of remarkable interest.

"Another quality of Mr. Kingsley, by which I was particularly struck in the course of our discussions on these subjects, was his

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remarkable modesty, indeed humility. He never dogmatized; never put himself forward as an authority; was always ready to welcome any suggestion from a fellow-laborer; and indeed always seemed more anxious to learn than to teach. I have been tempted to dwell, perhaps too long, on one aspect only of his character and genius; but I believe you wish to have my impression of him in this point of view. His higher qualities are indeed more generally known, through his writings, and I will not attempt to expatiate on a theme, to which more justice may be done by others. I can safely say that he was one of the best men I have known; his conversation was not only agreeable, but had a constant tendency to make one wiser and better; and when it was directed to specially religious topics, his tone of feeling and thought appeared to me both elevating and comforting. I shall ever feel grateful for having been allowed to enjoy the friendship of such a man.

"Believe me,

"My Dear Mrs. Kingsley,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"CHARLES J. F. BUNBURY."

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CHAPTER XXI.

1861—1862.

AGED 42–43.

Cambridge—Lectures to the Prince of Wales—Essays and Reviews—Letters to Dr. Stanley—Bishop of Winchester—Tracts for Priests and People—Death of the Prince Consort—Letter to Sir C. Bunbury—The Water-babies—Installation Ode at Cambridge—Visit to Scotland—British Association—Lord Dundreary.

"THE longer I live, the more certain I am," said Sir T. Fowell Buxton, "that the great difference between men, the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy and invincible determination*—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

It was this very invincible determination and energy which carried Charles Kingsley through work, and sometimes a distracting confusion of different works, and which preserved his often weary body and exhausted brain from breaking down entirely: but more than this, it was his child-like faith in God which kept him not only free from the irritability so common to all highly-strung natures, but cheerful and brave under every circumstance.

The weight of responsibility that pressed heavily on him during this year was added to by the duty and honor of giving private lectures to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who had just left Oxford, and kept the usual terms at Cambridge during 1861. On the 2nd of January, Mr. Kingsley received through the Prince's tutor, Mr. Herbert Fisher, a message from the Prince Consort on the subject of his son's studies, informing him how they had been conducted at Oxford—how a special class had been formed there for instruction in Modern History, which instruction had been carried up to the reign of William III.—what book had been used, &c., and requesting the Cambridge Professor to consult Dr. Whewell, then Master of Trinity, as to the undergraduates who should attend with the Prince. To this Mr. Kingsley replied:

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EVERSLEY RECTORY, *January* 2, 1871.

"Do me the kindness to inform the Prince Consort that his wishes are, of course, commands to me.

"I shall have great pleasure in following out the excellent method sketched for me in your letter, and in putting myself into Dr. Whewell's hands as to the formation of a special class for His Royal Highness.

"Any information which you can give me I shall most thankfully accept and use. I put myself entirely into your hands, both as the expounder of the Prince Consort's wishes, and as the Prince of Wales's tutor. The responsibility is too solemn and too sudden for me to act in any way upon my own private judgment in the matter.

"The first question which I have to ask is—up to what year in the 18th century I ought to extend my lectures?"

The class was accordingly formed, and the names selected by the Rev. W. Mathison, senior Tutor of Trinity, subject to Dr. Whewell's approval, were sent in to the Professor.*

Early in February the Prince of Wales settled at Madingley, and rode in three times a week to Mr. Kingsley's house, for lectures, twice with the class, and every Saturday to go through a *résumé* of the week's work alone.

During the course of the academical year the Professor carried the class up to the reign of George IV.; and at the end of each term he set questions for the Prince, which were always most satisfactorily answered. Throughout this year the sense of responsibility which would otherwise have been overpowering, was relieved not only by the intense interest of the work, in which he was allowed perfect freedom of speech, but by the attention, courtesy, and intelligence of his Royal pupil, whose kindness to him then and in after-life, made him not only H.R.H.'s loyal, but his most attached servant.

But the year ended sadly, and his intercourse with the Prince of Wales was brought to an abrupt termination by the death of the

* Mr. Lee Warner, of St. John's College, lately head of Rugby School. Mr. Stuart, Rugby, of St. John's. Mr. Main, of St. John's, the best mathematician of his year, in his third year. Mr. Cay, of Caius College, a freshman, who had just obtained an open scholarship. Lord John Hervey, Trinity. Hon. C. Lyttleton, Trinity. Mr. Hamilton, Trinity. Mr. C. Wood, son of Right Hon. Sir Charles Wood. Hon. Henry Strutt, Trinity. Mr. A. W. Elliott, freshman of Trinity. And later in the year, Mr. George Howard, of Trinity.

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Prince Consort, which threw a gloom all over England, and was felt as a deep personal grief, as well as a national loss, by every one who had had the privilege of coming in personal contact with His Royal Highness.

Mr. Kingsley's professional duties with the Prince of Wales obliged him to keep all the terms at Cambridge, only returning to Eversley for the long vacation; and as his curate was in deacon's orders, his friend, the Rev. Septimus Hansard (now Rector of Bethnal Green), kindly consented to live at the Rectory during his absence, to take the lead in the Sunday services, and superintend the parish work. His able assistance relieved the Rector's anxiety, while it strengthened their mutual friendship.

About this period "Essays and Reviews" came out, and the following letter shows Mr. Kingsley's impression of the attitude of Cambridge at the publication:

TO REV. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

CAMBRIDGE, *February* 19, 1861.

"Cambridge lies in magnificent repose, and shaking lazy ears stares at her more nervous elder sister and asks what it is all about.

"She will not persecute the authors of the Essays; and what is more, any scraps of the Simeonite party, now moribund here, who try to get up a persecution, will be let alone—and left to persecute on their own hook. That is the Cambridge danger. Cool indifferentism: not to the doctrines, but to the means of fighting for them.

"The atmosphere is the most liberal (save 'Bohemia') which I ever lived in. And it is a liberality (not like that of Bohemia, of want of principle or creed), but of real scholarly largeness and lovingness between men who disagree. We 'live and let live' here, I find, to my delight. But with that will come the feeling—in which, I confess, I share—what the plague had these men to do, starting a guerilla raid into the enemy's country, on their own responsibility? We are no more answerable for them, than for Garibaldi. If they fail, they must pay the penalty. They did not ask us—they called no synod of the Broad Church—consulted no mass of scholars, as to what could or could not be done just now. They go and levy war on their own account, and *each man* on his own account. Each one of us might make himself responsible for one essay. But being published together, one does become responsible for all or none; and that I won't be, nor any man in Cambridge. I would not even be responsible for * * * 's Article, much as I trust and

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respect him. The world, mind, does take one as all, and all as one. The 'Essays and Reviews' are one book in the mind of the world, and if they were not meant to be, they should not have been published in one volume. This is what Cambridge (and I) feel, as far as I can ascertain.

"Next. There is little or nothing, says Cambridge, in that book which we have not all of us been through already. Doubts, denials, destructions—we have faced them till we are tired of them. But we have faced them in silence, hoping to find a positive solution. Here comes a book which states all the old doubts and difficulties, and gives us nothing instead. Here are men still pulling down, with far weaker hands than the Germans, from whom they borrow, and building up *nothing* instead. So we will preserve a stoic calm. We wish them all well. We will see fair play for them, according to the forms of English law and public opinion. But they must fight their own battle. We cannot be responsible for other men's campaigns.

"This, I think, is the feeling of Cambridge. I do not expect, from what I hear, that you will have any manifesto against Essays and Reviews. *** of *** and *** may get up something, and cowards and trimmers may sign it, for fear of committing themselves; but I think they will win little but wind by their movement, and that 'they may bottle if it will help them.'

. . . . . .

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

(DR. SUMNER.)

EVERSLEY, 1861.

"MY LORD,

"I have received a circular from the venerable the archdeacon, asking me to sign an address to your lordship in reference to the 'Essays and Reviews,' of miserable notoriety. That address I declined to sign upon a question of archidiaconal jurisdiction. I begged that the letter might be sent to the archdeacon. I hope that your lordship will do me the honor of perusing it, if it be sent on to you. But in justice to your lordship, and to myself, I must tell you what I thought myself bound not to tell the archdeacon in his official capacity. I should be sorry that you should think that I agreed with a book whose publication I have deeply deplored, and have more reason to deplore every day.

"I deplore it first, for itself; second, for the storm which I saw it would raise. For itself. With the exception of Dr. Temple's essay, in which I can see nothing heterodox, be his theory right or wrong, all the essays deny but do not affirm.

"The doubts and puzzles which they raise afresh have passed through the mind of every thinking man in the last twenty-five years,

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and it pained me much to see them re-stated—in one or two cases very offensively—without any help to a practical solution. I confess to having thrust the book away in disgust, as saying once again, very weakly, what I had long put out of sight and mind, in the practical realities of parish work. If I may intrude my own doings on your lordship, when my new curate came back to me after ordination, having heard your lordship's allusion to these 'Essays and Reviews,' and asked me whether he should read them, I told him 'By no means. They will disturb your mind with questions which you are too young to solve. Stick to the old truths and the old paths, and learn their divineness by sick-beds and in every-day work, and do not darken your mind with intellectual puzzles, which may breed disbelief, but can never breed vital religion, or practical usefulness.' As for my own opinions, my lord, they are sufficiently known. The volumes of sermons which I have published are, I am sure, a sufficient guarantee to you as they are to the public, that I keep to the orthodox faith, and the orthodox formulæ, without tormenting my soul, or my hearers, with fruitless argument on things which we shall never know, save by taking our Bible in hand like little children, and obeying it. Next, I deplore the publication of these Essays from the storm which I saw they would raise. As a fact, they are being sold now by hundreds, where one copy would have been sold; and therefore thousands of brains are being put into an unwholesome ferment, instead of one here and there. The effect at the Universities will be very bad; for young men are only too glad to fly off on intellectual disquisitions, from the plain requirements of Christian faith and duty, and therefore I could have wished that the book had been passed by in silence, as what it is, a very weak and inconsiderable book. But it is too late. That my curates, and my parish, shall be kept clear, if I can do it, of all fruitless and unwholesome speculations, and taught to believe in the plain doctrines of the Prayer-book and Articles, and act up to them, I promise you with all my heart."

In the spring a set of "Tracts for Priests and People" were brought out under the superintendence of Mr. Maurice. Mr. Kingsley was asked to write, but his time was absorbed with parish work and Cambridge lectures.

The American war, which was occupying general attention, decided the Professor to take the History of America as the subject of his lectures for 1862.

The correspondence of the year, of which little has been recovered, closes with a letter to Sir Charles Bunbury, written on his return to Eversley, in that time of general mourning in which all England shared.

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EVERSLEY, *December* 31, 1861.

" . . . As for the American question, on which you do me the honor to ask my opinion, I have thought of nothing else for some time; for I cannot see how I can be a Professor of past Modern History without the most careful study of the history which is enacting itself around me. But I can come to no conclusion, save that to which all England seems to have come—that the war will be a gain to us. So strongly do I feel the importance of this crisis, that I mean to give as my public lectures, next October term, the History of the American States; and most thankful to you should I be, if you could recommend me any books throwing light on it, particularly on the little known period (strange to say), from 1815 to the present time.

" As for the death of the Prince Consort, I can say nothing. Words fail me utterly. What little I could say, I put into a sermon for my own parishioners, which I will send you if you will allow me. . . . . I need not say how we regretted not being able to accept your kind invitation. But the heavy work of last term, and the frightful catastrophe [Prince Consort's death] with which it ended, sent us all home to rest, if rest is possible, when, on coming home, one finds fresh arrears of work waiting for one, which ought to have been finished off months since. The feeling of being always behind hand, do what one will, is second only in torment to that of debt.

" I long to find myself once again talking over with you 'the stones which tell no lies.' "

The opening of 1862 found him once more settled at Eversley, and enjoying the return to parish work after the heavy duties and responsibilities of such a year at Cambridge as could never come again.

His mind was particularly vigorous this year, and the refreshment of visits with his wife to the Grange in the winter, and to Scotland in the summer, giving him change of thought and scene, prepared him for returning to his professorial work in the autumn, and to his controversy on the Cotton Famine with Lancashire mill-owners and millionaires.

TO CAPTAIN ALSTON, R.N.

EVERSLEY, *March* 20, 1862.

" As for the Workmen's Club, Mrs. Kingsley has sent you a list of books which she recommends. The best periodical for them is certainly Norman McLeod's 'Good Words,' which is quite admirable, and has now a very large circulation—70,000, I believe. I

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do not think that I would give them Carlyle yet. If I did, it would be 'Past and Present.' And yet, things have so mended since it was written that that would be unfair. The 'French Revolution' is the book, if they would only understand it.

"I am not the man to give you any practical suggestions as to the working of such a club. But if when you come to London, you choose call on my dear friend Tom Hughes (Tom Brown), he would give you many admirable hints learnt from experience.

"I am truly thankful to hear that I have helped to make a churchman of you. The longer I live, the more I find the Church of England the most rational, liberal, and practical form which Christianity has yet assumed; and dread as much seeing it assimilated to dissent, as to Popery. Strange to say, Thomas Carlyle now says that the Church of England is the most rational thing he sees now going, and that it is the duty of every wise man to support it to the uttermost."

Sitting at breakfast at the rectory one spring morning this year, the father was reminded of an old promise, "Rose, Maurice, and Mary have got their book, and baby must have his." He made no answer, but got up at once and went into his study, locking the door. In half an hour he returned with the story of little Tom. This was the first chapter of "The Water-babies," written off without a correction. The rest of the book, which appeared monthly in "Macmillan's Magazine," was composed with the same quickness and ease as the first chapter—if indeed what was so purely an inspiration could be called composing, for the whole thing seemed to flow naturally out of his brain and heart, lightening both of a burden without exhausting either; and the copy went up to the printer's with scarcely a flaw. He was quite unprepared for the sensation it would make.

Nothing helped the books and sermons more than the silence and solitude of a few days' fishing. The Water-babies, especially, have the freshness and fragrance of the sea breeze and the river-side in almost every page.

In the summer the Duke of Devonshire was installed at Cambridge as Chancellor of the University, of which he had been so distinguished a member, taking the place of the lamented Prince Consort; and the Professor of Modern History, as in duty bound, wrote an installation ode, which, being set to music by Sir William Sterndale Bennett, gave him the acquaintance and friendship of one of the first English musicians.

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In August, with his wife and his eldest boy Maurice, he went to Scotland for a month's holiday, whence he writes

TO HIS MOTHER.

MURTHLEY CASTLE, *August*, 1862.

"Here we are in this delicious place, full of beautiful walks and plantations—with Birnam Wood opposite my window as I write—only all the wood having gone to Dunsinane in Macbeth's time, the hill alone is left. . . . . We had reels last night, Lord John Manners and Sir Hugh Cairns both dancing. . . . . All that is said of the grandeur of the Tay I quite agree in. I never saw such a river, though there are very few salmon up. I got into one huge fish yesterday; but he shook his head and shook out the hook very soon. Maurice caught a good sea trout of 2¾ lbs., which delighted him. Monday we start for Inveraray, *viâ* Balloch, Loch Lomond, and Tarbet."

INVERARAY CASTLE, *August* 21.

"The loveliest spot I ever saw—large lawns and enormous timber on the shores of a salt-water loch, with moor and mountain before and behind. I gat myself up this morning at four for salmon, yesterday I could kill none; water too low. To-day the first cast I hooked a ten pounder, and the *hook broke!* The river is swarming; they are flopping and smacking about the water everywhere; but oh, dear! why did Heaven make midges?"

. . . . . .

The visit to Inveraray was one of the bright memories and green spots of his life, always looked back upon by himself and those who were with him with gratitude, combining as it did not only beautiful scenery, but intellectual, scientific, and spiritual communings on the highest, holiest themes. Such holidays were few and far between in his life of labor, and when they came he could give himself up to them, "thanks," as he would say,

"to my blessed habit of intensity, which has been my greatest help in life. I go at what I am about as if there was nothing else in the world for the time being. That's the secret of all hard-working men; but most of them can't carry it into their amusements. Luckily for me, I can stop from all work, at short notice, and turn head over heels in the sight of all creation for a spell."

The British Association met at Cambridge on the 1st October. It was the first he had ever attended. The Zoological and Geological sections were those which naturally attracted him, and the

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acquaintances he made, the distinguished men he now met, (among them, the lamented Beete Jukes, and Lucas Barrett, who was drowned in the survey of the Jamaica coral reefs the next year,) made this an era in his life, and gave a fresh impetus to his scientific studies. While attending Section D, he was present at the famous tournament between Professor Owen and Professor Huxley on the Hippocampus question, which led to his writing a little squib for circulation among his friends. As it will be new to many it is given at length.

SPEECH OF LORD DUNDREARY IN SECTION D, ON FRIDAY LAST, ON THE GREAT HIPPOCAMPUS QUESTION.

CAMBRIDGE, *October*, 1861.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen, I mean ladies and Mr. President, I am sure that all ladies and gentlemen will see the matter just as I do; and I am sure we're all very much obliged to these scientific gentlemen for quarrelling—no—I don't mean that, that wouldn't be charitable, and it's a sin to steal a pin: but I mean for letting us hear them quarrel, and so eloquently, too; though, of course, we don't understand what is the matter, and which is in the right; but of course we were very much delighted, and, I may say, quite interested, to find that we had all hippopotamuses in our brains. Of course they're right, you know, because seeing's believing.

"Certainly, I never felt one in mine; but perhaps it's dead, and so didn't stir, and then of course, it don't count, you know. A dead dog is as good as a live lion. Stop—no. A live lion is as good as a dead dog—no, that won't do again. There's a mistake somewhere. What was I saying? Oh, hippopotamuses. Well, I say, perhaps mine's dead. They say hippopotamuses feed on water. No, I don't think that, because teetotallers feed on water, and they are always lean; and the hippo's fat, at least in the Zoo. Live in water, it must be; and there's none in my brain. There was when I was a baby, my aunt says; but they tapped me; so I suppose the hippopotamus died of drought. No—stop. It wasn't a hippopotamus after all, it was hip—hip—not hip, hip, hurrah, you know, that comes after dinner, and the section hasn't dined, at least since last night, and the Cambridge wine is very good, I will say that. No. I recollect now. Hippocampus it was. Hippocampus, a sea-horse; I learnt that at Eton; hippos, sea, and campus, a horse—no—campus a sea, and hippos, a horse, that's right. Only campus ain't a sea, it's a field, I know that; Campus Martius—I was swished for that at Eton—ought to be again, I believe, if every dog had his day. But at least it's a sea-horse, I know that,

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because I saw one alive at Malta with the regiment, and it rang a bell. No; it was a canary that rang a bell; but this had a tail like a monkey, and made a noise like a bell. I dare say you won't believe me; but 'pon honor I'm speaking truth—noblesse oblige, you know; and it hadn't been taught at all, and perhaps if it had it wouldn't have learnt: but it did, and it was in a monkey's tail. No, stop, it must have been in its head, because it was in its brain; and every one has brains in his head, unless he's a skeleton; and it curled its tail round things like a monkey, that I know, for I saw it with my own eyes. That was Professor Rolleston's theory, you know. It was Professor Huxley said it was in his tail—not Mr. Huxley's, of course, but the ape's: only apes have no tails, so I don't quite see that. And then the other gentleman who got up last, Mr. Flower, you know, he said that it was all over the ape, everywhere. All over hippocampuses, from head to foot, poor beast, like a dog all over ticks! I wonder why they don't rub blue-stone into the back of its neck, as one does to a pointer. Well, then. Where was I? Oh! and Professor Owen said it wasn't in apes at all: but only in the order bimana, that's you and me. Well, he knows best. And they all know best too, for they are monstrous clever fellows. So one must be right, and all the rest wrong, or else one of them wrong, and all the rest right—you see that? I wonder why they don't toss up about it. If they took a half-crown now, or a shilling, or even a fourpenny-piece would do, if they magnified it, and tost heads and tails, or Newmarket, if they wanted to be quite sure, why then there couldn't be any dispute among gentlemen after that, of course. Well, then, about men being apes, I say, why shouldn't it be the other way, and the apes be men? do you see? Because then they might have as many hippocampuses in their brains as they liked, or hippopotamuses either, indeed. I should be glad indeed if it was so, if it was only for my aunt's sake; for she says that her clergyman says, that if anybody ever finds a hippopotamus in a monkey's head, nothing will save her great, great, great—I can't say how great, you see—it's awful to think of—quite enormous grandfather from having been a monkey too; and then what is to become of her precious soul? So, for my aunt's sake, I should be very glad if it could be settled that way, really; and I am sure the scientific gentlemen will take it into consideration, because they are gentlemen, as every one knows, and would not hurt a lady's feelings. The man who would strike a woman, you know—everybody knows that, it's in Shakespeare. And besides, the niggers say that monkeys are men, only they won't work for fear of being made to talk; no, won't talk for fear of being made to work; that's it (right for once, as I live!) and put their hands over their eyes at night for fear of seeing the old gentleman—and I'm sure that's just like a reasonable creature, I used to when I was a little boy; and you see the niggers have

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lived among them for thousands of years, and are monstrous like them, too, d'ye see, and so they must know best; and then it would be all right.

"Well, then, about a gulf. Professor Huxley says there's a gulf between a man and an ape. I'm sure I'm glad of it, especially if the ape bit; and Professor Owen says there ain't. What? am I wrong, eh? Of course. Yes—beg a thousand pardons, really now. Of course—Professor Owen says there is, and Professor Huxley says there ain't. Well, a fellow can't recollect everything. But I say, if there's a gulf, the ape might get over it and bite one after all. I know Quintus Curtius jumped over a gulf at Eton—that is, certainly, he jumped in: but that was his fault, you see: if he'd put in more powder he might have cleared it, and then there would have been no gulf between him and an ape. But that don't matter so much, because Professor Huxley said the gulf was bridged over by a structure. Now I am sure I don't wish to be personal, especially after the very handsome way in which Professor Huxley has drunk all our healths. Stop—no. It's we that ought to drink his health, I'm sure, Highland honors and all; but at the same time I should have been obliged to him if he'd told us a little more about this structure, especially considering what nasty mischievous things apes are. Tore one of my coat tails off at the Zoological the other day. He ought—no, I don't say that, because it would seem like dictation, I don't like that; never could do it at school—wrote it down all wrong—got swished—hate dictation:—but I might humbly express that Professor Huxley might have told us a little, you see, about that structure. Was it wood? Was it iron? Was it silver and gold, like London Bridge when Lady Lee danced over it, before it was washed away by a man with a pipe in his mouth? No, stop, I say—That can't be. A man with a pipe in his mouth wash away a bridge? Why a fellow can't work hard with a pipe in his mouth—everybody knows that—much less wash away a whole bridge. No, it's quite absurd—quite. Only I say, I should like to know something about this structure, if it was only to quiet my aunt. And then, if Professor Huxley can see the structure, why can't Professor Owen? It can't be invisible, you know, unless it was painted invisible green, like Ben Hall's new bridge at Chelsea: only you can see that of course, for you have to pay now when you go over, so I suppose the green ain't the right color. But that's another reason why I want them to toss up—toss up, you see, whether they saw it or not, or which of them should see it, or something of that kind, I'm sure that's the only way to settle; and —oh, by-the-bye, as I said before—only I didn't, but I ought to have—if either of the gentlemen havn't half-a-crown about them, why a two-shilling-piece might do; though I never carry them myself, for fear of giving one to a keeper; and then he sets you down for a screw, you know. Because, you see, I see, I don't quite see,

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and no offence to honorable members—learned and eloquent gentlemen, I mean; and though I don't wish to dictate, I don't quite think ladies and gentlemen quite see either. You see that?"

(The noble lord, who had expressed so acurately the general sense of the meeting, sat down amid loud applause.)

The cotton famine in the North, which occurred now, roused many thoughts and feelings in his mind and heart, and led to a correspondence in the "Times" and elsewhere.

A new volume of sermons, "Town and Country Sermons," had recently been published. They were dedicated to his "most kind and faithful friend," the Dean of Windsor,* and contained several preached at Windsor and at Whitehall, with some of the deepest and most characteristic of his Eversley sermons—particularly "The Rock of Ages," "The Wrath of Love," "Pardon and Peace," and one most important one on the Athanasian Creed, called "The Knowledge of God."

* The Hon. and Very Rev. Gerald Wellesley.

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CHAPTER XXII.

1863.

AGED 44.

Fellow of the Geological Society—Work at Cambridge—Prince of Wales's Wedding—Wellington College Chapel and Museum—Letter from Dr. Benson—Lecture at Wellington—Letters to Sir Charles Lyell, Prof. Huxley, Charles Darwin, James A. Froude, &c.—Whitchurch Still-life—Toads in Holes—D.C.L. Degree at Oxford—Bishop Colenso—Sermons on the Pentateuch—The Water-babies—Failing Health.

PROFESSOR KINGSLEY had this year the honor of adding three letters to his name by being made a Fellow of the Geological Society. He was proposed by his kind friend Sir Charles Bunbury, and seconded by Sir Charles Lyell. "To belong to the Geological Society," he says in a letter to the former, "has long been an ambition of mine, but I feel how little I know, and how unworthy I am to mix with the really great men who belong to it. So strongly do I feel this, that if you told me plainly that I had no right to expect such an honor, I should placidly acquiesce in what I already feel to be true." The F.G.S. came as a counterbalance to his rejection at Oxford for the distinction of D.C.L., which his friends there proposed to confer on him.

The year was spent almost entirely at Eversley, for he found the salary of his Professorship did not admit of his keeping two houses and of moving his family backwards and forwards to Cambridge. He was therefore forced to part with his Cambridge house, and to go up twice a year merely, for the time required for his lectures (twelve to sixteen in number), and again at the examination of his class for degrees. He deeply regretted this necessity, as it prevented his knowing the men in his class personally, which he had made a point of doing during the first two years of his residence, when they came to his house, and many charming evenings were spent in easy intercourse between the Professor and his pupils, who met them on equal terms. From the first he made it one of his most important duties to do what he could to bridge over a

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gulf which in his own day had been a very wide one between Dons and Students. That he had succeeded in doing this was proved by members of his class, writing to consult him after they left Cambridge on their studies, their professions, and their religious difficulties, in a way that showed their perfect confidence in his sympathy; and had circumstances allowed of his residing at Cambridge, his personal influence would have been still greater.

We now return to his correspondence.

TO REV. E. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL.

EVERSLEY, *March* 12, 1863.

"We are just from the Royal Wedding—at least so I believe. We had (so I seem to remember) excellent places. Mrs. Kingsley in the temporary gallery in the choir. I in the household gallery, both within 15 yards of what, I am inclined to think, was really the Prince and Princess. But I can't swear to it. I am not at all sure that I did not fall asleep in the dear old chapel, with the banners and stalls fresh in my mind, and dream and dream of Edward the Fourth's time. At least, I saw live Knights of the Garter (myths to me till then). I saw real Princesses with diamond crowns, and trains, and fairies holding them up. I saw—what did I not see? And only began to believe my eyes, when I met at the *déjeuner* certain of the knights whom I knew, clothed and in their right mind, like other folk; and of the damsels and fairies many, who, I believe, were also flesh and blood, for they talked and ate with me, and vanished not away.

"But seriously, one real thing I did see, and felt too—the serious grace and reverent dignity of my dear young Master, whose manner was perfect. And one other real thing—the Queen's sad face. . . . . I cannot tell you how auspicious I consider this event, or how happy it has made the little knot of us, the Prince's household,* who love him because we know him. I hear nothing but golden reports of the Princess from those who have known her long. I look forward to some opportunity of judging for myself."

His time this year was divided between his parish work and the study of science, and in corresponding with scientific men. Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" and his book on the "Fertilization of Orchids," had opened a new world to him, and made all that he saw around him, if possible, even more full of divine significance than before. Wellington College was a continual interest to him. He lectured to the boys, and helped them to start a Museum. He

* Mr. Kingsley had recently been made one of the Prince's chaplains.

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felt bound to do all he could for Wellington College, not only because his own son was there, and from his warm friendship with Dr. Benson, then head-master; but because he looked upon the place as a memorial of the great Prince under whose fostering care it had risen into importance, as well as of the great Duke whose name it bore. The boys were continually at the Rectory, and Mr. Kingsley was always present at their great days, whether for the speeches or their athletic sports.

Mr. Kingsley's Lecture on Natural History may well be prefaced by a letter from Dr. Benson, characteristic alike of the writer and his subject.

THE CHANCERY, LINCOLN, SUNDAY, *July* 11, 1875.

"MY DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY,

". . . . There was a bold sketch of Mr. Kingsley in the *Spectator* in his squire-like aspect, and I think it was true. But I know that an equally true sketch might be made of him as a parish priest, who would have delighted George Herbert. The gentle, warm frankness with which he talked on a summer Sunday among the grassy and flowery graves.—The happy peace in which he walked, chatting, over to Bramshill chapel-school, and, after reading the evening service, preached in his surplice with a chair-back for his pulpit, on the deeps of the Athanasian Creed; and, after thanking God for words that brought such truths so near, bade the villagers mark that the very Creed which laid such stress on faith, told them that 'they who *did* good would go into everlasting life.'—His striding across the ploughed field to ask a young ploughman in the distance why he had not been at church on Sunday, and ending his talk with 'Now, you know, John, your wife don't want you lounging in bed half a Sunday morning. You get up and come to church, and let her get your Sunday dinner and make the house tidy, and then you mind your child in the afternoon while *she* comes to church.' These, and many other scenes, are brightly before me. His never remitted visits to sick and helpless, his knowledge of their every malady, and every change of their hopes and fears; the sternness and the gentleness which he alternated so easily with foolish people; the great respectfulness of his tone to old folks, made the rectory and church at Eversley the centre of the life of the men as well as their children and wives. Gipsies on Hartford-bridge flats have told me they considered Eversley their parish church wherever they went, and for his own parishioners, 'every man jack of them,' as he said, was a steady church-goer. But it was no wonder, for I never heard sermons with which more pains had been taken than those which he made for his poor people. There was so much, such deep teaching, conveyed in words that

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were so plain. One on the conversion of St. Paul, and one on the Church, I shall never forget. The awe and reverence of his manner of celebrating the service was striking to any one who knew only his novels. Strangers several times asked me, who saw him at service in our own school-chapel, who it was who was so rapt in manner, who bowed so low at the Gloria and the name of Jesus Christ; and so I too was surprised when he asked me, before preaching in his church, to use only the Invocation of the Trinity; and when I observed that he celebrated the communion in the eastward position. This he loyally gave up on the Purchas judgment, 'because I mind the law,' but told me with what regret he discontinued what from his ordination he had always done, believing it the simple direction of the Prayer Book.

"An amusing incident happened once, which, I daresay, he never heard of. A sub-editor, of a famous religious paper, once attended a chapel service at Wellington, when Mr. Kingsley preached, and then withdrew his son's name from our list, and prepared a leading article upon a supposed head-master, whose doctrine and manner were so 'high.'

"What always struck me in him was the care and pains which he took with all that he undertook. Nothing was hurried, or slurred, or dashing. 'I can tell you, I've spared no trouble upon it,' he said, when we thanked him for the beautiful sermon on 'Wisdom and her seven pillars,' which he made for one of our days.*

"In the readiest and yet most modest way he helped us wonderfully. His presence looking on, helped our games into shape when we began with fifty raw little boys, and our football exploits, twelve years after, were as dear to him as to his son; 'the Kingsley' steeple-chase was the event of the year. But in far higher ways he helped us. He wrote an admirable paper for us, which was widely circulated, on School Museums; he prevailed on the Royal College of Surgeons, on Lady Franklin, and other friends, to present the boys with many exquisite natural history specimens, and started all our collections.

"His lectures (of which I trust some of his notes exist) on natural history, and two on geology, were some of the most brilliant things I ever heard. Facts and theories, and speculations, and imaginations of what had been and might be, simply riveted the attention of 200 or 300 boys for an hour and a half or two hours, and many good proverbs of life sparkled among these. Their great effect was that they roused so much interest. At the same time his classification of facts such as the radiation of plants (Heather for instance) from geographical centres, gave substantial grounds for the work which he encouraged. 'Let us make a be-

* Published in "Discipline and other Sermons."

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ginning by knowing one little thing well, and getting roused as to what else is to be known.'

"Nothing was more delightful too, to our boys, than the way in which he would come and make a little speech at the end of other occasional winter lectures, Mr. Lowne's or Mr. Henslow's, or about balloons, or, above all, when, at the close of a lecture of Mr. Barnes's, he harangued us in pure Dorset dialect, to the surprise and delight of the Dorsetshire poet.

"In our many happy talks we scarcely ever agreed in our estimate of mediæval character or literature, but I learnt much from him. When even St. Bernard was not appreciated by him, it is not surprising that much of the life of those centuries was repulsive, and its religious practice 'pure Buddhism,' as he used to say. At the same time, I never shall forget how he turned over on a person who was declaiming against 'idolatry.' 'Let me tell you, sir,' (he said with that forcible stammer), 'that if you had had a chance you would have done the same, and worse. The first idols were black stones, meteoric stones. And if you'd been a poor naked fellow, scratching up the ground with your nails, when a great lump of pyrites had suddenly half buried itself in the ground within three yards of you, with a horrid noise and smell, don't you think you'd have gone down on your knees to it, and begged it not to do it again, and smoothed it and oiled it, and anything else?'

"Greek life and feeling was dear to him in itself, and usually he was penetrated with thankfulness that it formed so large a part of education.

"'From that and from the Bible, boys learn what must be learnt among the grandest moral and spiritual reproofs of what is base. Nothing so fearful as to leave curiosity unslaked to help itself.' At other times he doubted. Still, if I measure rightly, he doubted only when he was so possessed with the forest ardor, that he said, 'All politics, all discussions, all philosophies of Europe, are so infinitely little in comparison with those trees out there in the West Indies. Don't you think the brain is a fungoid growth? O! if I could only find an artist to paint a tree as I see it!' In mentioning last this keen enjoyment of his in the earth as it is, I seem to have inverted the due order: but I see it as a solid, truthful background in his soul of all the tenderness and lovingness, and spiritual strength in which he walked about 'convinced,' as a friend once said to me of him, 'that, as a man and as a priest, he had got the devil under, and that it was his bounden duty to keep him there.'"

LECTURE AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

June 25, 1863.

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

"Your head-master, Dr. Benson, has done me the honor of asking me to say a little to you to-night about the Museum which

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is in contemplation, connected with this College, and how far you yourselves can help it.

"I assure you I do so gladly. Anything which brings me in contact with the boys of Wellington College, much more of helping forward their improvement in the slightest degree, I shall always look upon as a very great pleasure, and a very serious duty.

"Let me tell you, then, what I think you may do for the Museum, and how you may improve yourselves by doing it, without interfering with your regular work. Of course, that must never be interfered with. You are sent here to work. All of you here, I suppose, depend for your success in life on your own exertions. None of you are born (luckily for you) with a silver spoon in your mouths, to eat flapdoodle at other people's expense, and live in luxury and idleness. Work you must, and I don't doubt that work you will, and let nothing interfere with your work.

"The first thing for a boy to learn, after obedience and morality, is a habit of observation. A habit of using your eyes. It matters little what you use them on, provided you do use them.

"They say knowledge is power, and so it is. But only the knowledge which you get by observation. Many a man is very learned in books, and has read for years and years, and yet he is useless. He knows *about* all sorts of things but he can't *do* them. When you set him to do work, he makes a mess of it. He is what is called a pedant: because he has not used his eyes and ears. He has lived in books. He knows nothing of the world about him, or of men and their ways, and therefore he is left behind in the race of life by many a shrewd fellow who is not half as book-learned as he: but who *is* a shrewd fellow—who keeps his eyes open—who is always picking up new facts, and turning them to some particular use.

"Now, I don't mean to undervalue book-learning. No man less. All ought to have some of it, and the time which you spend here on it is not a whit too long; but the great use of a public-school education to you, is, not so much to teach you things as to teach you how to *learn*. To give you the noble art of learning, which you can use for yourselves in after-life on any matter to which you choose to turn your mind. And what does the art of learning consist in? First and foremost, in the art of observing. That is, the boy who uses his eyes best on his book, and *observes* the words and letters of his lesson most accurately and carefully, that is the boy who learns his lesson best, I presume.

"You know, as well as I, how one fellow will sit staring at his book for an hour without knowing a word about it, while another will learn the thing in a quarter of an hour, and why? Because one has actually not *seen* the words. He has been thinking of something else, looking out of the window, repeating the words to himself like a parrot. The other fellow has simply, as we say,

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'looked sharp.' He has looked at the lesson with his whole mind, seen it, and seen into it, and therefore knows all about it.

"Therefore, I say, that everything which helps a boy's powers of observation helps his power of learning; and I know from experience that nothing helps that so much as the study of the world about you, and especially of natural history. To be accustomed to watch for curious objects, to know in a moment when you have come on anything new—which is observation. To be quick at seeing when things are like, and when unlike—which is classification. All that must, and I well know does, help to make a boy shrewd, earnest, accurate, ready for whatever may happen. When we were little and good, a long time ago, we used to have a jolly old book called 'Evenings at Home,' in which was a great story called Eyes and No Eyes, and that story was of more use to me than any dozen other stories I ever read.

"A regular old-fashioned formal story it is, but a right good one, and thus it begins:—

"'Well, Robert, where have you been walking this afternoon?' said Mr. Andrews, to one of his pupils, at the close of a holiday. Oh, Robert had been to Broom Heath, and round to Campmount, and home through the meadows. But it was very dull, he hardly saw a single person. He had rather by half have gone by the turnpike road.

"But where is William?

"Oh, William started with him, but he was so tedious, always stopping to look at this thing and that, that he would rather walk alone, and so went on.

"Presently in comes Master William, dressed no doubt as we wretched boys used to be forty years ago, frill collar, and tight skeleton monkey jacket, and tight trousers buttoned over it, and not down to his ankles—a pair of low shoes—which always came off if stept into heavy ground—and terribly dirty and wet he is, but he never had such a pleasant walk in his life, and has brought home a handkerchief full of curiosities.

"He has got a piece of mistletoe, and wants to know what it is, and seen a woodpecker and a wheat-ear, and got strange flowers off the heath, and hunted a peewit because he thought its wing was broken, till of course it led him into a bog and wet he got; but he did not mind, for in the bog he fell in with an old man cutting turf, who told him all about turf cutting, and gave him an adder; and then he went up a hill, and saw a grand prospect, and wanted to go again and make out the geography of the county by Carey's old county map—which was our only map in those days; and because the place was called Campmount, he looked for a Roman camp and found one; and then he went to the ruin, and saw twenty things more, and so on, and so on, till he had brought home curiosities enough and thoughts enough to last him a week.

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"Whereon Mr. Andrews, who seems a sensible old gentleman enough, tells him all about his curiosities; and then it turns out that Master William has been over exactly the same ground as Master Robert, who saw nothing at all.

"Whereon says Mr. Andrews, wisely enough in his solemn, old-fashioned way, 'So it is. One man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiority of knowledge which one acquires over the other. I have known sailors who have been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling houses, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, Franklin could not cross the Channel without making observations useful to mankind. While many a vacant thoughtless person is whirled through Europe without gaining a single idea worth crossing the street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter of improvement and delight in every ramble. Do you then, William, continue to make use of your eyes; and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use.'

"And when I read that story as a little boy, I said to myself, I *will* be Mr. Eyes; I will *not* be Mr. No Eyes, and Mr. Eyes I have tried to be ever since; and Mr. Eyes, I advise you, every one of you, to be, if you wish to be happy and successful.

"Ah, my dear boys, if you knew the idle, vacant, useless life which too many young men lead when their day's work is done, and done spiritlessly, and therefore done ill, having nothing to fall back on but the theatre, or billiards, or the gossip at their club, or if they be out in a hot country, everlasting pale ale; and continually tempted to sin, and shame, and ruin by their own idleness, while they miss opportunities of making valuable discoveries, of distinguishing themselves, and helping themselves forward in life; then you would make it a duty to get a habit of observing, no matter what you observe, and of having at least some healthy and rational pursuit with which to fill up your leisure hours.

"The study of natural history, of antiquities, of geography, of chemistry, any study which will occupy your minds, may be the means, whether out on some foreign station, or home here at work in London, of keeping you out of temptation and misery, of which, thank God, you as yet know nothing.

"I am happy to hear that there are many of you who don't need this advice, some who are working well at chemistry, some who have already begun to use your eyes, and to make collections of plants, insects, and birds' eggs.

"That is good as far as it goes. As for bird-nesting, I think it a manly and excellent pursuit;* no one has worked harder at it

* He never allowed his own boys to take nests, or more than one, or at most two eggs out of a nest where there were several, so that the mother bird might not miss them.

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than I, when I was young, or should like better to go bird-nesting now, if I was not getting rather too stiff and heavy to bark up to a hawk's nest.

"But see. Because every boy collects for himself, there is a great deal of unnecessary destruction of eggs, especially of the small soft-billed birds, which are easiest got, and are the very ones which ought to be spared, on account of their great usefulness to the farmer in destroying insects; and next—Pray, where will nine-tenths of those eggs be seen a few days hence? smashed, and in the dust-hole, and so of the insects and plants.

"Now it seems to me, that if fellows were collecting for a College Museum, instead of every one for himself, it would save a great deal of waste, and save the things themselves likewise.

"As for a fellow liking to say, 'I have got this, and I will keep it to myself, I like to have a better collection than any one else,' that is natural enough; but like a great many natural things, rather a *low* feeling, if you will excuse my saying so. Which is better, to keep a thing to yourselves, locked up in your own drawers, or to put them into the common stock, for the pleasure of every one? and which is really more honor to you, to be able to say to two or three of your friends, 'I have got an egg which you have not,' or to have the egg, or whatever else it may be, in a public collection, to be seen by every one, by boys, years hence, after you are grown up? For myself, I can't think of a better way of keeping up a corporate feeling in the college, and binding the different generations, as they succeed each other, together in one, than a museum of this kind, in which boys should see the names of those who have gone before them, as having presented this or that curious object.

"So strongly do I feel it, that I have asked Dr. Benson's leave to give two prizes every year. One for the most rare and curious thing of any kind—whether in natural history, geology, antiquities, or anything else fit for a museum, which has been *bonâ fide* found by the boy himself; and a second prize for the most curious thing contributed by a boy, never mind how he has got it, provided only that he has not *bought* it, for against that there are objections. That would give the boys with plenty of money a chance which the others had not.

"But there are so many of you who have relations abroad, or in the country, that you will be able to obtain from them rare and curious objects which you could not collect yourselves, and I advise you to turn sturdy beggars, and get hold (by all fair means) of anything and everything worth putting in the Museum, and out of which you can coax or beg anybody whatsoever, old or young.

"And, mind, you will have help. I myself am ready to give as many curious things as I can, out of my own collection; and if this Museum had been started ten or twenty years ago, I could have given you a great deal more, but my collections have been

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too much and often spoilt and broken, and at last the remnant given away in despair, just because I had no museum to put them in. If there had been one where I was at school, I could have saved for it hundreds of different things which are now in dust-holes in half-a-dozen counties, and also should have had the heart to collect many things which I have let pass me, simply because I did not care to keep them, having nowhere to put them, and so it will be with you.

"I only mention myself as an example of what I have been saying. But it is not to me merely that you must look for help. I am happy to say that you will be helped by many (I believe) real men of science, who will send the Museum such things as are wanted to start it well. To start it well with 'Typical Forms,' by which you can arrange and classify what you find. They will as it were stake out the ground for you, and you must fill up the gaps, and I don't doubt you will do it, and well.

"I am sure you can, if you will see now here is an opportunity of making a beginning—during the next vacation.

"Dr. Benson has said that he will be ready to receive contributions from scientific men after the holidays. But he has guaranteed for you in return, that some of you, at least, will begin collecting for the museum during the holidays.

"What can you do better? I am sure your holidays would be much happier for it. I don't think boys' holidays are in general so very happy. Mine used to be: but why? Because the moment I got home, I went on with the same work in which I employed every half-holiday: natural history and geology. But many boys seem to me in the holidays very much like Jack when he is paid off at Portsmouth. He is suddenly free from the discipline of ship-board. He has plenty of money in his pocket, and he sets to, to have a lark, and makes a fool of himself till his money is spent; and then he is very poor, and sick, and seedy, and cross, and disgusted with himself, and longs to get a fresh ship and go to work again—as a great many fellows, I suspect, long for the holidays to be over. They suddenly change the regular discipline of work for complete idleness, and after the first burst is over, they get very often tired, and stupid, and cross, because they have nothing to do, except eating fruit and tormenting their sisters.

"How much better for them to have something to do like this. Something which will not tire their minds, because it is quite different from their school work, and therefore a true *amusement*, which lets them cut the muses for awhile; and something, too, which they can take a pride in, because it is done of their own free will, and they can look forward to putting their gains in the Museum when they come back, and saying, 'This is my holiday work, this is what I have won for the College since I have been away.'

"Take this hint for your holidays, and take it too for after-life.

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For I am sure if you get up an interest for this Museum here, you will not lose it when you go away.

"Many of you will go abroad, perhaps spend much of your lives abroad, and I am sure you will use the opportunities you will then have to enrich the Museum of the College, and be its benefactors each according to your powers throughout your lives.

"But there is one interest, young gentlemen, which I have more at heart even than the interest of Wellington College, much as I love it, for its own sake and for the sake of that great Prince beneath whose fostering shadow it grew up, and to whom this College, like me myself, owes more than we shall either of us ever repay; yet there is an interest which I have still more at heart, and that is the interest of Science herself.

"Ah, that I could make you understand what an interest that is. The interest of the health, the wealth, the wisdom of generations yet unborn. Ah, that I could make you understand what a noble thing it is to be men of science; rich with a sound learning which man can neither give nor take away; useful to thousands whom you have never seen, but who may be blessing your name hundreds of years after you are mouldering in the grave, the equals and the companions of the noblest and the most powerful. Taking a rank higher than even Queen Victoria herself can give, by right of that knowledge which is power.

"But I must not expect you to see that yet. All I can do is to hope that my fancy may be fulfilled hereafter, that this Museum may be the starting point of a school of scientific men, few it may be in number, but strong, because bound together by common affection for their College, and their Museum, and each other. Scattered perhaps over the world, but communicating their discoveries to each other without jealousy or dispute, and sending home their prizes to enrich the stores of their old Museum, and to teach the generations of lads who will be learning here, while they are grown men, doing the work of men over the world.

"Ah, that it might so happen. Ah, that even *one* great man of science might be bred up in these halls, one man who should discover a great truth, or do a great deed for the benefit of his fellow men.

"If this College and Museum could produce but one master of natural knowledge, like Murchison or Lyell, Owen or Huxley, Faraday or Grove, or even one great discoverer, like Ross, or Sturt, or Speke, who has just solved the mystery of ages, the mystery after which Lucan makes Julius Cæsar long, as the highest summit of his ambition: to leave others to conquer nations, while he himself sought for the hidden sources of the Nile. Or, if it ever should produce one man able and learned enough to do such a deed as that of my friend Clements Markham, who penetrated, in the face of danger and death, the trackless forests of the Andes, to

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bring home thence the plants of Peruvian bark, which, transplanted into Hindostan, will save the lives of tens of thousands—English and Hindoos—then, young gentlemen, all the trouble, all the care, which shall have been spent on this Museum—I had almost said, upon this whole College, will have been well repaid."

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL, F.G.S., ETC., ETC.

EVERSLEY, *April* 28, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR CHARLES,

"I have at last got through your big book*—big in all senses, for it is as full as an egg, and as pregnant. But I have read specially the chapter on the Analogy of Language and Natural History, and am delighted. I had no suspicion that so complete a case could be made out. And it does not seem to me a mere 'illustration' of the deceptive kind used in Scotch sermons, whereby **** used to make anything prove anything else; but a real analogue, of the same inductive method applied to a set of facts homologous, though distinct.

"I am very anxious to see a Museum established at the Wellington College, for training the boys in the knowledge of nature, and in the pursuits of natural science. As most of the boys go abroad in after-life, it seems to open a great door for your scheme, of having educated gentlemen-naturalists spread abroad, and in communication with each other and with the societies at home, and I shall soon go shamelessly a-begging for typical forms of every kind, the intermediate gaps to be filled up by the boys themselves."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

"I am very busy working out points of Natural Theology, by the strange light of Huxley, Darwin, and Lyell. I think I shall come to something worth having before I have done. But I am not going to reach into fruit this seven years, for this reason: The state of the scientific mind is most curious; Darwin is conquering everywhere, and rushing in like a flood, by the mere force of truth and fact. The one or two who hold out are forced to try all sorts of subterfuges as to fact, or else by evoking the *odium theologicum*. . . . .

"But they find that now they have got rid of an interfering God—a master-magician, as I call it—they have to choose between the absolute empire of accident, and a living, immanent, ever-working God.

"Grove's truly great mind has seized the latter alternative already, on the side of chemistry. Ansted, in his Rede Lecture, is feeling for it in geology; and so is Lyell; and I, in my small

* "Antiquity of Man."

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way of zoology, am urging it on Huxley, Rolleston, and Bates, who has just discovered facts about certain butterflies in the valley of the Amazon, which have filled me, and, I trust, others, with utter astonishment and awe. Verily, God is great, or else there is no God at all.

"That mystery of generation has been felt in all ages to be the crux, the meeting point of heaven and earth, of God or no God; and it is being felt so now more intensely than ever. All turns on it. . . . . So does human thought come round again in cycles to the same point; but, thank God, each time with more and sounder knowledge. All will be well, if we will but remember what is written: 'He that believeth will not make haste.'

"But I ought to say, that by far the best forward step in Natural Theology has been made by an American, Dr. Asa Gray,* who has said better than I can all that I want to say. I send you his pamphlet, entreating you to read it, especially pp. 28–49, which are in my eyes unanswerable.

"A passage between me and * * * * (we are most intimate and confidential, though more utterly opposed in thought than he is to the general religious or other public), may amuse you. He says somewhere, 'the ape's brain is almost exactly like the man's, and so is his throat. See, then, what enormously different results may be produced by the slightest difference in structure!' I tell him, 'not a bit; you are putting the cart before the horse, like the rest of the world. If you won't believe my great new doctrine (which, by the bye, is as old as the Greeks), that souls secrete their bodies, as snails do shells, you will remain in outer darkness. . . . . I know an ape's brain and throat are almost exactly like a man's—and what does that prove? That the ape is a fool and a muff, who has tools very nearly as good as a man's, and yet can't use them, while the man can do the most wonderful thing with tools very little better than an ape's.

"'If men had had ape's bodies they would have got on very tolerably with them, because they had men's souls to work the bodies with. While an ape's soul in a man's body would be only a rather more filthy nuisance than he is now. You fancy that the axe uses the workman, I say that the workman uses the axe, and that though he can work rather better with a good tool than a bad one, the great point is, what sort of workman is he—an ape-soul or a human soul?'

* When in America, in 1874, Mr. Kingsley had the happiness of making acquaintance with Professor Asa Gray, who among many other botanical works had lately published his admirable little book for the young on "Climbing Plants." In an important work just published in Boston (1876) on Darwinism, the Professor has made quotations from Mr. Kingsley's "Westminster Sermons."

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"Whereby you may perceive that I am not going astray into materialism as yet."

TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

EVERSLEY, *June* 28, 1863.

"Don't take the trouble to answer this. *In re* great toes of apes and men. Have you ever remarked the variableness of the hallux in our race?

"The old Greek is remarkable for a small hallux and large second toe, reaching beyond it, and that is held (and rightly) as the most perfect form of the human foot. But in all modern Indo-Gothic races is it the same? In all children which I have seen (and I have watched carefully) the hallux is far larger and longer in proportion to the other toes than in the Greek statues. This is not caused (as commonly supposed) by wearing shoes, for it holds in the Irish children who have never worn them.

"Now surely such a variation in the size of the hallux gives probability at least to your deductions from its great variability in the apes.

"Science owes you the honor of having demonstrated that the hind hand of the apes is not a hand, but a true foot. Think over what I have said."

TO CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F.R.S., &C.

EVERSLEY, *June* 14, 1863.

"I have been reading with delight and instruction your paper on climbing plants.

"Your explanation of an old puzzle of mine—Lathyrus Nissolia—is a master-piece. Nothing can be more conclusive. That of the filament at the petiole-end of the bean is equally satisfactory.

"Ah, that I could begin to study nature anew, now that you have made it to me a live thing, not a dead collection of names. But my work lies elsewhere now. Your work, nevertheless, helps mine at every turn. It is better that the division of labor should be complete, and that each man should do only one thing, while he looks on, as he finds time, at what others are doing, and so gets laws from other sciences which he can apply, as I do, to my own."

TO H. BATES, ESQ., F.R.S.

EVERSLEY, 1863.

"There is no physical cause discovered by the microscope why ova should develope each according to its kind. To a philosopher, a hen bringing forth a crocodile would not be so wonderful, as the hundred thousands of hens never bringing forth any thing but hens.

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"To talk of its being done by laws impressed on matter, is to use mere words. How can a law be *impressed* on matter? Is it *in* the matter? Is it impressed thereon as a seal on wax? Or even as a polar arrangement of parts on a solid? If so. it is discoverable by the microscope. But if 'it' were found, that would not be a Law, but only a present and temporary phenomenon—an arrangement or formation of particles for the time being—not the Law or formative cause thereof; and we should be just as far from the 'causa causativa' of the development as ever. I hope I am not boring you by all this. You will see whither it is tending; and it is the result of long and painful thought, in which I have been trying to bring my little logic and metaphysic to bear—not on physical science herself, for she stands on her own ground, microscope in hand, and will allow no intruder, however venerable; but on the nomenclature of physical science, which is to me painfully confused, from a want in our scientific men of that logical training by which things are rightly named, though they cannot be discovered thereby. And this common metaphor of 'a Law imprest on matter' is one which must be regarded merely as a metaphor, and an approximative symbol, useless for accurate science, or we shall get into horrible confusions of speech and thought about material causes and their limits, especially now when Darwin, &c., on one hand, and Lyell, &c., on another, have shown us what an enormous amount of the world's work is done by causes strictly material.

"For myself, I agree with Dr. Asa Gray, in his admirable pamphlet on Darwin, that the tendency of physical science is 'not towards the omnipotence of Matter, but to the omnipotence of Spirit. And I am inclined to regard the development of an ovum according to kind as the result of a strictly immaterial and spiritual agency." . . . .

. . . . . .

We now turn from science to fishing, and venture to insert, for those who never met him in his genial merry moods, a letter or two written in the joy of his heart when for a short moment all care was cast away, and he became a boy again.

TO J. A. FROUDE, ESQ.

WHITE HART, WHITCHURCH, *May* 27, 1863.

"And is this the way you expect to get fishing when you want it, axing for it with fierce importunity, and then running away and leaving your disconsolate partner to terrify himself into fiddlestrings with fancying what was the matter? . . . . Well . . . . but you have lost a lovely day's fishing. The first was not much, owing to the furious rain; but yesterday I went up the side stream in the Park, and after the rain it was charming. They took first a

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little black gnat, and then settled to a red palmer and the conquering turkey-brown, with which we killed so many here before. My beloved black alder they did not care for—for why? She was not out. The stream was not as good as when we fished it last, owing to extreme drought. But I kept seven brace of good fish, and threw in twelve. None over 1½ lb. though. After two came a ferocious storm, and chop of wind to W., and after that I did nothing. Oh! I wish you had been with me; but if you will be good you shall come down week after next, and Mrs. Alder will be out then, and perhaps a few drakes on the lower shallow, and oh, won't we pitch into the fish? Lord P. is gone to Bath, and Lady P. to High Clere. . . . . So I am going home by mid-day train."

TO REV. E. PITCAIRN CAMPBELL.

EVERSLEY, *May* 29, 1863.

"By the strangest coincidence, Sir Charles Bunbury, a great geologist and botanist, and I were talking over this very evening Sir Alex. Gordon Cumming's toads in a hole. I promised him to write to Sir A. on the strength of his kind messages to me, for further information; and behold, on coming home from a dinner-party at General Napier's, your letter anent them! Verily, great things are in these toads' insides, or so strange a coincidence would not have happened.

"Now, I say to you what I said to him. Toads are rum brutes. Like all batrachians, they breathe through their skins, as well as through their lungs. The instinct (as I have often proved) of the little beggars an inch long, fresh from water and tadpoledom, is to creep foolishly into the dirtiest hole they can find, in old walls, etc., where 99 out of a 100 are eaten by rats and beetles, as I hold—or else the world would have been toadied to utter disgust and horror long ago. Some of these may get down into cracks in rocks, and never get back. The holes may be silted up by mud and sand. The toad may exist and grow in that hole for Heaven knows how long, I dare say for centuries, for I don't think he would want food to grow; oxygen and water he *must* have, but a very little would do.

"Accordingly, all the cases of toads in a hole which I have investigated have been either in old walls or limestone rocks, which are porous as a sponge, absorb water and air, and give them out slowly, but enough to keep a cold-blooded batrachian alive.

"Now, Sir Alex. Gordon Cumming's toads have puzzled me. I have read all that he has written, and thought over it, comparing it with all I know, and I think I know almost every case on record, and I am confounded. Will you ask him for me what is the nature of this conglomerate in which the toads are?

"I said to-night I would not believe in toads anywhere but in limestone or chalk, *i.e.*, in strongly hydraulic strata. Sir Charles

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Bunbury corrected me, by saying that certain volcanic rocks, amygdaloid basalts, were as full of holes as limestone, and as strongly hydraulic, and so toads might live in them.

"If Sir A. G. C. would send us a piece of the rock in which the toads lie, we could tell him more. But that the toads are contemporaneous with the rock, or have got there any way save through cracks now filled up, and so overlooked in the blasting and cutting, is, I believe, impossible, and cannot be—though God alone knows what cannot be—and so I wait for further information.

"Oh, that I could accept Sir Alexander's most kind invitation, and come and see the toads myself, let alone killing the salmon! But I cannot.

"We must send up one of our F.G.S.'s to see into the matter. . . . .

"Your flies are to me wonderful. I will try them on Itchen next week. But I have been killing well in burning sun, and water as clear as air, on flies which are to them as bumble bees."

In the summer of this year the Prince and Princess of Wales honored the Oxford Commemoration with their presence, and according to custom His Royal Highness sent in previously the names of those on whom he wished the University to bestow the honorary degree of D.C.L. Among those names was that of Charles Kingsley, who was one of the Prince's private chaplains. He had several warm friends in the University, among others Dean Stanley (then Canon of Christ Church), Max Müller, &c., who would have gladly seen this honor conferred on him; but among the extreme High Church party there were dissentient voices; and the Professor of Hebrew took the lead in opposing the degree on the ground of Mr. Kingsley's published works, especially "Hypatia," which he considered "*an immoral book*," and one calculated to encourage young men in profligacy and false doctrine—the very charge, in fact, that twelve years before had been brought against "Yeast" by an Oxford graduate of the same party. If the vote in Convocation had been carried in Mr. Kingsley's favor, it would have been anything but unanimous, and a threat being made of a "non placet" in the theatre at the time of conferring the degree, his friends considerately advised him to retire; and he, in order to avoid disturbing the peace of the University on such an auspicious occasion, as considerately followed their advice. The following year some of his Oxford friends chivalrously offered to propose his name again for a distinction which he

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would have valued as much as any man living; but he declined, saying that "it was an honor that must be given, not fought for," and that till the imputation of immorality was withdrawn from his book "Hypatia," he could not even in prospect accept the offer.

In 1866 Bishop Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, wrote to ask him to preach one of a course of sermons in the University in Lent, but he declined that honor too on the same grounds as the degree.

"I do not deny," he says in a letter to Dean Stanley, "a great hankering for years past, after an Oxford D.C.L. . . . . But all these things are right, and come with a reason, and a purpose, and a meaning; and he who grumbles at them or at worse, believeth not (for the time being at least) in the Living God."

Again, to one who would have liked to see honor upon honor showered upon him—"Pray, pray take what God does *not* send as *not* good for us, and trust Him to send us what is good. . . . ." And so, when a disappointment was over, he would root out the memory of it before it had time to rankle in his mind and sow any seed of envy or malice. He lived on a high level, and to keep there he knew that he must crush down the unforgiving spirit which springs from egotism in the hearts of less noble men. Coupled with this, too, was not only his intense faith in the government of God, as shown in the smallest as well as the most important events of life, and in His education of His creatures, by each and every one of these events, but a deep sense of his own unworthiness, which made him content (a word he loved) with what he had already as all too good for him.

Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch had lately appeared and was the topic of general discussion, which led to his preaching a series of sermons * on the subject to his own people at Eversley. In a letter to Mr. Maurice, he said, in reference to the one on the Credibility of the Plagues of Egypt and of miracles in general:—

"All this talk about the Pentateuch is making me feel its unique value and divineness so much more than ever I did, that I burn to say something worth hearing about it, and I cannot help hoping that what I say may be listened to by some of those who know that I shrink from no lengths in physical science. I

* "Sermons on the Pentateuch." Macmillan.

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am sure that science and the creeds will shake hands at last, if only people will leave both alone, and I pray that by God's grace perchance I may help them to do so.

"My only fear is that people will fancy me a verbal inspiration-monger, which, as you know, I am not; and that I shall, in due time, suffer the fate of most who see both sides, and be considered by both a hypocrite and a traitor." . . . .

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

September 18, 1863.

"I am very anxious to know what you think of Stanley's 'Lectures on the Jewish Church.' I have read them with the greatest pleasure and comfort, and look on the book as the best antidote to Colenso which I have yet seen, because it fights him on his own ground, and yet ignores him and his negative form of thought.

"I think the book will give comfort to thousands, and make them take up their Bibles once more with heart and hope. I do trust that you feel as I do about it. . . . . I have been so 'run about' with parish work and confirmation work, that I have neglected to tell you how deeply I feel your approval of my sermons. I do hope and trust that they may do a little good. I find that the Aldershot and Sandhurst mustachios come to hear these discourses of mine every Sunday—and my heart goes out to them in great yearnings. Dear fellows—when I see them in the pews, and the smock frocks in the open seats, I feel as if I was not quite useless in the world, and that I was beginning to fulfil the one idea of my life, to tell Esau that he has a birthright as well as Jacob. I do feel very deeply the truth which John Mill has set forth in a one-sided way in his new book on Liberty—pp. 88–90, I think, about the past morality of Christendom having taken a somewhat abject tone, and requiring, as a complement, the old Pagan virtues, which our forefathers learnt from Plutarch's Lives, and of which the memory still lingers in our classical education. I do not believe, of course, that the want really exists; but that it has been created, principally by the celibate misanthropy of the patristic and mediæval church. But I have to preach the divineness of the whole manhood, and am content to be called a Muscular Christian, or any other impertinent name, by men who little dream of the weakness of character, sickness of body, and misery of mind, by which I have bought what little I know of the human heart. However, there is no good in talking about oneself.

"I am so obliged to you for your kindness to our Maurice. I hope you were satisfied with your godson. He is a very good boy, and makes us very happy."

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The "Waterbabies" came out this year, dedicated "To my youngest son, Grenville Arthur, and to all other good little boys:"

> "Come read me my riddle, each good little man,
> If you cannot read it, no grown up folk can."

The "l'envoi," in the first edition, was suppressed in the second, lest it should be misunderstood and give needless offence:—

> "Hence unbelieving Sadducees,
> And less believing Pharisees,
> With dull conventionalities;
> And leave a country muse at ease
> To play at leap-frog, if she please,
> With children and realities."

Perhaps it was the last book, except his West Indian one, "At Last," that he wrote with any real ease, and which was purely a labor of love, for his brain was getting fatigued, his health fluctuated, and the work of the Professorship, which was a constant weight on his mind, wore him sadly.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

1864-5.

AGED 45, 46.

Illness—Controversy with Dr. Newman—Apologia—Journey to the South of France—Biarritz—Pau—An Earthquake—Narbonne—Sermons in London and at Windsor—Enclosure of Eversley Common—University Sermons at Cambridge—Mr. John Stuart Mill's London Committee—Letter on the Trinity—Letter on Subscription—Luther and Demonology—Visit of Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands to Eversley Rectory and Wellington College—The Mammoth on Ivory—Death of King Leopold—Lines written at Windsor Castle.

THE severe illness and great physical depression with which this year began were a bad preparation for the storm of controversy which burst upon Mr. Kingsley, and which eventually produced Dr. Newman's famous "*Apologia pro vita sua.*" That controversy is before the world, and no allusion would be made to it in these pages, but from the fear that silence might be misconstrued into a tacit acknowledgment of defeat on the main question. This fact, however, may be mentioned, that information conveyed to Mr. Kingsley that Dr. Newman was in bad health, depressed, and averse from polemical discussion, coupled with Dr. Newman's own words in the early part of the correspondence, in which he seemed to deprecate controversy, appealed irresistibly to Mr. Kingsley's consideration, and put him to a great disadvantage in the issue. Still throughout there were many who held with him—among them some personal friends in the Roman Catholic Church. Many private letters, too, of generous sympathy from strangers came to cheer him on—some from laymen—some from clergymen—some even from workingmen, who having come in contact with the teaching of Roman Catholic priests, knew the truth of Mr. Kingsley's statements. Last but not least, a pamphlet was published by the Rev. Frederick Meyrick, entitled, "But is not Kingsley right after all?" This pamphlet was never answered.

For the right understanding of this controversy, it cannot be too

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strongly insisted upon, that it was for truth and truth only that Mr. Kingsley craved and had fought. The main point at issue was not the personal integrity of Dr. Newman, but the question whether the Roman Catholic priesthood are encouraged or discouraged to pursue "Truth for its own sake." While no one more fully acknowledged the genius and power of his opponent than Mr. Kingsley himself, or was more ready to confess that he had "crossed swords with one who was too strong for him," yet he always felt that the general position which he had taken up against the policy of the Roman Catholic Church, remained unshaken.

"It was his righteous indignation," says Dean Stanley, "against what seemed to him the glorification of a tortuous and ambiguous policy, which betrayed him into the only personal controversy in which he was ever entangled, and in which, matched in unequal conflict with the most subtle and dexterous controversialist of modern times, it is not surprising that for the moment he was apparently worsted, whatever we may think of the ultimate issues that were raised in the struggle, and whatever may be the total results of our experiences, before and after, on the main question over which the combat was fought—on the relation of the human conscience to truth or to authority."

For more than a year past Mr. Kingsley had been suffering from chronic illness increased by overwork of brain, and a thorough rest and change of air had long been seriously urged upon him by his kind friend, Sir James Clarke. At this moment, Mr. Froude, who was going to Spain to look over MSS. in connection with his Historical work, invited him to go with him, to which he answers :—

"This is too delightful. I had meant to offer myself to you, but my courage failed; but when you propose what can I do but accept? . . . I am ready, for my part, not only to go to Madrid, but on by mail to Alicant, and then by steamer to Gibraltar, *via* Carthagena and Malaga, coming home by sea. I have always felt that one good sea voyage would add ten years to my life. All my friends say, go, but I must not be the least burden to you. Remember that I can amuse myself in any hedge, with plants and insects and a cigar, and that you may leave me anywhere, any long, certain that I shall be busy and happy. I cannot say how the thought of going has put fresh life into me."

On the 23rd of March he started with Mr. Froude for Spain, but being ill at Biarritz he did not go over the border. It was his first

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visit to France, of which his impressions are given in his letters to his wife and children.

PARIS, *Sunday, March* 25, 3 P.M.

"We went this morning to the Madeleine, where a grand ceremony was going on, consisting of a high priest brushing people with a handkerchief, as far as I could see. Next, to Notre Dame, where old women were adoring the Sacrament in a 'tombeau' dressed up with cloth and darkness, two argand burners throwing light on it above, and over it a fold of white drapery exactly in the form of the sacrificial vitta on the Greek vases, from which it is probably unconsciously derived. For the rest, they are all as busy and gay to-day as on any other. We met John Lubbock in the street going off to examine the new bone-caves in Dordogne. . . ."

BIARRITZ, *April*, 1864.

"The Basques speak a lingo utterly different from all European languages, which has no analogue, and must have come from a different stock from our ancestors. The women are very pretty—brown, aquiline, with low foreheads, and have a quaint fashion of doing up their back hair in a gaudy silk handkerchief, which is cunningly twisted till one great triangular tail stands out stiff behind the left ear. This is a great art. The old ones tie their whole heads up in the handkerchief and look very pretty, but browner than apes from wearing no bonnets.

. . . . . .

"I am quite in love with these Frenchmen. They are so charmingly civil and agreeable. You can talk to any and all classes as equals. But, alas! I have fallen among English at the *table d'hôte*. . . .

". . . After breakfast we generally lounge the rocks till one. I have found some gigantic skate purses, which must belong to a ray twenty feet broad; then luncheon; then lounge again, sitting about on benches and rocks, watching the grey lizards (I haven't seen any green ones yet), and smoking penny Government cigars, which are very good; then *table d'hôte* at six. . . . . Yesterday we hired a carriage and went to the bar of the Adour, and saw the place where Hope carried the Guards across and made a bridge of boats in the face of 15,000 French. When one sees such things—and I shall see more—who dare sneer at 'old Peninsular officers?' To-day I was looking through the glass at the Rhune mountain, which Soult entrenched from top to bottom, and Wellington stormed, yard by yard, with 20,000 men, before he could cross the Bidassoa; and to have taken that mountain seemed a deed of old giants. Behind it were peaks of everlasting snow, gleaming white in the glorious sun, and beneath it the shore of St. Sebastian and Fontarabia, and then the Spanish hills, fading away to the right into infinite space along the Biscayan shore. I shall

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go and sit there the whole afternoon. We drove through Landes yesterday, too, and saw the pine trees hacked for turpentine, and a little pot hung to each, with clear turpentine running in, and in the tops of the young trees great social nests of the pitzocampo moth-caterpillar, of which I have got some silk, but dared not open the nest, for their hairs are deadly poison, as the old Romans knew.

TO HIS YOUNGEST BOY.

PAU.

"MY DEAR LITTLE MAN,

"I was quite delighted to get a letter from you so nicely written. Yesterday I went by the railway to a most beautiful place, where I am staying now. A town with an old castle, hundreds of years old, where the great King Henry IV. of France was born, and his cradle is there still, made of a huge tortoiseshell. Underneath the castle are beautiful walks and woods—all green, as if it was summer, and roses and flowers, and birds, singing—but different from our English birds. But it is quite summer here because it is so far south. Under the castle, by the river, are frogs that make a noise like a rattle, and frogs that bark like toy-dogs, and frogs that climb up trees, and even up the window-panes—they have suckers on their feet, and are quite green like a leaf. Far away, before the castle, are the great mountains, ten thousand feet high, covered with snow, and the clouds crawling about their tops. I am going to see them to-morrow, and when I come back I will tell you. But I have been out to-night, and all the frogs are croaking still, and making a horrid noise. Mind and be a good boy and give Baba my love. Tell George I am coming back with a great beard and shall frighten him out of his wits. There is a vulture here in the inn, but he is a little Egyptian vulture, not like the great vulture I saw at Bayonne. Ask mother to show you his picture in the beginning of the bird book. He is called Neophra Egyptiacus, and is an ugly fellow, who eats dead horses and sheep. There is his picture.

"Your own Daddy,
"C. KINGSLEY."

"I have taken quite a new turn, and my nerve and strength have come back, from three days in the Pyrenees. What I have seen I cannot tell you. Things unspeakable and full of glory. Mountains whose herbage is box, for miles and thousands of feet, then enormous silver firs and beech, up to the eternal snow. We went up to Eaux-Chaudes—a gigantic Lynmouth, with rivers breaking out of limestone caverns hundreds of feet over our heads. There we were told that we must take horses and guides up to the Plateau of Bioux Artigues, to see the Pic du Midi, which we had been seeing for twenty-eight miles. We wouldn't, and drove up to

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Gabas to lounge. Cane and I found the mountain air so jolly that we lounged on for an hour—luckily up the right valley, and behold, after rochers moutonnés, and moraines, showing the enormous glaciers which are extinct, we came to a down, which we knew by inspiration was the Plateau. We had had a good deal of snow going up, but a good road cut through it for timber carts. We climbed three hundred feet of easy down, and there it was right in front, nine thousand feet high, with the winter snow at the base—the eternal snow holding on by claws and teeth where it could above. I could have looked for hours. I could not speak. I cannot understand it yet. Right and left were other eternal snow-peaks; but very horrible. Great white sheets with black points mingling with the clouds, of a dreariness to haunt one's dreams. I don't like snow mountains.

"The Pic above is jolly, and sunlit and honest. The flowers were not all out—only in every meadow below gentiana verna, of the most heavenly azure, and huge oxslips: but I have got some beautiful things—a primrose, or auricula, among others. To-day we saw Eaux-Bonnes—the rival place, which the Empress is bedizening with roads and fancy trees and streets at an enormous cost: two great eternal snow-peaks there, but not so striking. Butterflies glorious, even now. The common one, the great Camberwell beauty (almost extinct in England), a huge black butterfly with white edge; we couldn't catch one. The day before yesterday, at Eaux-Chaudes, two bears were fired at, and a wolf seen. With every flock of sheep and girls are one or two enormous mastiffs, which could eat one, and do bark nastily. But when the children call them and introduce them to you formally, they stand to be patted, and eat out of your hand; they are great darlings, and necessary against bear and wolf. So we did everything without the least mishap—nay, with glory—for the folk were astonished at our getting to the Plateau on our own hook. The Mossoos can't walk, you see, and think it an awful thing. A Wellington College boy would trot there in three-quarters of an hour. Last night, *pour comble*, we (or rather I) did something extra—a dear little sucking earthquake, went off crash—bang, just under my bed. I thought something had fallen in the room below, though I wondered why it hove my bed right up. Got out of bed, hearing a woman scream, and hearing no more, guessed it, and went to bed. It shook the whole house and village; but no one minded. They said they had lots of young earthquakes there, but they went off before they had time to grow. Lucky for the place. It was a very queer sensation, and made a most awful noise."

NARBONNE.

"We were yesterday at Carcassonne, a fortified place, where walls were built by Roman, Visigoth, Mussulman, Romane (*i.e.*

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Albigense) and then by French kings. Such a remnant of the old times as I have dreamed of—now being all restored by M. Viollet-le-Duc, at the expense of Government—with its wonderful church of St. Nazaire, where Roman Corinthian capitals are used by the romance people—9–10 century. We went down into real dungeons of the Inquisition, and saw real chains and torture rings, and breathed more freely when we came up into the air, and the guide pointed to the Pyrenees and said '*Il n'y a point de démons là.*'

"I shall never forget that place. Narbonne is very curious, once the old Roman capital, then the Albigense. Towers, Cathedral, Archbishop's palace—all wonderful. Whole quarries of Roman remains. The walls, built by Francis I., who demolished the old Roman and Gothic walls, are a museum of antiquities in themselves. If you want to have a souvenir of Narbonne, read in my lectures Sidonius's account of Theodoric the *Visigoth* (not Dietrich the Amal) and his court here. His palace is long gone. It probably stood where the Archbishop's palace does now—opposite my window . . . ."

NISMES.

". . . . But what a country they have made of it, these brave French! For one hundred miles yesterday, what had been poor limestone plain was a garden. A scrap or two I saw of the original vegetation a donkey would have starved on. But they have cleared it all off for ages, ever since the Roman times, and it is one sea of vines, with olive, fig, and mulberry planted among them. Where there is a hill it is exactly like the photographs of the Holy Land and Nazareth—limestone walls with nothing but vineyards and grey olives planted in them, and raised stone paths about them. The only green thing—for the soil is red, and the vines are only sprouting—is here and there a field of the Roman plant, lucerne, as high as one's knee already. I came by Beziers, where the Inquisitor cried, 'Kill them all, God will know his own,' and they shut them into the Madelaine and killed them all—Catholics as well as Albigenses, till there was not a soul alive in Beziers, and the bones are there to this day.

"But this land is beautiful—as they say, '*Si Dieu venait encore sur la terre, il viendrait demeurer à Beziers*,' and, indeed it is just like, as I have said, the Holy Land. Then we came to immense flats—still in vine and olive, and then to sand hills, and then upon the tideless shore broke the blue Mediterranean, with the long lateen sails, as in pictures. It was a wonderful feeling to a scholar to see the 'schoolboy's sea' for the first time, and so perfectly, in a glory of sunshine and blue ripple. We ran literally through it for miles between Agde and Cette—tall asphodel growing on the sand hills, and great white iris and vines. . . . ."

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"My first impression of the Pont du Gard was one of simple fear. 'It was so high that it was dreadful,' as Ezekiel says. Then I said, again and again, 'A great people and a strong. There hath been none like before them, nor shall be again, for many generations.' As, after fifteen miles of the sea of mulberry, olive, and vine, dreary from its very artificial perfection, we turned the corner of the limestone glen, and over the deep blue rock-pool, saw *that thing* hanging between earth and heaven, the blue sky and green woods showing through its bright yellow arches, and all to carry a cubic yard of water to Nismes, twenty miles off, for public baths and sham sea-fights (*'nau-maelicas'*) in the amphitheatre, which even Charlemagne, when he burnt the Moors out of it, could not destroy.—Then I felt the brute greatness of that Roman people; and an awe fell upon me as it may have fallen on poor Croc, the Rook, king of the Alemans—but that is a long story,—when he came down and tried to destroy this city of the seven hills, and ended in being shown about in an iron cage as *The Rook*. But I doubt not when he and his wild Alemans came down to the Pont du Gard they said it was the work of dwarfs—of the devil? We walked up to the top, through groves of Ilex, Smilax, and Coronella (the first time I have seen it growing), and then we walked across on the top. A false step, and one was a hundred feet down, but that is not my line. Still, if any one is giddy, he had better not try it. The masonry is wonderful, and instead of employing the mountain limestone of the hills, they have brought the most splendid Bath oolite from the hills opposite. There are the marks cut by the old fellows—horse-hoofs, hatchets, initials, &c., as fresh as paint. The Emperor has had it all repaired from the same quarries, stone for stone. Now, after 1600 years, they are going to bring the same water into Nismes by it. . . . ."

"I stopped at Nismes, and begin again at Avignon. We saw to-day the most wonderful Roman remains. I have brought back a little book of photographs. But the remarkable thing was the Roman ladies' baths in a fountain bursting up out of the rock, where, under colonnades, they walked about, in or out of the water as they chose. All is standing, and could be used to-morrow, if the prudery of the priests allowed it. Honor to those Romans—with all their sins, they were the cleanest people the world has ever seen. But to tell you all I saw at Nismes would take a book. Perhaps it will make one some day. . . . . Good-bye. I shall write again to-morrow from this, the most wonderful place I have yet seen."

AVIGNON, *Sunday.*

"We are still here under the shadow of that terrible fortress which the Holy Fathers of mankind erected to show men their idea of paternity. A dreadful dungeon on a rock. The vastest pile of

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stone I ever saw. Men asked for bread, and they gave a stone, most literally. I have seen La Tour de la Glacière, famous for its horrors of 1793, but did not care to enter. The sight here are the walls—very nearly perfect, and being all restored by Viollet-le-Duc, under government. . . . ."

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

BIARRITZ.

"MY DARLING MARY,

"I am going to write you a long letter about all sorts of things. And first, this place is full of the prettiest children I ever saw, very like English, but with dark hair and eyes, and none of them look poor or ragged; but so nicely dressed, with striped stockings, which they knit themselves, and Basque shoes, made of canvas, worked with red and purple worsted. There is a little girl here six years old, a chemist's daughter, who knits all her own woollen stockings. Mrs. **** has given her Mademoiselle Lili, and she has learnt it all by heart, and we have great fun making her say it. All the children go to a school kept by nuns; and I am sure the poor nuns are very kind to them, for they laugh and romp it seems to me all day long. In summer most of them wear no shoes or stockings, for they do not want them; but in winter they are wrapped up warm; and I have not seen one ragged child or tramp, or any one who looks miserable. They never wear any bonnets. The little babies wear a white cap, and the children a woollen cap with pretty colors, and the girls a smart handkerchief on their back hair, and the boys and men wear blue and scarlet caps like Scotchmen, just the shape of mushrooms, and a red sash.

"The oxen here are quite yellow, and so gentle and wise, the men make them do exactly what they like. I will draw you an ox cart when I come home. The banks here are covered with enormous canes, as high as the eaves of our house. They tie one of these to a fir pole, and make a huge long rod, and then go and sit on the rocks and fish for doradas, which are fish with gilt heads. There is an old gentleman in a scarlet blouse and blue mushroom just gone down to fish and I am going to look at him. There are the most lovely sweet smelling purple pinks on the rocks here, and the woods are full of asphodel, great lilies, four feet high, with white and purple flowers. I saw the wood yesterday where the dreadful fight was between the French and English—and over the place where all the brave men lay buried grew one great flower-bed of asphodel. So they 'slept in the meads of asphodel,' like the old Greek heroes in Homer. There were great 'lords and ladies,' (arums) there, growing in the bank, twice as big as ours, and not red, but white and primrose—most beautiful. But you cannot think how beautiful the commons are, they are like flower gardens, golden with furze, and white with potentilla, and crimson with

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sweet smelling Daphné, and blue with the most wonderful blue flower which grows everywhere. I have dried them all.

"Tell your darling mother I am quite well, and will write to her to-morrow. Tell her I met last night at dinner a Comtesse de M. (*née* D—), the most charming old Scotch Frenchwoman, with snow-white powdered hair, and I drew her portrait for her. There, that is all I have to say. Tell Grenville they have made a tunnel under the battle-field, for the railroad to go into Spain, and that on the top of the tunnel there is a shaft, and a huge wheel, to pump air into the tunnel, and that I will bring him home a scarlet Basque cap, and you and Rose Basque shoes . . . .

"YOUR OWN DADDY."

He now returned to work and letters, and writes to Mr. Maurice—

EVERSLEY, *Friday.*

"I have just read your letter to the Bishop of London. You have struck at the root of the matter in every page. For me, I am startled by hearing a man talk of the eternity of hell-fire, who believes the Athanasian Creed, that there is but one Eternal. If so, then this fire is the fire of God—yea, is God himself, whom the Scriptures formally identify with that fire. But if so, it must be a fire of purification, not of mere useless torment; it must be a spiritual and not a physical fire, and its eternity must be a good, a blessed, an ever useful one; and amenable to the laws which God has revealed concerning the rest of his attributes, and especially to the great law 'when the wicked man turneth he shall save his soul alive.' This eternal law no metaphors of fire and brimstone can abrogate. But I have much more to say on all this; only I am not well enough to formalise it; so I must content myself, as I have for some time past, with preaching Him whom you bid me preach, sure that if I can show people His light, that of itself will dissipate their darkness.

"I am come back (from France) better, but not well, and unable to take any mental exertion."

Before going abroad he had given a lecture at Aldershot Camp on the "Study of History," and preached at Whitehall for the Consumptive Hospital, and on his return had preached one of his finest Eversley sermons, "Ezekiel's Vision," before the Queen at Windsor Castle, and a remarkable one on "the Wages of Sin is Death," at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. Those who accused him of preaching a "soft" gospel and an "indulgent" God, would have believed otherwise if they had been present and had heard his

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burning words, and watched the fiery earnestness with which then and always he addressed a London congregation.

This year the proposal for the enclosure of Eversley Common land was decided on, and was a real distress to him. He regretted it not only from a mere æsthetic point of view, feeling that if it were carried out the characteristic beauty of the parish he loved so well would be gone: but for the sake of the poor man who kept his geese and cut his turf at his own will; the loss too of the cricket ground where the men and boys had played for years, vexed him. "Eversley will no longer be the same Eversley to me." It was a wound to his heart which never healed.

He was busy in the autumn preparing his university sermons on David, having been selected as one of the preachers at Cambridge for 1865, and in a letter to Mr. Maurice he speaks of his work:

"I have read with delight your words in 'Macmillan' on the Pope's letter. I am sure that you are right, and that the most important lesson to be drawn from it is the one which you point out. It is that longing for unity which he has outraged—the aspiration which is working, I verily believe, in all thinking hearts, which one thrusts away fiercely at times as impossible and a phantom, and finds oneself at once so much meaner, more worldly, more careless of everything worth having, that one has to go back again to the old dream.

"But what I feel you have taught me, and which is invaluable to me in writing these University sermons, from which God send me good deliverance, is, that we need not make the unity from doctrines or systems, but preach the fact that the unity is made by and in the perpetual government of the Living Christ.

"And I do see, that the mediæval clergy preached that, confusedly of course, but with a clearness and strength to which neither we nor the modern Papists have attained. They preach their own kingdom, we a scheme of salvation. From both I take refuge more and more where you have taught me to go—to the plain words of Scripture, as interpreting the facts about me.

"Wish me well through these sermons. They lie heavy on my sinful soul."

When the Christmas vacation was over he went up to Cambridge to give these sermons. St. Mary's was crowded with undergraduates long before the services began, and he felt the responsibility a heavy one. The subject chosen was "David," and the series was published under that title.

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The letters of 1865 that have been recovered are few. He was so broken in strength, that to get through the duties of his professorship and his parish was as much, nay, more than he could manage, and in the summer he was forced to leave home with his family for three months' rest, and settle quietly on the coast of Norfolk.

TO TOM HUGHES, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *May* 21, 1865.

"I have delayed writing to you. First, I have had a tragedy on hand; next, I wanted to tell you the end of it. Henry Erskine, as you I suppose know, is dead at the age of forty-nine. We buried him to-day; the father hardly cold in the ground. His death is to me a great sorrow—a gap in my life which I feel and cannot fill. A nobler, honester, kindlier man never lived, or one more regretted by men of all kinds who knew his private worth. Such a death as his draws one closer to the men of our own age whom one has still left, and among others to you.

"I am delighted to see you on Mill's committee at Maurice's side. You have done a good deal of good work, but never better than that. I wish I were a Westminster elector for the time, that I might work for him and with you. I am much struck with his committee-list in to-day's 'Times,' so many men of different opinions and classes, whom one knew and valued for different things, finding a common cause in Mill, R—— C——, and Holyoake, side by side. I do hope you will succeed. I am just writing to Mill at Avignon anent this noble book of his on Sir W. Hamilton, and shall tell him of many things which ought to please him. I answered your good friend as kindly as I could, but as I have had to answer dozens—that the doctors forbid my preaching. I gave my necessary Whitehall sermon to the Consumptive Hospital as to an old and dear friend; but I have refused all others. I am getting better after fifteen months of illness, and I hope to be of some use again some day; a sadder and a wiser man, the former, at least, I grow every year. I catch a trout now and then out of my ponds (I am too weak for a day's fishing, and the doctors have absolutely forbidden me my salmon). I have had one or two this year, of three and two pounds, and a brace to-day, near one pound each, so I am not left troutless. . . . ."

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *May* 18.

"Your letter comforted me, for (strange as it may seem for me to say so) the only thing I really care for—the only thing which gives me comfort—is theology, in the strict sense; though God

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knows I know little enough about it. I wish one thing—that you would define for me what you mean by being 'baptised into a name.' The preposition in its transcendental sense puzzles me, and others likewise. I sometimes seem to grasp it, and sometimes again lose it, from the very unrealistic turn of mind which I have in common with this generation. I want your definition (or translation of the formula into words of this generation) that I may tell them somewhat as to what you mean.

"As to the Trinity I do understand you. You first taught me that the doctrine was a live thing, and not a mere formula to be swallowed by the undigesting reason, and from the time that I learnt from you that a Father meant a real Father, a Son a real Son, and a Holy Spirit a real Spirit, who was really good and holy, I have been able to draw all sorts of practical lessons from it in the pulpit, and ground all my morality, and a great deal of my natural philosophy upon it, and shall do so more. The procession of the Spirit from the Father and the Son, for instance, is most practically important to me. If the Spirit proceeds only from the Father, the whole theorem of the Trinity, as well as its practical results, fall to pieces to my mind. I don't mean that good men in the Greek Church are not better than I. On the contrary, I believe that every good man therein believes in the procession from both Father and Son, whether he thinks that he does or not. But in this case, as in others, one has extreme difficulty in remembering, and still more in making others understand, that a man may believe the facts which the doctrine connotes without believing the doctrine, just as he may believe that a horse is a horse, for every practical purpose, though he may have been mistaught to call it a cow. It is this slavery to formulæ—this mistaking of words for conceptions, and then again of conceptions for the facts, which seems our present curse; and how much of it do we not owe to the Calvinists, who laid again on our necks the yoke of conceptions which we were bursting at the Reformation, because neither we nor our fathers could bear it. It was this which made me reject Mansell and Hamilton's 'The Absolute' and 'The Infinite,' and say, 'If these men's arguments are good for anything, they prove that either 1. God is not The Absolute and The Infinite, as they assert He is; or, 2. That there is no God.' What they are meant to prove really being, that we cannot conceive what we cannot conceive, which is not new, though true; and also in Mansell's, case, that though we cannot conceive an *Un*conditional God, we can easily enough conceive an *Ill*-conditioned one, which, again, though true, is not new. It was therefore with great comfort that I found Mill, in his chapter iv., take exactly the same line against those words; only, of course, with infinitely more force and clearness.

"I am taking a regular course of metaphysic, and so forth, as a tonic after the long debauchery of fiction-writing. I say to you,

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once for all, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee—not all, but a little, and I know you will not take me by the throat. If you did, you would break my heart; which could be much more easily broken than people think. If a man is intensely in earnest after truth, be it what it may, and also intensely disgusted with his own laziness, worldliness, and sensuality, his heart is not difficult to break.

"Poor Spring Rice! * That was a noble gentleman, and had he had health, might have been a noble statesman. I never met a more single eye. 'Look to the single eye in others,' he once said to me, 'I judge of every man by the first question I ask him. Has he an *arrière pensée* or not? Does he answer what he knows, simply, or what he "thinks will do?" If the former, he is my friend henceforth; if the latter, he is nothing to me.'

"I don't quite understand one point in your letter. You say, 'The *Articles* were not intended to bind men's thoughts or consciences!' Now, I can't help feeling that when they assert a proposition, *e.g.*, the Trinity, they assert that that and nothing else on that matter is true, and so bind thought; and that they require me to swear that I believe it so, and so bind my conscience.

"In the case where they condemn an error, it seems to me quite different. There they proscribe *one* form of thought, and leave all others open by implication, binding neither thought nor conscience. Thus the Tract XC. argument was quite fair—*if its author could have used it fairly.* The Romish doctrine of Purgatory is false; but denying that does not forbid me to believe other doctrines of Purgatory to be true, and to speculate freely on the future state. So that what you say applies clearly (to me) to the cases in which the Articles deny. It applies also to all cases in which the Articles do not affirm, *e.g.*, endless torture.

"Also to all in which it uses words without defining them, *e.g.*, the Article on Predestination, which I sign in what I conceive to be the literal sense not only of it, but of the corresponding passage in St. Paul, without believing one word of the Calvinistic theory, or that St. Paul was speaking of the future state at all.

"But how does your theorem apply where the Articles not only assert, but define? That I want to understand.

"For myself, I can sign the Articles in their literal sense *toto corde*, and subscription is no bondage to me, and so I am sure can you. But all I demand is, that, in signing the Articles, I shall be understood to sign them and nothing more; that I do not sign anything beyond the words, and demand the right to put my construction on the words, answerable only to God and my conscience, and refusing to accept any sense of the words, however popular

* The late Right Honorable Stephen Spring Rice.

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and venerable, unless I choose. *In practice*, Gorham and Pusey both do this, and nothing else, whenever it suits them. I demand that I shall have just the same liberty as they, and no more.

"But the world at large uses a very powerful, though worthless, argument. Lord **** answered, when I asked him why the Articles had not defined inspiration, 'Because they never expected that men would arise heretics enough to deny it!' I had to reply —and I think convinced him—that that line of thought would destroy all worth in formula, by making signing mean, 'I sign the XXXIX. Articles, and as many more as the Church has forgotten to, or may have need to, put in.'

"But the mob, whose superstitions are the very cosmogony of their creed, would think that argument conclusive, and say,—of course, you are expected to believe, over and above, such things as endless torture, verbal dictation, &c., which are more of the essence of Christianity than the creeds themselves, or the Being of a God.

"Meanwhile, each would make a reservation—the 'Evangelical' of the Calvinist School would say in his heart—and of course (though I daren't say so) every man is expected to believe conversion, even though not mentioned; and the Romanist, of course every man must believe in the Pope, though not mentioned; and the reigning superstition, not the formulæ actually signed, becomes the test of faith.

"But how we are to better this by doing away with subscription, I don't see yet.

"As long as the Articles stand, and as long as they are interpreted by *lawyers only*, who will ask sternly, 'Is it in the bond?' and nothing else, I see hope for freedom and safety. If subscription was done away, every man would either teach what was right in his own eyes—which would be somewhat confusing—or he would have to be controlled by a body, not of written words, but of thinking men. From whom may my Lord deliver me!

"For as soon as any body of men, however venerable, have the power given them to dictate to me what I shall think and preach, I shall answer—my compact with the Church of England is over. I swore to the Articles, and not to you. I have preached my last sermon for you. . . . . There is my living, give it to whom you will; I wipe off the dust of my feet against you, and go free.

"And therefore I do *not* care for the **** and **** trying to make the Articles a tyranny, by making them talk popular superstition, because I have faith sufficient in the honesty and dialectic of an English lay lawyer to protect me against their devices; and, for the sake of freedom, cannot cast in my lot with ****, dearly as I love him.

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"Now, do tell me whether this seems to you sense or nonsense. . . ."

That his mind was deeply exercised at times, the following extract in a letter to Mr. Maurice shows :—

"I feel a capacity of drifting to sea in me which makes me cling nervously to any little anchor, like subscription. I feel glad of aught that says to me, 'You must teach this and nothing else; you must not run riot in your own dreams!' . . . ."

This may be a comfort to troubled souls when they remember the calm assured faith with which he faced life and death, and when standing on the very threshold of the next world, was heard repeating again and again, "It is all right—all under rule." Perhaps his dearly loved George Fox's words best express the habitual attitude of his heart and mind for thirty years. "And I saw that there was an Ocean of Darkness and Death: but an infinite Ocean of Light and Love flowed over the Ocean of Darkness: and in that I saw the infinite Love of God."—(*George Fox's Journal.*)

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *Saturday.*

"Many thanks for your letter. I am very sorry I differ from you about Savonarola. It seems to me that his protest for the kingdom of God and against sin was little worth, and came to nought, just because it was from the merely negative inhuman monks' standpoint of the 13th century; that he would at best have got the world back to St. Bernard's time, to begin all over again, and end just where Savonarola had found them. Centuries of teaching such as his had ended in leaving Italy a hell on earth; new medicine was needed, which no monk could give. A similar case, it seems to me, is that of the poor Port-royalists. They tried to habilitate the monk-ideal of righteousness. They were civilized off the face of the earth, as was poor Savonarola, by men worse than themselves, but more humane, with wider (though shallower) notions of what man and the universe meant.

"As for Luther, I am very sorry to seem disrespectful to him, but the outcome of his demonology was, that many a poor woman died in shame and torture in Protestant Germany, just because Luther had given his sanction to the old *lie*, and he needs excusing solely for that. I do not undervalue his protest against man's true and real spiritual enemies. I excuse his protest against certain

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fancied enemies, which were not spiritual at all, but carnal, phantoms of the brain, and suffered to do carnal and material harm. Ever since the 4th century had this carnal counterfeit of the true demonology been interweaving itself with Christianity. It had cost the lives of thousands. It is so horrible a matter that I (who have studied it largely) cannot speak of it calmly, and do not wish to. And of its effects on physical science I say nothing here, disastrously retarding as it has been, and therefore costing thousands of lives more, and preventing the sick from being properly treated, or sanitary precautions taken. But of this more when I have the very great pleasure of becoming your guest."

In the autumn Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands came on a visit of two days to Eversley Rectory. King Kamehameha, her husband, had read Mr. Kingsley's books and she was anxious to know him. She also wished to combine with her visit to Eversley one to the Wellington College, of which she had heard much, and where it was said if her little son had lived, he would have been sent for his education. It was a great pleasure to Mr. Kingsley to take Queen Emma to the college, and to point out to her all the arrangements made by the wise and good Prince, of whom she had heard so much, to make it a first-rate modern school, and which were so admirably carried out by the Head Master. Dr. Benson took her all over it, and into its beautiful chapel and museum. After seeing the boys at dinner in hall, and tasting their pudding at the high table, she asked for a half-holiday for them, upon which Ponsonby, then head of the school, called for three cheers for Queen Emma; and as they resounded through the dining hall at the granting of her request, she was startled almost to terror, for it was the first time in her life that she had heard the cheers of English public school boys. She went on the playground, and for the first time saw a game of cricket, examined the bats, balls, wickets, and pads, looking into everything with her own peculiar intelligence. After dinner at Eversley Rectory, she drove over again to Wellington to be present at the evening choral service in chapel, followed the musical notes of each hymn and chant, and was struck, as every one was, by the reverent behavior of the boys. In driving back to the Rectory that night, she said, "It is so strange to me to be staying with you and to see Mr. Kingsley. My husband read your husband's 'Waterbabies' to our little Prince." Queen Emma wrote soon after an autograph letter to Dr. Benson, which was

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read aloud to the boys, expressing her deep gratification with her visit to Wellington College. At the same time she wrote to Mr. Kingsley:—

November 3, 1865.

"I have the pleasure to fulfil my promise of sending you a Book of Common Prayer in Hawaiian, together with a preface written by the Translator of the former, Kamehameha IV., my late husband, and king of our islands, and a portrait of myself which will, I hope, sometimes remind you of one who has learnt to esteem you and Mrs. Kingsley, as friends in whose welfare and happiness she will always feel the greatest interest. Please remember me kindly to your daughters,

"And believe me to be,
"My dear Mr. Kingsley,
"Yours very truly,
"EMMA."

On the 9th of November, he went, by royal command, to stay at Windsor Castle, and on the following day, while preaching before the Court, a telegram came to the Queen to announce the death of Leopold, King of the Belgians. Mr. Kingsley had been asked to write a few lines in the album of the Crown Princess of Prussia, and with his mind full of this great European event, wrote the following Impromptu, which is inserted here by the kind permission of her Imperial Highness:

November 10, 1865.

"A king is dead! Another master mind
Is summoned from the world-wide council-hall
Ah for some seer, to say what lurks behind—
To read the mystic writing on the wall!

"Be still, fond man: nor ask thy fate to know.
Face bravely what each God-sent moment brings.
Above thee rules in love, through weal and woe,
Guiding thy kings and thee, the King of kings.

"C. KINGSLEY."

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CHAPTER XXIV.

1866—1867.

AGED 47—48.

Cambridge—Death of Dr. Whewell—The American Professorship—Monotonous Life of the Country Laboring Class—Penny Readings—Strange Correspondents—Life of Bewick—Letters to Max Müller—The Jews in Cornwall—The Meteor Shower—Letter to Professor Adams—The House of Lords—A Father's Education of his Son—"Fraser's Magazine"—Bird Life, Wood Wrens—Names and Places—Darwinism—Beauty of Color, its Influence and Attractions—Flat-Fish—Ice Problems—St. Andrews and British Association—Abergeldie Castle—Rules for Stammerers.

WHILE the Professor was giving his usual course of lectures in the Lent term of 1866 at Cambridge, a great blow fell upon the University in the death of Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity, and he writes home:

"I am sorry to say Whewell is beaten by his terrible foe. It is only a question of hours now. The feeling here is deep and solemn. Men say he was the leader in progress and reform, when such were a persecuted minority. He was the regenerator of Trinity; he is connected with every step forward that the University has made for years past.

"Yes. He was a very great man: and men here feel the awful suddenness of it. He never was better or pleasanter than on the Thursday, when I dined there, and he was asking me for my 'dear wife.' His manner with women was always charming. He was very kind to me, and I was very fond of him.

. . . . . .

"Whewell is dead! I spoke a few solemn words to the lads before lecture, telling them what a mighty spirit had passed away, what he had been to Cambridge and science, and how his example ought to show them that they were in a place where nothing was required for the most splendid success, but love of knowledge and indomitable energy. They heard me with very deep attention. He is to be buried in the College Chapel, Saturday. . . . . I am up to the eyes in work, sending round my Harvard address." . . .

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The Harvard address alluded to here was on the subject of an American Professorship, which had been proposed for Cambridge. The following letter to Sir Charles Lyell explains its object:

BARTON HALL, *February* 18, 1866.

"I take the liberty of enclosing a broadsheet which I have just issued at Cambridge. It expresses, I am happy to say, the opinions of all the most educated Cambridge men, on the subject of the proposed American Lectureship, to be founded by a Mr. Yates Thompson, of Liverpool, and supplied by the authorities of Harvard College, United States. If any of your many American friends are interested in the matter, you would perhaps kindly show them this broadsheet."

THE AMERICAN LECTURESHIP.

"I trust that it will not be considered impertinent, if I, as Professor of Modern History, address a few words on this matter to the Masters of Art in this University.

"My own wish is, that the proposal be accepted, as frankly as it has been made.

"Harvard University—an offshoot, practically, of our own University—is a body so distinguished, that any proposition coming from it deserves our most respectful consideration; and an offer of this kind, on their part, is to be looked on as a very graceful compliment.

"The objections are obvious; but after looking them through fairly, as they suggested themselves to me, I must say that they are fully met by Mr. Thompson's own conditions; by the Vice-Chancellor's veto, and by the clause empowering either University to put an end to the Lectureship when they like.

"But they are best met by the character of Harvard University itself. Its rulers, learned and high-minded gentlemen, painfully aware of our general ignorance about them, and honorably anxious to prove themselves (what they are) our equals in civilization, will take care to send us the very best man whom they can find. And more than one person suggests himself to my mind, whom if they chose (as they would be very likely to choose) I should gladly welcome as my own instructor in the history of his country.

"When I did myself the honor of lecturing in this University on the History of the United States, I became painfully aware how little was known, and how little, then, could be known, on the subject. This great want has been since supplied by a large addition to the University Library of American literature. I think it most important that it should be still further removed by the residence among us of an American gentleman.

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"If there should be, in any minds, the fear that this University should be 'Americanized,' or 'democratized,' they should remember, that this proposal comes from the representatives of that class in America, which regards England with most love and respect; which feels itself in increasing danger of being swamped by the lower elements of a vast democracy; which has, of late years, withdrawn more and more from public life, in order to preserve its own purity and self-respect; which now holds out the right hand of fellowship to us, as to one of the most conservative bodies in this country, because it feels itself a conservative element in its own country, and looks to us for just recognition in that character. It is morally impossible that such men should go out of their way, to become propagandists of those very revolutionary principles, against which they are honorably struggling at home.

"And if there be (as there is) an attempt going on just now to 'Americanize' England, on the part of certain Englishmen, no better defence against such a scheme can be devised, than to teach the educated young men of England as much as possible about America; to let them hear the truth from worthy American lips; and judge for themselves.

"But I deprecate the introducing into this question any notions drawn from general American politics, or manners. We have no more right to judge of Harvard by our notions of the '—— —— ——,' or the 'Black Republican' pulpit, than Harvard would have to judge of Cambridge by Reynolds's 'Mysteries of London,' or, '—— ——.' It is simply a question between two dignified and learned bodies. Let it remain as such. There are as great differences of civilization, rank, learning, opinions, manners, in America, as in England; and if we are not yet convinced of that fact, it will be good for us that a highly-educated American gentleman should come hither and prove it.

"Of the general importance of the scheme, of the great necessity that our young men should know as much as possible of a country destined to be the greatest in the world, I shall say little. I shall only ask—If in the second century before the Christian era the Romans had offered to send a lecturer to Athens, that he might tell Greek gentlemen of what manner of men this new Italian power was composed, what were their laws and customs, their intentions, and their notion of their own duty and destiny—would Athens have been wise or foolish in accepting the offer?

"May I, in conclusion, allude to one argument, which would of course have no weight with the University in a question of right and wrong, but which may have weight in one, like the present, of expediency?

"If we decline this offer, I fear that we shall give offence, not of course to gentlemen like the rulers of Harvard, but to thousands who care as little for Harvard as they do for our own Cambridge.

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A sensitive people like the Americans, instinct with national feeling, among whom news is spread far more rapidly than in England, will be but too likely to take up our refusal as a national insult. The lower portion of the American press will be but too likely to misrepresent and vilify our motives; and a fresh soreness between us and Americans may be caused (by no real fault of our own) at the very time when we should be doing all in our power to promote mutual good will and good understanding.

"C. KINGSLEY.

"*February* 9, 1866."

The offer was finally rejected by vote of the Senate, to the great regret of many leading men in the University.

The death of Dr. Whewell, the appointment of Mr. Maurice to the chair of Moral Philosophy, the discussion of the American Professorship, and the happiness of having his eldest son an undergraduate of Trinity, made this a year of no ordinary interest, as far as Cambridge was concerned, to the Professor.

His yearly residences at Cambridge gave him not only the advantage of associating with scholars and men of mark in the University, but of paying visits in the neighborhood to houses where good pictures and charming society refreshed and helped him through the toil of his professional work—to Wimpole, to Ampthill Park, and other country houses, where he and his were always made welcome. While staying at Ampthill he first saw the pictures at Woburn Abbey and Haynes Park, which were of deep interest to him, and in reference to this time Mr. George Howard writes from Naworth Castle in 1876:

"Once I went over the picture gallery at Woburn with him, it was a great treat to me, as his talk over the historical portraits was delightful. He then made a remark which has since seemed to me quite a key to the criticism of historical portraits: 'That it was formerly the habit of portrait painters to flatter their sitters by making them as like the reigning king or queen as they could.' . . ."

During his heavy parish work, which was done single-handed the greater part of this year, he was more than ever struck by the monotonous, coloriess life of the English laborer, varied only by the yearly benefit-club day, and evenings at the public-house. The absence of all pleasure from their lives weighed heavily on his heart, more especially in the case of the poor hard-worked wives

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and mothers who, if respectable, were excluded from even the poor amusements of the men; and for their sake, as well as for his men and boys, he began a series of Penny Readings, which now have become so common. It was characteristic of his chivalrous spirit that at the first meeting, when the school-room was crowded with men and boys, he made an appeal to them for their wives and mothers, dwelling on the life of toil they led, and saying how anxious he should be to give them a share in this amusement, which they so sorely needed. It was therefore arranged that, while the men and boys paid their pennies, the widows and poor overburdened mothers should have free tickets.

These meetings, in which his parishioners would kindly help him, occurred once a fortnight, and though set on foot for the poor, brought all classes pleasantly together during the autumn and winter nights; they had music (the best that could be got), the best poetry, the most heroic stories. Sometimes he would give simple lectures on health; accounts of his own travels; and latterly extracts from his eldest son's letters from abroad, in which stories expressly for the Penny Readings at home were not forgotten. Village concerts, too, were given, got up by his daughter and son, in which friends from London helped for his sake; and the sight of the well-lighted and decorated room to people who saw nothing at home from one year's end to another but a farthing dip candle, was a pleasure in itself; the poor mothers were gratified at seeing their sons in Sunday garments step up on the platform to help in choruses and part songs, while the young men gained in self-respect and refinement, by the share they took in the preparation as well as the performance. "It was to him most curious," he used to say, "to watch the effect of music upon the poor people—upon, alas! seemingly unimpressionable drudges, in whom one would expect to find no appreciation for refined sound;" but yet who would walk two miles to the village school-room on a wet night and sit in rapt attention the whole evening, "showing their approbation of good music, not by noisy applause, but by a kindling face and eye during the piece, and a low hum of approbation after, that hinted at a deep musical under-current below that rugged exterior." Penny Readings are common now, but in his own immediate neighborhood the Rector of Eversley took the lead in inaugurating these pleasant gatherings.

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His literary work this year consisted in two lectures on Science and Superstition* at the Royal Institution. He preached for the first time in one of the Great Nave services at Westminster Abbey,† for the Bishop of London's Fund; to the boys of Wellington College; to the Queen at Clifden; and his usual Chapel Royal sermons. In the little congregation at Eversley for some of the summer months, many distinguished men might be numbered; among them were Sir George Hamilton Seymour and General Sir Wm. Codrington.

The correspondence was, as usual, of a varied and singular character. One day there came a long letter from a London newspaper reporter, who, in return for some kindly, cheering words, revealed the inner life of Bohemia with wonderful vividness, and ended, "I have written you a very long and tedious letter, Mr. Kingsley, and were I writing to an ordinary man, I should be mad to address him at this length and in this vein. But *you* understand things, and I am almost certain that you will understand me and my long-windedness. Thank you again. Think gently of Bohemia and its free Lances." . . . .

Another from Brighton, thanking him for "Alton Locke," signed "A Chartist and Cabman."

Again, from a man who had lived abroad, and only signed himself "One who can never forget you," who had accidentally read "Alton Locke" "in a time of overhelming misery"—"You were the means of saving me from ruin and destruction, to which I was fast drifting."

From South Australia, 1867, a barrister writes, thanking him for his "Sermons for the Times," "Pentateuch," and "Good News," telling him how they were read frequently by the special magistrate, by his brother barrister, and by himself, in remote places, where they have no Church clergymen, and the Bishop appoints laymen to read sermons. "I could not," he says, "write as a stranger to a man who has so honestly spoken to me of my life and its duties, presented for the first time in the light in which you portray them." . . . .

Letters came from China, from the heart of Africa, from the other side of the Rocky Mountains—all telling the same tale.

* Since republished in "Health and Education."

† These sermons have since appeared in a volume, "The Water of Life."

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One or two found their way to "Charles Kingsley, England," many were without any signature—simple outpourings of loving hearts, neither written from egotism or from the desire of getting an autograph in return. One, also anonymous, dated Glasgow, May 11, 1867, is so touching in itself and so significant of Mr. Kingsley's daily acts of mercy unknown to all but himself and those who received them, that it must be given entire:

"CHARLES KINGSLEY,

"My dear friend, permit me to engage your kind attention for a little. I often remember you and 'the kindness of God,' which you showed towards me some years ago. You found me in the way near Hartly Row, a poor, homeless, friendless, penniless stranger. God sent you as an angel of mercy to me, a very unworthy creature. You were, indeed, like the good Samaritan to me. You took me to the Lamb Inn, and there, for your sake, I was very hospitably cared for. On the walls of a room in that inn I wrote a prayer, which came from the very depths of my heart. It was for you, that the Father of the fatherless would make you most glad with His countenance for ever. That prayer I have often breathed since then.

"I was not aware, till afterwards, that you were the author of so many books, and a person of so great note. I rejoice in your honorable fame."

These letters, and many a strange communication that he received, not only cheered him in his work, but gave him fresh knowledge of human nature in all its varied aspects that few men have, and deepened his own humanity. He little thought they were treasured up, to give others some small insight into his great work, by one who feels it is no treachery to disclose them now, or to mention what he never alluded to in his lifetime!

TO MR. T. DIXON.

EVERSLEY, *October* 27, 1866.

"The volumes of Bewick are come, and may I beg you to give to the Misses Bewick the enclosed letter of thanks.

"I am delighted with the new vignettes—all showing the genius which shines from every touch of the truly great man's hand. Of course, as the happy possessor of a Newcastle copy of 1809, in which my father literally brought me up, I prefer the old, untouched plates for softness, richness, and clearness. But we cannot expect everything to last; and the volumes which have been sent to me

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are very valuable as memorials of Bewick, as well as proofs of the kindness of people whom I know not, yet respect.

"I do not quite understand the end of your letter, in which you are kind enough to compliment me for following Carlyle's advice about one 'sadly tried.' I *have* followed the sage of Chelsea's teaching, about my noble friend, ex-Governor Eyre of Jamaica. I have been cursed for it, as if I had been a dog, who had never stood up for the working man when all the world was hounding him (the working man) down in 1848–9, and imperilled my own prospects in life in behalf of freedom and justice. Now, men insult me because I stand up for a man whom I believe ill-used, calumniated, and hunted to death by fanatics. If you mean Mr. Eyre in what you say, you indeed will give me pleasure, because I shall see that one more 'man of the people' has common sense to appreciate a brave and good man, doing his best under terrible difficulties: but if not, I know that I am right."

TO THE MISSES BEWICK.

"MY DEAR LADIES,

"I received with great pleasure the present of your father's works in two volumes. The old edition of 1804 is fresher and richer in the printing of the wood-cuts, but this is very interesting to me and to my children, as containing so many new vignettes which the old edition wants, and which all show the genius which always accompanied his hand.

"Ladies, it is a great boon from God to have had a great father. And I had no idea what a noble specimen of an Englishman he was, till you did me the honor of sending me his 'Life.' The wisdom, justice, moderation, and energy of his character impressed me with a moral reverence for him, even greater than that which I already felt for his artistic honor. Happy are the daughters who have sprung from such a man, and who will meet him again in heaven.

"I am, my dear Ladies,

"Your obliged Servant,

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

TO THE SAME.

April, 1867.

"Mrs. Kingsley and I have to thank you very much for your most valuable present of your father's handwriting, and the sketch acompanying it. I shall treasure them and pass them on as heir-looms to my eldest son, who has been brought up on your father's books, and is going out some day as a naturalist and a settler.

"But, my dear madam, you must not speak of my approving your father's labors, you must speak of me as one who has been you father's loving, reverent pupil, as was my father before me.

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"When your father's book of birds first came out, my father, then a young hunting squire, in the New Forest, Hampshire, saw the book in London, and bought at once the beautiful old copy which has been the text-book of my boyhood. He, a sportsman and field naturalist, loved it and carried it with him up and down in days when no scientific knowledge could be had, from 1805–1820, and when he was laughed at in the New Forest for having bought a book about 'dicky birdies,' till his fellow squires borrowing his copy, agreed that it was the most clever book they had ever seen, and a revelation to them, who had had these phenomena under their eyes all their lives and never noticed them.

"That my father should have introduced into the south of England, first, your father's book, and have known his great pupil, Yarrell, in person, is to me a great pleasure. Yarrell and my father were friends from youth till death, and if my father had been alive now he would have joined me in respect and affection for the daughters of the great and wise Bewick."

TO PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

EVERSLEY, *November* 16, 1866.

"DEAREST MAX,

"Story, bless you, I have none to tell you, save that in Corn wall these same old stories, of Jews' tin and Jews' houses, got from the miners, filled my young brains with unhistoric nonsense, like Mara-zion, the bitterness of Zion; which town the old folk, I can't tell why, call Market Jew still.

"That the Jews came to Cornwall as slaves after the destruction of Jerusalem is possible and probable enough, but I know of no evidence. That the old smelting works, and the tin found in them was immemorially called Jews' tin and Jews' houses is well known; also that they are of an awful antiquity. Market Jew, as a town, is a name *you* must explain. That is all. I put it in 'Yeast,' into the mouth of a Cornish ex-miner. But I am glad you are taking the matter up, and working Carew, Polwhele, and Borlase. I should expect you to find the root of the myths in that fruitful mother of wind eggs, the sixteenth century.

"My dear Max, what great things have happened for Germany, and what great men your Prussians have shown themselves. Much as I was wroth with them about Schleswig-Holstein, I can only see in this last campaign a great necessary move for the physical safety of every North German household, and the honor of every North German woman. To allow the possibility of a second 1807–1812 to remain, when it could be averted by any amount of fighting, were sin and shame, and had I been a Prussian I would have gone down to Sadowa as a sacred duty to wife and child and fatherland.

"I am reading much German now, and shall need to ask you

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questions, specially about the reaction from 1815–1820, and the alleged treachery of the princes in not granting constitutions.

"Meanwhile, tell me if Gervinus, whom I am studying on that matter, is worthy of credit, and recommend me a good author, specially one who has thought before he wrote, and, not like Gervinus, *thought in writing*, to the perplexing of himself and reader." . . . .

The great meteor shower of November, 1866, was naturally of intense and, as he said himself, awful interest to him. In trembling excitement he paced up and down the church-yard, where he had a greater sweep of horizon than elsewhere, long before the time arrived, and when the shower began called his wife and children out of their beds to watch with him. He preached upon the great spectacle in his own church and at the Chapel Royal.

TO PROFESSOR ADAMS.

EVERSLEY, *November* 14, 1866.

"The Jinns* (according to the Mussulman theory of meteors) must have had a warm time of it about 1 A.M. this morning, and the Eastern peoples (if the star shower was visible to them) must be congratulating themselves that (unless the angels are very bad shots) there is a very fair chance of the devil being killed at last.

"What I saw may at least amuse you. I presume any local observations have value, however small.

"I saw the first meteor about 11.50, *i.e.*, as soon as the head of Leo rose above our rather high horizon. From that time the star rain increased till about 1 A.M., and diminished till about 2.30, when very few passed. They went on, I am told, till 5.30 this morning. I saw no increase or diminution in the size of the meteors from beginning to end. Some of them were larger and more brilliant than common shooting stars, but not many. The most brilliant *appeared* of a reddish color, their tails green and bluish. They all proceeded from the one point in Leo, only one other star (as far as I saw) fell at right angles to their course, from the zenith to the north. I was struck by the fact that they all proceeded in quasi-straight lines without any of that wavering and uncertainty of direction so common in meteors. Any large number became visible only about the zenith, or in falling towards the western horizon.

* The Jinns or second order of spirits are supposed by the Mussulman to be many of them killed by shooting stars, hurled at them from heaven; wherefore, the Arabs, when they see a shooting star, often exclaim, "May God transfix the enemy of the faith!"—Notes to Lane's "Thousand and One Nights."

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"But the most striking and (to me) awful phenomenon was the point of departure in Leo, where, again and again, meteors appeared and hung for a moment, their tail so much foreshortened as to be wholly or almost wholly unseen. These must have been coming straight at us. Surely some may have struck our planet?

"The seeming generation of these magnificent objects out of a point of nonentity and void, was to me the most beautiful and striking sky phenomenon which I ever witnessed. Yet the actual facts of their course are far more wonderful and awful than even that appearance. I tried to picture to myself the thought and feelings of a mediæval observer, however rational or cool-headed he might have been, in presence of that star shower; and when I thought of the terror with which he had a right to regard it, and the fantastic explanation which he had a right to put upon it, I thanked your astronomers for having 'delivered us by science from one more object of dread.'

"I ought to say that there was here (in North Hants) no sign of an Aurora Borealis, which is said to have accompanied the star shower in certain cases.

"By-the-bye, what a lecture one might have given (illustrated by nature's own diagrams) on the prospective of parallel lines and the meaning of a vanishing point."

TO PROFESSOR LORIMER OF EDINBURGH.

EVERSLEY, *December* 17, 1866.

"I received some months since (and I hope duly acknowledged) your book on 'The Constitutionalism of the Future.'

"I laid it by for study, when I should have time to do it justice. I now write to express my great pleasure, both in the matter and the manner of it. The views which you put forth are just those to which I have been led by twenty years of thought and observation; its manner, I wish I could copy. In it, clearness and method are not merely ornamented, but strengthened by a vein of humor, which is a sure sign of mastery of the subject, and of that faculty which no education can give, called genius. I wish that in the writings of our mutual friend, Mr. Mill, I could see some touch of that same humor. I wish that there was any chance of your wise advice being adopted; but Mr. ——'s party have let loose that spirit of envy, which is the counterfeit of your righteous idea of equality relative, and tempts men to demand that impossible equality absolute, which must end in making the money lenders the only privileged class. To men possessed by envy, your truly scientific, as well as truly religious method, of looking for the facts of God's world, and trying to represent them in laws, will be the plot of a concealed aristocrat. I fear, too, that Mr. Mill and those who follow him most closely, will hardly support your method, and

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for the same reason, Mr. Mill (of whom I speak with real reverence) seems to me to look on man too much as the creature of circumstances. This it is, which makes him disparage, if not totally deny, the congenial differences of character in individuals, and still more in races. He has, if I mistake not, openly denounced the doctrine of difference and superiority in race. And it is this mistake (as it seems to me) which has led him and others into that theory that the suffrage ought to be educational and formative, which you have so ably combated.

"Of course if it is assumed that all men are born into the world equals, and that their inequality, in intellect or morals, is chargeable entirely to circumstance, that inequality must be regarded as a wrong done by society to the less favored. Society therefor has no right to punish them by withholding the suffrage, for an inferiority which she herself has created; she is bound to treat them as if they were actually what they would have been but for her, and if they misuse their rights, she must pay the penalty of her previous neglect and cruelty. This seems to me to be the revolutionary doctrine of 1793–1848, which convulsed Europe; and from its logic and morality there is no escape as long as human beings are asserted to be congenitally equal, and circumstances the only cause of subsequent inequality. I have some right to speak on this subject, as I held that doctrine strongly myself in past years, and was cured of it, in spite of its seeming justice and charity, by the harsh school of facts. Nearly a quarter of a century spent in educating my parishioners, and experience with my own and other's children, in fact, that schooling of facts brought home to the heart —which Mr. Mill has never had—have taught me that there are congenital differences and hereditary tendencies which defy all education from circumstances, whether for good or evil. Society may pity those who are born fools or knaves, but she cannot, for her own sake, allow them power if she can help it. And therefore in the case of the suffrage, she must demand some practical guarantee that the man on whom it is bestowed is not dangerously knavish or foolish. I have seen, also, that the differences of race are so great, that certain races, *e.g.*, the Irish Celts, seem quite unfit for self-government, and almost for the self-administration of justice involved in trial by jury, because they regard freedom and law, not as means for preserving what is just and right, but merely as weapons to be used for their own private interests and passions. They take the letter of freedom which killeth, without any conception of its spirit which giveth life. Nay, I go further, and fear much that no Roman Catholic country will ever be fit for free constitutional government, and for this simple reason, De Tocqueville and his school (of whom I speak with great respect) say that the cause of failure of free institutions in the Romance countries has been, the absence of the primary training in municipal self-govern-

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ment. That I doubt not. But what has been the cause of that want?—the previous want of training in self-government of the individual himself. And as long as the system of education for all classes in the Romance countries is one of tutelage and espionage (proceeding from the priestly notions concerning sin), so long will neither rich nor poor have any power of self-government. Any one who knows the difference between a French *lycée* and an English public school ought to see what I mean, and see one main cause of the failure of all attempts at self-government in France. May I without boring you (at least you are not bound to read this long letter) go on to another subject, which seems to me just now of great importance? I think the giving intellect and civilization its due weight, by means of plurality of votes, as you so well advise, practically hopeless just now. But is there no body or influence in the state which may secure them their due weight nevertheless? I think that there is, namely, the House of Lords. You seem (and herein alone I differ from you) to regard as the majority do, the Peers, as standing alone in the state, and representing only themselves. I, on the contrary, look at them as representing every silver fork in Great Britain. What I mean is this, a person or body may be truly representative without being elected by those whom they represent. You will of course allow this. Now the House of Lords seem to me to represent all heritable property, real or personal, and also all heritable products of moral civilization, such as hereditary independence, chivalry, &c. They represent, in one word, the hereditary principle. This, no House of Commons, no elective body, can represent. It can only represent the temporary wants and opinions of the many, and that portion of their capital which is temporarily invested in trade, &c. It cannot represent the hereditary instinct which binds man and the state to the past and future generations. If you watch the current of American feeling and society you will see full proof of this. If the family bond should break up there, soon the bond will break up which makes a nation responsible in honor for the deeds of its ancestors, and therefore regardful of the obligation of international treaties. Now a body is required which represents the past and the future, and all material or spiritual which has been inherited from the past or bequeathed to the future. And this body must itself be an hereditary one. Some one may answer, 'Just as much as, Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat.' But it seems to me,

"1. That such a body must be non-elected, to keep it safe from the changes of temporary popular opinion. An elective upper chamber is a monster which is certain to become a den of demagogues and money-lenders.

"2. That it must be hereditary, because it is impossible for men to represent that which they are not themselves. The Peers are the incarnation of the hereditary principle. I look on them there-

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fore as what they are in fact, not a caste, not even a class, but a certain number of specimens of a class chosen out by the accident (and a very fair choice, because it prevents quarrels and popular intrigues) of being eldest sons. I look on them as the representatives, not only of every younger brother, &c., of their own kin, and of every family which has ever intermarried, or hopes to intermarry with them (though that would include the great majority of well-educated Britons), but as the representatives of every man who has saved up enough to buy a silver fork, a picture, a Yankee clock, or anything, in fact, which he wishes to hand to his children. I hold that while Mr. Bright may, if he likes, claim to be represented merely by the House of Commons, his plate and house is represented by the House of Lords, and that if the House of Lords were abolished, Mr. Bright's children would discover that fact by the introduction of laws which would injure the value of all heritable property, would tax (under the name of luxuries) the products of art and civilization, would try to drive capital into those trades which afforded most employment for *un*-skilled labor, and supplied most the temporary necessities of the back and belly, and would tend to tax the rich for the sake of the poor, with very ugly results to civilization.

"This picture may seem overdrawn. But I answer, this is already the tendency in the United States. The next fifty years will prove whether that tendency can be conquered or not in a pure democracy, such as they have now for the first time become, since they have exterminated their southern hereditary aristocracy, and their northern hereditary aristocracy, the Puritan gentlemen of old families have retired in disgust from public life. May I ask you to think over this view of the House of Lords. And may I ask you how far you think, if it be correct, it can be wisely pressed upon all classes, and specially upon the titled *persons* (there is no titled *class* in these realms) themselves?

"Pray excuse the length of this letter. But your book awoke such an interest in me—a solitary country thinker—that I could not resist the temptation of pouring out to you some of the results of my years of practical observation of, and pondering on, facts."

In the spring of 1867 he undertook the editorship of "Fraser's Magazine" for a few months for Mr. Froude, who had to go to Spain to study the archives of Simancas for his history, and he seized upon this opportunity to get a few papers on science into its pages, and wrote to his friends Professor Newton, Sir Charles Bunbury, and others, begging for help, to which they kindly responded —Professor Newton writing on the Birds of Norfolk; Sir Charles

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on the Flora of South America; he himself contributing one of his most lovely idylls, "A Charm of Birds."

TO CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F.L.S., F.G.S.

EVERSLEY, *June* 6, 1867.

"I am very anxious to obtain a copy of a pamphlet, which I unfortunately lost. It came out shortly after your 'Origin of Species,' and was entitled 'Reasons for believing in Mr. Darwin's Theory'—or some such words. It contained a list of phenomenal puzzles, forty or more, which were explicable by you and not otherwise. If you can recollect it, and tell me where I can get a copy, I shall be very glad, as I may specially want it in your defence.

"I advise you to look at a wonderful article in the 'North British' about you. It is a pity the man who wrote it had not studied zoology and botany, before writing about them.

"The Duke of Argyle's book is very fair and manly, although he cannot agree with you. What he says about the humming birds is his weakest part. He utterly overlooks sexual selection by the females, as one great branch of natural selection. Why on earth are the males only (to use his teleological view) ornamented, save for the amusement of the females first? In his earnestness to press the point (which I think you have really overlooked too much), that beauty in animals and plants is intended for the æsthetic education and pleasure of man, and (as I believe in my old-fashioned way), for the pleasure of a God who rejoices in His works as a painter in his picture—in his hurry, I say, to urge this truth, he has overlooked that beauty in any animal must surely first please the animals of that species, and that beauty in males alone is a broad hint that the females are meant to be charmed thereby—and once allow that any striking new color would attract any single female, you have an opening for endless variation. . . .

"Altogether, even the 'North British' pleases me, for the writer is forced to allow some natural selection, and forced to allow some great duration of the earth; and so every one who fights you is forced to allow some of your arguments, as a tub to the whale, if only he may be allowed to deny others, while very few have the honesty to confess that they know nothing about the matter, save what you have put into their heads.

"Remark that the argument of the 'North British,' that geological changes were more violent, and the physical energies of the earth more intense in old times, cuts both ways. For if that be true, then changes of circumstance in plants and animals must have been more rapid, and the inclination to vary from *outward circumstance* greater; and also, if the physical energies of the earth were greater, so must the physical energies of the animals

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and plants; and, therefore, their tendency to *sport* may have been greater; and not without a gleam of scientific insight have the legends of so many races talked of giants and monsters on the earth of old." . . . .

EVERSLEY, *July* 12, 1867.

"I flee to you, as usual, in ignorance and wonder. Have you investigated the migration of the eye in flat-fish? I have been reading a paper on it by Professor Thompson in 'Natural History Magazine' for May, 1865. I took to your methods for explaining *how* the miracle takes place; whether the eye passes through the skull, or round the soft parts, is a minor question. Will you kindly do me the honor to look at two lectures of mine on 'Science and Superstition,' given at the Royal Institution, and reprinted in *Fraser's Magazine* for June and July? I think you will find that I am not unmindful of your teaching. I heard with extreme pleasure that your health is much improved."

TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE, *December* 15, 1867.

"I have been here three or four days, and have been accidentally drawn, again and again, into what the world calls Darwinism, and you and I and some others, fact and science. I have been drawn thereinto, simply because I find every one talking about it to any one who is supposed to know (or mis-know) anything about it; all showing how men's minds are stirred. I find the best and strongest men coming over.

"1. Because, being really great men, they know so much already which they cannot co-ordinate with your theories (at least as yet), and say (as they have a right), 'I will stand by what I do know from mathematics, before I give in to what I *don't* know from ————.' That last dash is the key of the position. They don't know. The men have been asking me questions, *e.g.*, 'You don't say that there are links between a cat and a dog? If so, what are they?' To which I have been forced to answer—my dear fellow, you must read and find out for yourself. I am not bound to answer such a question as that. I am not bound to teach you the alphabet, while you are solemnly disputing about my translation of the language.

"That is what it comes to, my dear and honored master. If men don't agree with you, it is because they don't know facts; and what I do is simply to say to every one, as I have been doing for three days past, 'Will you kindly ascertain what facts there are to be known or disproved, before you talk on this matter at all?' And I find, in Cambridge, that the younger M.A.'s are not only willing, but greedy, to hear what you have to say; and that the elder (who have, of course, more old notions to overcome) are

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facing the whole question in quite a different tone from what they did three years ago. I won't mention names, for fear of 'compromising' men who are in an honest, but 'funky,' stage of conversion: but I have been surprised, coming back for three or four days, at the change since last winter. I trust you will find the old university (which has always held to physical science and free thought, and allows, as she always has done, anybody to believe anything reasonable, *provided he don't quarrel with his neighbors*) to be your firmest standing ground in these isles.

"I say this, especially now, because you will get, I suppose, an attack on you by an anonymous 'Graduate of Cambridge,' which I found in the hands of at least one very wise and liberal man, who admired it very much, but knew nothing of *the facts*. He showed it me, and, in the first three pages I opened at hazard, I pointed him out two or three capital cases of ignorance or omission, on which I declined to read any more of the book, as coming from a man who knew not, or did not choose to know, anything about *the facts*.

"Excuse the bad writing. I have a pen, which, if natural selection influenced pens, would have been cast into the fire long ago: but the disturbing moral element makes me too lazy to cast it thereinto, and to find a new one. I have, as usual, a thousand questions to ask you, and no time, nor brain to ask them now."

In the summer he was refreshed by a visit to Scotland, which included some days of the British Association at St. Andrew's, and a visit to M. Van de Weyer at Abergeldie Castle. His visits to Scotland were always invigorating and congenial to him.

TO HIS WIFE.

ST. ANDREW'S, *Sunday, September 7.*

"I am looking out on a glassy sea, with the sea-birds sailing about close under the window. I could wish to be at home seeing you all go to church. Yesterday was a day of infinite bustle. The University and City received the British Association, and feasted them. Everything was very well done, except putting me down for a speech against my express entreaty. However, I only spoke five minutes. After this early dinner a reception *soirée* of all the ladies of Fifeshire, 'East Neuk;' we escaped early. I hate being made a lion of, and stuck tight to good Mrs. B. I sat at dinner between dear old Phillips and Geikie, with Grant-Duff next, who has asked me to come on to him if I have time, and kill his salmon. Hurrah! To-day to church at one, and dine at Principal Tulloch's after, to meet Stanley, who is in great force in his beloved

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St Andrew's, which he called, in a very charming speech last night, his second university. Jowett comes to-morrow with a reading party. Blackwood (of the Magazine), who lives close by, has been most civil to me, wanting me to come and stay with him, etc.; he has told me much that is curious about De Quincey, Hogg, Wilson, &c. He and B. and T. have been trying hard to make me preach in Boyd's Church; but I talked it over with —— last night, and I was glad to find that he thought with me, that it is quite legal; but that there was no need for a sudden and uncalled for row with the Puseyites. I am most careful about all that. Nothing can be more pleasant than my stay here has been. But the racket of the meeting is terrible; the talking continual, and running into Dundee, by two trains, with the steamer at Broughty Ferry, between, is too much; so I have taken up my hat, and am off to Tilliepronie to-morrow; with the Provost of Dundee, and worse, the dear Red Lion Club crying to me to stop and dine. I will bring for M. home, the Red Lion Club card, with the comicalities on it, which poor Edward Forbes designed. These dear Scots folk—I should like to live always among them; they are so full of vigorous life and heart. I am very well, but longing for the heather. The rains here have been all but disastrous. All the corn almost is green here. Tell Maurice golf is the queen of games, if cricket is the king; and the golfing gentlemen as fine fellows as ever I saw."

"Best of all," said Dean Stanley in a letter from Dundee, speaking of the banquet, "was Kingsley's speech, comparing the literature of science to camp followers picking up scraps from the army, plundering, begging, borrowing, and stealing, and giving what they got to the bairns and children that ran after them, ending with a very delicate and well-timed serious turn of 'the voice of God revealed in facts.'"

ABERGELDIE CASTLE, *Thursday, September* 19, 1867.

"I am quite unhappy to-day thinking of your parting with the dear boy, for I can understand, though my man's coarser nature cannot feel as intensely the pang to you of parting with a bit of yourself. More and more am I sure, and physiologists are becoming more sure also, that the *mother* is the more important, and in the case of the *boy* everything; the child *is* the mother, and her rights, opinions, feelings, even fancies about him, ought to be first regarded.

"I suppose you will write to me all about his starting; but I have no fear of his being anything but happy, and Madame V.

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says that boys are always so much healthier as soon as they go to school." . . . .

TO MARY.

(With a picture of Abergeldie.)

"My Mary,

"This is the real castle where I am, and in the bottom of that tower a real witch was locked up before she was burnt on Craig-na-Ban, overhead. At the back of the house, under my window, which is in the top of the tower, the Dee is roaring, and the salmons are *not* leaping, and a darling water-ouzel, with a white breast, is diving after caddises. And as soon as I have had luncheon I am going to fish with two dear little girls, who catch lots of trout with a fly, and a real gilly in a kilt, who, when he and I caught a salmon two days ago, celebrated the event by putting on his Prince of Wales tartan and uniform, taking an enormous bagpipe, and booming like an elephantine bumble-bee all round the dinner-table, and then all about the house. It is very pleasant—like a dream—real stags in the forest looking at you, and real grouse, and black cock, and real princesses walking about; but I long to be home again with you all, and that is truth. Love to Rose, and tell her to write to me to Aboyne.

"Your affectious pater,

"C. K."

He made acquaintance this year with Professor Shairp of St. Salvator's College, St. Andrew's, who thus recalls the meeting which was so welcome to Mr. Kingsley:

"Twice only was I privileged to meet him, but of both meetings I have a very vivid and pleasing remembrance.

"The first was in (I think) October, 1867, at Benson's Home, Wellington College. Mr. Kingsley came with your son Maurice to dinner; as there was no one there, but Benson and myself, we had his conversation all to ourselves. During dinner I remember his saying that whenever he was tired or out of spirits the book he most turned to was Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' I expressed some surprise at this, saying that I thought Carlyle's, if a stimulating atmosphere, was certainly not a soothing but a disturbing one to me. Of this latter element, the soothing I mean, I think I said I found what came home to me far more in some of the best of Newman's 'Parochial Sermons'—not those which deal with controversial subjects, but those which dwell on great universal truths. Mr. Kingsley did not quite agree, and we had a good deal of friendly discussion arising out of this.

"Afterwards, in the drawing-room, he told me that he wished to

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know more minutely about our old Scottish ballads. I think he wished it for something he had on hand to write.

"We sat for a long time in close talk on the ballads; and I remember being much struck by his acquaintance, and still more with his fresh appreciation and insight into them—much keener, I thought, than that of most educated Scotchmen. I was very sorry when the time came that evening when we had to rise and go. The only other time I met him was in July, 1872 (I think), at a garden-party given by the Dean of Westminster and Lady Augusta, in the Precincts. When I met Mr. Kingsley, he came aside from the throng, and we walked up and down on the grass for some time. I remember when I told him I was going to return to the Highlands, he said, with a sort of half sigh, 'Ah, yes!—those Highland hills—I wish I were among them,' and spoke with the deepest delight of what he had seen of them.

"Both times, whenever we met, I felt as if he had been an old friend. This, for many reasons, which you may guess."

TO T. HUGHES, ESQ.

EVERSLEY.

"What is a National Freedman's Aid Union, which writes to me, and which has your name on it? What do they want to do?

"I am very glad these slaves are freed, at whatever cost of blood and treasure. But now—what *do* they want from us? There is infinite wild land for them to till. There is infinite political skill in the north to get them and the land in contact. There is infinite money in the north to furnish them with tools and seed; and there is, I hope, infinite common sense in the north to punish them as 'strong rogues and vagabonds' if they won't work.

"What do they ask our money for, over and above? I am personally shy of giving mine. The negro has had all I ever possessed; for emancipation ruined me. And yet I would be ruined a second time, if emancipation had to be done over again. I am no slaveholder at heart. But I have paid my share of the great bill, in Barbadoes and Demerara, with a vengeance; and don't see myself called on to pay other men's!

"But tell me what will be done with this money when it is got. For got it will be, in plenty. Is it to be spent in turning the south into a big Hayti of savage squatters? or as a rate in aid to keep these poor wretches from starving, which ought to be done by the American government. They have had the gain. They have made themselves by this war the biggest and most terrible nation on earth. What do they want with a rate in aid?"

The following letter may be valuable to stammerers. His own great mental suffering from this cause made him most anxious to

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help others. They were the rules he had arrived at in his own case after years of observation:

TO MISS ———.

"You can cure yourself, or all but cure yourself in three months, without any one observing it, if you will think over, and practice, what follows, and which is a matter of simple common sense.

"And you *must* try; or you will find your health and spirits fail you. Especially you will find your chest contract from the effort to force your breath out by unnatural means.

"Now, you stammer mainly because your upper teeth, like mine, shut over the lower ones. Therefore, if you do not open your mouth wide, your breath is forced out between your teeth, with great exertion, instead of between your lips. If the breath goes out between the lips, then the lips can act on it to form the consonants; and you can *articulate*. If not, you cannot.

"Therefore you must first open your mouth wide when you speak. You will be afraid to do so at first, lest people remark it. They will not. Every one opens their mouths, and therefore *they only observe a person who does not.*

"If you find it difficult to speak with your mouth open (and it will very likely give you pain in the ear at first, but only at first), get a bit of cork, cut it about so thick ——, and put it between your back teeth, and speak so. By-the-bye, if your back teeth are bad, you ought to get rid of them, and have false teeth. Toothache and bad teeth are very bad for this complaint.

"You *must* practice reading out loud to yourself, opening your mouth at the vowels as wide as you can, and perhaps keeping the cork in at first, till you have made a habit of it. Begin by reading *poetry* (which is easiest) the first thing in the morning, and then again in the evening before dinner.

"Read for a quarter of an hour each time. Then try prose. But always keep up reading aloud, for months to come, or even for years.

"2. You must, in reading and in speaking, *mind your stops.* You have been in the habit of speaking from an *empty* lung. You must learn to speak from a *full* one. For if there is no wind in the organ bellows, the pipes will not sound; and also, an empty lung is an unwholesome and injurious thing. For if there is no air in the lungs, the blood is not oxygenated. The more you read aloud, from a full lung, the stronger and healthier, and more cheerful you will feel; for air is the finest of all tonics.

"Now how to do this. Before beginning to read, take two or three long full breaths. And also (and this is an excellent rule) before you begin to speak to any one, especially if you are nervous,

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take two or three breaths and then open your mouth and speak. You will find the nervousness go, and the words come out, as by miracle. Remember Balaam's ass could not speak, till his 'mouth was opened.'

"At each full stop, you should stop, and take a long breath; at a colon, a less full, at a semi-colon less, at a comma less still. But keep *sacredly* to the *habit of breathing at every stop.* Read and speak SLOW; and *take care of the consonants, and the vowels will take care of themselves.*

"And how to take care of the consonants? By taking care of the tongue and lips.

"Now if you will watch any one who speaks beautifully you will see, that the tongue lies quite quiet, on a level with the lower front teeth, and never flies up in the mouth. You will see also that they use their lips a great deal; and form the consonants with them. But you will see also, that they keep the *upper* lip down and still, so that the upper front teeth are hardly seen at all; while they move the under lip a great deal, making it play upon the upper. Watch the Bishop of Winchester (S. Wilberforce), or Bright, or any great actress, and you will see this.

"Now, I know (though I have not seen) that your tongue flies about in your mouth. It did in mine: it always does, because it is trying to do the work which the lips should do. So get into the habit of determinately keeping it down. You will find it easy enough after a while. But at first, when you speak and read, always be sure that you can feel your lower teeth against the tip of your tongue. I know a beautiful great lady who lets her tongue fly about in her mouth, and consequently you often cannot understand her.

"Also keep your upper lip down, and right over your upper teeth, and pronounce the consonants with your lower lip against them. Some people will pronounce the consonants against the upper teeth, instead of the lip, and let the lip fly up. But it is dangerous. One of the most beautiful people I know does that when she is excited; and then you can hardly understand her.

"Practice this (as I used) before a looking-glass, to see that your upper lip is down tight, your mouth open, and your tongue lying low and still; and after a very little while, you will find it quite easy, because it is quite natural; because your organs will have returned to their natural uses, and you will be speaking like other people.

"Lastly, use some sort of exercises morning and evening to expand your chest. Raising your arms over your head a few dozen times is as good as anything—or Indian clubs—or something of that kind. Anything to raise the ribs and expand the chest.

"If you will attend to these rules, you can cure yourself. You will fail and fall back often. Never mind. You will succeed

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better and better each time, till habit becomes nature. I stammered far worse till I was five and thirty, or forty almost. But you are young, and can do what you choose easily.

"Do not be discouraged about your lips. You will soon acquire the power of moving the under while you keep the upper still, if *you take pains to open your mouth wide.*

. . . . . .

"Summa:—1. Open your mouth. 2. Take full breaths and plenty of them, and mind your stops. 3. Keep your tongue quiet. 4. Keep your upper lip down. 5. Use your lower lip. 6. Read to yourself out loud. 7. Read and speak slow, slow, slow.

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CHAPTER XXV.

1868.

AGED 49.

Attacks of the Press—Lectures on Sixteenth Century—Mr. Longfellow—Sir Henry Taylor on Crime and its Punishment—Letter from Mr. Dunn—Letter from Rev. William Harrison.

THE professorial lectures this year were on the 16th century, and were crowded, as usual; but the severe attacks on his teaching in two leading newspapers in the preceding autumn had inclined him, for the honor of his University and for his own honor, to resign his post. But as he believed that both attacks sprang from some personal feeling, he thought it best, before sending in his resignation, to consult some of the Cambridge authorities, on whose friendship and impartiality he could rely. They strongly advised him to retain the Professorship, and on their advice, though the work was too heavy for him, he determined to keep it on for at least another year.

That he was doing a work among the undergraduates, there are many who will testify; and at the day when the history of all hearts shall be revealed, and perhaps not till then, will it be known how many young men owe the first dawn of a manly spiritual life to the very lectures on which severe strictures were passed.

The Rev. J. Pulliblank, of Liverpool, thus recalls his influence on him in his own undergraduate days:

"I revered and still revere your husband, and can never tell anybody how much I owe him, until 'in that high place' I can speak out and tell *him* all. I find a few memoranda, written in a notebook at the time, at Cambridge. After a lecture I think on the French Revolution or on the colonization of America,—'We have not yet reached,' he said, 'and I know not when we shall reach, the true aristocracy, when the ἄριστοι, the *best* men, shall have the governing of our country; but thus much I do know, that we shall at last come to it, and that we pray for it every time we use the

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Lord's Prayer. "'Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done *on earth*, as it is in Heaven. Thy name be hallowed."' The underscored words marked by that pause, which was so deeply significant. In G. R. Crotch's rooms, conversation arose about the delay of some reform. Somebody said 'public opinion' wanted awakening. Prof. Kingsley: 'It is not the many who reform the world, but the few, who rise superior to that public opinion which crucified our Lord many years ago.'

"In E. H. Palmer's (now Professor Palmer's) rooms, March 23, 1868, the talk was about the state of nature and the natural man, in which one of us young men propounded some advanced views. Professor Kingsley agreed, till an example was given—viz., the N. American Indian. Then he said, 'No, no, that I won't grant; the savage is not a natural man, but a most unnatural beast, playing all manner of unnatural and unwholesome pranks upon himself.' Then I remember he went on with what was a favorite topic of his, that civilization seems the only natural state for man, because savage races are decaying even before civilization touches them. He instanced the North American Indian, and said that European civilization, bad as it was, did not kill them; they were dying out before ever a white man set eyes on the New World.

"I had the rare pleasure of sitting next to Prof. Kingsley at several of Prof. Maurice's lectures on 'Conscience.' One day, Maurice was speaking of the inadequacy of Mr. Bain's theory of conscience as tested by facts (Lecture III.), Prof. Kingsley's fighting blood was evidently roused, and when Nelson's famous signal was referred to (it was quoted, though it is not printed in the Lectures), I had to shrink into very small compass, for a strong right hand, shot out straight from the shoulder, passed quite as near as was pleasant to my face. I looked and saw that Prof. Kingsley could not see for tears. Then Maurice went on to quote Sir Hastings Doyle's lines on the 'Sinking of the Birkenhead,' and at the end we all rose, as near to tears as to anything else, and cheered. Two or three days afterwards, just a few words in one of Prof. Kingsley's lectures: 'You who come to this room on the other days of the week, know from one who can teach you, and me also—(God grant that we may learn) what *duty* is.'"

Happily he was well and vigorous this year, and had so much work on hand in his parish and with his pen, that he had not time to be depressed by the attacks of the press. He began his little history of the Hermits for the "Sunday Library;" brought out a series of Papers for Children on Natural Science in "Good Words for the Young," called, "Madam How and Lady Why;" lectured for the Hampshire Diocesan Society; preached at Whitehall and

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St. James's, London, at Sandringham, and at Windsor; and got through nearly sixteen volumes of Comte's works, in preparation for his next year's lectures at Cambridge.

After his first introduction to Mr. Longfellow, whom he was invited to meet at dinner on his arrival from America, he writes to his wife:

". . . . I have seen Mr. Longfellow. The dinner last night was a success, and all went well. Tennyson was not there, but Maurice and the Orator (W. G. Clarke of Trinity), who had come all the way from Cambridge. Longfellow is far handsomer and nobler than his portraits make him. I do not think I ever saw a finer human face. I had an opportunity of telling him something of what we all felt for him, and of the good work he had done in England, and to get a promise out of him that he would come and see us when he comes back in May. He had three very pleasant gentleman-like Americans with him. I kept in the background and talked to them." . . . .

In the spring of this year he was consulted by a friend in the army, who was deeply interested in the subject of military education, on the state of Sandhurst. A Military Education Commission had recently been proposed by Lord Eustace Cecil, on which some officers wished to see Mr. Kingsley placed. This wish, however, was not carried into effect; there being those in the Government (at that time a Conservative one) who thought him too much of a reformer.

On receiving a pamphlet from Sir Henry (then Mr.) Taylor on crime and how to deal with it, addressed to Mr. Gladstone, he writes:

TO HENRY TAYLOR, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *December* 26, 1868.

"I have to thank you for your able and rational pamphlet.* How far Mr. Gladstone will be able to act upon its suggestions is a question by no means hopeful. As against any just and rational treatment of crime, two influences are at work now.

"1. The effeminacy of the middle class, which never having in its life felt bodily pain (unless it has the toothache) looks on such pain as the worst of all evils. My experience of the shopkeeping class (from which juries are taken) will hardly coincide with yours.

* On Crime and its Punishment.

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You seem, page 19, to think them a hardier and less dainty class than our own. I find that even in the prime of youth they shrink from (and are often unable to bear, from physical neglect of training) fatigue, danger, pain, which would be considered as sport by an average public schoolboy. I think that Mill and those of his school are aware of this, and look on it with disfavor and dread, as an instinct of that 'military class' whom they would (whether justly or not) destroy; and that from the 'extreme left' of thought you would have heavy opposition on this ground, and also because,

"2. The tendency of their speculations is more and more to the theory that man is not a responsible person, but a result of all the circumstances of his existence; and that therefore if anything or person is responsible for a crime, it is the whole circumambient universe. Doubtless, men who utterly believed this might be as Draconic towards human beings, as towards wasps and snakes, exterminating the bad as failures of nature, not as criminals. But the average folk, who only half believe this theory, supplement it by a half belief in the human responsibility of a criminal, a confusion which issues in this:

"The man is not responsible for his faults. They are to be imputed to circumstance. But he is responsible for, and therefore to be valued solely by, his virtues. They are to be imputed to himself. An ethical theorem, which you may find largely illustrated in Dickens's books, at least as regards the lower and middle classes.

"Hence the tendency of the half-educated masses in England will be (unless under panic) toward an irrational and sentimental leniency.

"As for corporal punishment; after having long objected to it, even in the case of boys, I have come round in the last ten years to a full concurrence with what you say about it in your pamphlet.*

"On one point alone I hesitate to agree with you. Direct legislation against drunkenness, as such, will be very difficult to work fairly, because drunkenness is so very undefined and gradual a state. Where the drunkard has committed a breach of the peace, or used language likely to provoke the same, the course would be clear. But short of that, I fear lest the policeman would become the judge of who was drunk and who sober; a power which would involve the chance of terrible extortion of money from moneyed men. On the other hand, it seems clear to me that any person convicted repeatedly of being drunk and disorderly, is a fit subject for penal servitude."

* In case of boys, however, he objected to flogging for any offences, except bullying and cruelty, believing that in boys, as well as in little children, falsehood is often the result of the fear of corporal punishment.

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He made at this time the personal acquaintance of Mr. Henry Dunn, of Blackheath, author of several very suggestive works that had interested him deeply,* and had the pleasure of receiving him at the Rectory. Mr. Dunn thus recalls their meeting:

"I have a very lively and most pleasant recollection of my visit to Eversley. Especially do I remember with abiding interest a conversation I had with your husband during a somewhat lengthened walk. We had been speaking of the evangelical party in the Church of England, and of the unhappy tendency sometimes manifested by their writers to revile those who differ from them, when Mr. Kingsley, as if glad of the opportunity, enlarged on their many excellencies, and on the good they had been permitted to accomplish. There was a generosity of tone in all that he said which greatly excited my admiration. Recollecting how often he had himself received injuries in that quarter, I felt afresh the beauty and force of the apostle's words, 'Not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing.' Passing on we came in sight of a poor laboring man employed in field work, to whom Mr. Kingsley called my attention, and then said, 'he is one of my dissenting parishioners, a Baptist and a high Calvinist. He is ignorant and often mistaken in his interpretations of Scripture, but I honor him. He is a good man, well acquainted with his Bible, and conscientiously living according to the light he has. Why should we quarrel?'

"This absence of all assumed superiority over a poor, uninstructed, and perhaps conceited man, and the glad recognition of good in a class who are often provoking, was to me a very instructive example. Some further exchange of thought on the lessons God teaches us through humiliations occasioned by the remembrance of past sins and imprudences brought our conversation to a close, and left on my mind some very salutary impressions. I felt that Mr. Kingsley's genius and varied talent, his peculiar rapidity of thought, and the incessant excitement of his mind, were blended with a spirituality far deeper than that of many who, however devoted, are but too ready to sit in judgment on others, and to censure whatever they cannot understand. It has often been said that the best of a man is to be seen in his books. But it is not always so. Admirable as those of Mr. Kingsley are, I, for one, on this occasion, could not but feel that their writer had 'hidden life,' unexpressed in his publications, which excelled them all."

In addition to the Penny Readings in the parish, the Rector had opened a reading-room for the men, for which books, bagatelle-

* "Destiny of the Human Race," "On the Study of the Bible," "The Kingdom of God," &c.

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boards, and various games were provided. He made it a self-governed club, and sanctioned the managers having in a cask of good beer, each glass to be paid for on the spot, in hopes it would prevent their going to the public-houses on their way home. The men drew up their own rules under his eye; and for a winter or two it succeeded, but the scattered population made difficulties, and the attraction of seven public-houses in a parish of only 800 inhabitants, after a time was too strong for the young men—the reading-room languished, and eventually was shut up.

His parish cares were now shared by the able help of the Rev. William Harrison, who for six years carried out all his plans in church and parish with an earnest devotedness which won him the love and reverence of the people of Eversley, while it lifted a heavy burden from his Rector's mind, and gave him the intimate companionship he needed in their joint labors. For Mr. Harrison thoroughly understood him, and was one with whom, notwithstanding their disparity in age, he could take sweet and bitter counsel, according to the mood and circumstances of the moment, and open his heart on all subjects, from theology and the great social questions which were so interwoven with his religious faith, to lighter ones of art and literature; in whose hands too he could leave the parish and his pulpit with peace of mind during his residences at Chester from 1870 to 1873. Mr. Harrison soon followed him to Westminster as Minor Canon, and was with him in his last failing months, in his great sorrow, and on his death-bed. His own words will best show the deep love he bore him.

"Soon after I entered upon my duties as curate at Eversley, in May, 1868, old parishioners, who could recall the days prior to Mr. Kingsley's residence among them, began to tell me of the many great reforms he had effected in the parish in the years during which he had worked there. I do not think that the majority of his people ever fully understood that their rector's words were eagerly listened for in the outside world, and that his name was known far and wide. For these things never affected his manner towards them. They loved him emphatically for himself: for what he was, and had been to them. They loved him because he was always the same—earnest, laborious, tender-hearted; chivalrous to every woman; gentle to every child; true to every man; ready for, and vigorous in every good work; stern only towards vice and selfishness; the first to rejoice in the success of the strong and healthy, and the first to hasten to the bedside of the sick and dying.

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"He knew his people intimately: their proper callings, tastes, failings, and virtues. He was interested, as a matter of fact, and not from the mere desire to please, in the occupations of every one, and had the right word for each and all. Men at once felt at ease with him, because there was such unmistakable ring of sincerity, such evident understanding of their wants, and such real acquaintance and sympathy with what they were thinking and doing in all that he said. The poor could tell him freely what they felt and what they wanted, seeing at once that he knew more about them than men of his social standing generally know. At the same time there was a natural stateliness in his bearing which precluded the possibility of undue familiarity in any one towards him. He is too frequently misunderstood to have been a mere clerical 'Tom Thurnall'; a character which he has drawn with great skill, and with which certainly he had many points of sympathy. That he was unfettered by conventional modes of thought and speech, and exhibited at moments a certain element of fierceness, with a detestation of all cant and unmanliness, cannot be denied. But there was, when I knew him, a lofty courtesy and abiding seriousness about him, in his very look and appearance, and in all he said and did, which marked him out from other men, and secured to him at all times the respectful attention and reverence alike of friends and strangers. 'I am nothing,' he once said to me, 'if not a Priest.'

"I think that the tenderness of his nature has never been sufficiently dwelt upon. In his warm and manful love of physical strength, and for capability of any kind, his imaginative forbearance toward dulness and weakness has, as it seems to me, been sometimes lost sight of. Indeed, even towards wrong-doing and sin, although terribly stern in their presence, he was merciful in an unusual degree. He would often say, after sternly rebuking some grave offender, 'Poor fellow! I daresay if I had been in his place I should have done much worse.'

"It is almost needless to say that every natural object, from the stones beneath his feet, to the clouds above his head, possessed a peculiar and never-failing interest for him. As he strode through the heather, across his well-beloved moors, he would dilate on all he saw and heard in his vigorous and poetic way. Nature appealed to him from many diverse sides. For not only would his mind busy itself with the more scientific and abstruse thought which a landscape might suggest, but he could find all an artist's contentment and pleasure in the mere beauty of its forms and colors. He had retained the freshness of boyhood; and approached and noted everything with delight. It was refreshing to see how much enjoyment he could extract from things which most men would never perceive or notice; with what untiring and reverent perseverance he would seek to know their *raison d'être;* and with what a glow and glory his fruitful imagination clothed everything.

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"He certainly possessed the power of investing natural objects at the right moment with his own thought, either for joy or pathos, in a most striking manner. Thus I recollect on one occasion (amongst the Welsh mountains) the eagerness with which he knelt down by the side of a trinkling waterfall, and said in a whisper of delight, 'Listen to the fairy bells?' And thus, again, I recall with tender sorrow an incident that occurred in one of the last walks he ever took, on those dark winter days which preceded his own illness, and when a great and overwhelming sorrow was hanging over him. We were passing along one of the Eversley lanes. Suddenly we came on a large tree, newly cut down, lying by the roadside. He stopped, and looked at it for a moment or so, and then, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'I have known that tree ever since I came into the parish!'

"The Eversley Sunday was very characteristic of Mr. Kingsley. It was not to him far above the level of every other day, but then his every other day was far above the ordinary accepted level. One thing was specially observable about it, the absence of all artificial solemnity of manner, and exceptional restraints of speech and conduct. Whatever the day might be he was emphatically always the same. He would chat with his people in the churchyard before service as freely and as humorously as he would have done in field or cottage. The same vivid untiring interest in nature which has made his rambles by the chalk streams of England, and through the high woods of Trinidad, a source of perpetual enjoyment to his readers, would flash out from him the very moment he left church, if anything unusual or beautiful attracted his attention.

"Yet during service his manner was always impressive; and at times, as during the celebration of Holy Communion—until the recent Judgment he always consecrated in the Eastward Position—it rose into a reverence that was most striking and remarkable. It was not the reverence of a school. It was evidently the impulse of the moment, and being so, was not precise and systematic. Indeed, his individuality came out involuntarily at unexpected moments, in a way that occasionally was startling to those who did not know him, and amusing to those who did. One Sunday morning, for instance, in passing from the altar to the pulpit he disappeared, and we discovered that he was searching for something on the ground, which when found was carried to the vestry. Subsequently it came out that he was assisting a lame butterfly, which by its beauty had attracted his attention, and which was in great danger of being trodden on. There was nothing incongruous, nothing of the nature of an effort to him, in turning from the gravest thoughts and duties to the simplest acts of kindness, and observation of everything around him. 'He prayeth best who loveth best all creatures great and small.'

"Many a heart will cherish through life dear memories of the

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Eversley sermons. It was well that Chester and Westminster should grow familiar with the tones of his voice before they were silenced for ever. It was well that men and women, among whom his name had been a household word, should be able, Sunday after Sunday, to come in crowds to listen to his burning words, in a place befitting his genius, and his message to them. But to my mind he was never heard to greater advantage than in his own village pulpit. I have sometimes been so moved by what he then said, that I could scarcely restrain myself from calling out, as he poured forth words now exquisitely sad and tender, now grand and heroic; with an insight into character, a knowledge of the world, and a sustained eloquence which, each in its own way, were matchless.

"Doubtless there is more or less truth in the assertion that Mr. Kingsley was a Broad Churchman. But assuredly in no party sense; and the only time I ever heard him approach to anything like an exact definition of his position, he described himself as 'an old-fashioned High Churchman.' As in his earlier days, so in his latest, he was the devoted admirer and friend of Professor Maurice, of whom he used touchingly to speak as 'my master.' It was his pride to belong to the Church of England, '*as by law established*;' —he was never tired of quoting the words, nor of referring to the Prayer Book on all disputed points. I have never known any one speak more emphatically and constantly of the value of the Creeds, and the efficacy of the Sacraments, to which he alluded in almost every sermon I heard him preach. But perhaps the proem of 'The Saint's Tragedy,' 'Wake again, Teutonic Father-Ages,' is as true and beautiful an index of his religious position as can be found. The two most distinctive features of his religious teaching were, I think, that the world is God's world, and not the Devil's, and that manliness is entirely compatible with godliness. Yet, whilst his name will indissolubly be associated with the latter doctrine, it must not be supposed that he was lacking in gentleness and delicate sympathy. There was in him a vein of almost feminine tenderness, which I fancy increased as life advanced, and which enabled him to speak with a peculiar power of consolation to the sad and suffering, both in private and from the pulpit. With Puritanism he had little sympathy; with Ritualism none. The former was to his rich poetic imagination and warm chivalrous nature ludicrously defective as a theory of life. The latter was, in his opinion, too nearly allied in spirit to Romanism ever to gain his support or sanction in any way; and of Rome he was the most uncompromising opponent I have ever known. None of the great parties in the Church—it is an important fact—could lay claim to him exclusively. Intrepid fearlessness in the statement of his opinions; a dislike to be involved in the strife of tongues; unexpected points of sympathy with all the different sections of the Church; a certain ideal of his own, both with regard to personal holiness and church

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regimen ;—these things always left him a free lance in the ecclesiastical field.

"The opinion may be taken for what it is worth, but it certainly is my opinion, that whilst Mr. Kingsley's convictions, during his career as a clergyman, remained substantially the same, as may be proved by a careful comparison of his later with his earlier writings, his belief in Revealed Truth deepened and increased, and his respect for the constituted order of things in Church and State grew more and more assured. Yet never, I fancy, at any time did the great and terrible battle of faith and doubt wholly cease within him. Probably few escape the stress of that conflict now-a-days ; but I think he knew more about it than most of us. For his reverence for what is called 'consistency' was very limited, and his mind was always busy with the workings of those life problems which had left their mark upon his brow, and wrought into his very manner a restless energy which foretold a shortened career. Nevertheless, there is no doubt but that the victory remained with faith.

"Surely if ever room could be haunted by happy ghosts it would be his study at Eversley, peopled as it must ever be with the bright creations of his brain. There every book on the many crowded shelves looked at him with almost human friendly eyes. And of books what were there not?—from huge folios of St. Augustine* to the last treatise on fly-fishing. And of what would he not talk? —classic myth and mediæval romance, magic and modern science, metaphysics and poetry, West Indian scenery and parish schools, politics and fairyland, &c., &c.—and of all with vivid sympathy, keen flashes of humor, and oftentimes with much pathos and profound knowledge. As he spoke he would constantly verify his words. The book wanted—he always knew exactly where, as he said, it 'lived'—was pulled down with eager hands ; and he, flinging himself back with lighted pipe into his hammock, would read, with almost boylike zest, the passage he sought for and quickly found. It was very impressive to observe how intensely he realized the words he read. I have seen him overcome with emotion as he turned the well-thumbed pages of his Homer, or perused the tragic story of Sir Humphrey Gilbert in his beloved Hakluyt. Nor did the work of the study even at such moments shut him in entirely, or make him forgetful of what was going on outside. 'It's very pleasant,' he would say, opening the door which led on to the lawn, and making a rush into the darkness, 'to see what is going on out here.' On one such occasion, a wild autumnal night, after the thrilling recital of a Cornish shipwreck he had once witnessed, and the memory of which the turbulence of the night had conjured up, he suddenly cried, 'Come out! come out!' We followed him

* Once the property of John Sterling, and given to Mr. Kingsley by Thos. Carlyle.

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into the garden, to be met by a rush of warm driving rain before a south-westerly gale, which roared through the branches of the neighboring poplars. There he stood, unconscious of personal discomfort, for a moment silent and absorbed in thought, and then exclaimed in tones of intense enjoyment, 'What a night! Drenching! This is a night on which you young men can't thing or talk too much poetry.'

"Nevertheless, with this appreciation of nature in her wilder moods, he possessed all a poet's love for her calmness. Indeed I think that anything that was savage in aspect was deeply alien to his mind; inasmuch as he could never forget the injurious powers

THE STUDY WINDOW, EVERSLEY RECTORY.

that lurk in untamed nature to destroy human life, which to him was more precious than any inanimate beauty however sublime. Order and cultivation were of supreme value in his eyes; and, from a point of artistic beauty, I believe he would have preferred an English homestead to an Indian jungle. Nay, even town scenes had a very great charm for him; and one bright summer day, after his return from America, whilst walking in Kensington Gardens, he declared that he considered they were as beautiful as anything he had seen in the New World. And again, looking at some photographs of bleak and barren mountain ranges, he said to a young painter who was admiring their grandeur—'Yes; paint them, and send the picture to the Academy, and call it, 'The Abomination

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of Desolation!' Yet, withal, the descriptions of scenery which are so profusely scattered up and down his pages fully testify to his almost unique powers of appreciating nature in all her aspects and circumstances. I sometimes wondered whether his scientific knowledge had not dulled the splendor and dissipated much of the mystery that fill the world for the poet's heart. I once ventured to hint something of the sort to him. A very sad and tender look came over his face, and for a little while he was silent. Then he said, speaking slowly,—'Yes, yes; I know what you mean; it is so. But there are times—rare moments—when nature looks out at me again with the old bride-look of earlier days.'

"I should not venture to speak of his home-life, unless permission had been granted me to do so, feeling that it is the most difficult of tasks to lift the veil from any family life without marring its sacredness; and that it is wholly beyond my power to preserve in words the living 'sweetness and light' which pervaded his household. That household was indeed a revelation to me, as I know it was to others;—so nobly planned and ordered, so earnest in its central depths, so bright upon its surface. Many, now scattered far and wide, must remember how picturesque the rectory itself was. Even a stranger passing by would have stopped to look at the pleasant ivy-grown house, with its long, sloping, dark roofs, its gables, its bow-windows open to sun and air, and its quaint mixture of buildings, old and new. And who among his friends will ever cease to remember the lawn, and glebe-land sweeping upward towards the half-cultivated, half-wild copse; through which the hidden path, henceforth sacred ground to those who loved him, leads up and out to Hartford Bridge Flats. Marked features in the scene to them, and now widely known, were the grand Scotch firs on the lawn, under which on summer evenings I have seen many sweet pictures, and heard many noble words, and the branches of which now wave solemnly above his last resting place. The little church, though not remarkable for beauty in any way, seen here, through the bending boughs of the firs, and over the laurel bank, through which the steps led from the house, always made a pleasant corner in the picture in my eyes, with its red brick tower, and four vanes atop, one of which persistently disagreed with its neighbors,—'a Nonconformist from its birth,' as Mr. Kingsley humorously said.

"Here—in this beautiful home-scene, and truly ideal English Rectory—was the fountain-head—as I certainly think, and as he often said, of all his strength and greatness. Indeed, great as I knew him to be in his books, I found him greater at his own fireside. Home was to him the sweetest, the fairest, the most romantic thing in life; and there all that was best and brightest in him shone with steady and purest lustre."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

1869–1870.

AGED 50–51.

Resignation of Professorship—Women's Suffrage Question—Letters to Mr. Maurice, John Stuart Mill—Canonry of Chester—Social Science Meeting at Bristol—Letter from Dr. E. Blackwell—Medical Education for Women—West Indian Voyage—Letters from Trinidad—Return Home—Eversley a Changed Place—Flying Columns—Heath Fires—First Residence at Chester—Botanical Class—Field Lectures—Women's Suffrage—Franco-Prussian War—Wallace on Natural Selection—Matthew Arnold and Hellenism.

THE year 1869, which closed his professorial work at Cambridge, saw the beginning of a new chapter of his life as Canon of Chester. It was a year of severe intellectual work and great activity. He decided to resign the Professorship, and gave his last series of lectures at Cambridge. He completed his volume on the Hermits for the Sunday Library course. The "Lessons on Earth Lore for Children, Madam How and Lady Why," which had been coming out in "Good Words for the Young," was published as a volume. He wrote an article in "Macmillan's Magazine," on Women and Politics, to help the question which was just then brought into discussion. He attended the first "Woman's Suffrage" Meeting in London with Mr. J. Stuart Mill. He gave two lectures* on "Thrift" and "Breath" in a course for ladies, at Winchester, arranged by Mrs. C. A. Johns, the wife of his old friend and tutor. He made speeches at various Industrial and Mechanics' Institutions in the diocese. He joined the Education League, and was elected President of the Education Section of the Social Science Congress at Bristol. He lectured on Natural Science to the boys of Wellington College and Clifton College. His parish prospered; the Penny Readings and entertainments for the laborers, greatly helped by the musical talent of his curate, became more popular, once, as many as one hundred and fifty of his

* Since published in "Health and Education."

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parishioners being present at the National School. The resignation of his professorial work relieving his mind from a heavy load of responsibility, and the prospect of a voyage to the West Indies, on the invitation of Sir Arthur Gordon, then Governor of Trinidad, fulfilling one of the dreams of his life, all helped to carry him through the active labors and anxieties of the year.

TO REV. F. D. MAURICE.

EVERSLEY, *January* 16, 1869.

"Your letter comforted me, for I had heard you were ill. You must rest and take care of yourself, and must not do (as I hear you do) other people's work whenever you are asked. You have enough, and too much to do of your own. And either, 1. You are necessary to Providence; and then you have no right to kill yourself by overwork; or, 2. You are not necessary to Providence; and then you have no need to kill yourself by overwork. I put that dilemma to you in all seriousness, and leave you to escape it if you can. It was a real pleasure to me to hear from you that you had read my clumsy and silly little papers.* I wished to teach children—my own especially—that the knowledge of nature ought to make them reverence and trust God more, and not less (as our new lights inform us). And they are meant more as prolegomena to natural theology, than as really scientific papers, though the facts in them are (I believe) true enough. But I know very little about these matters, and cannot keep myself '*au courant*' of new discoveries, save somewhat in geology, and even in that I am no mineralogist, and palæontologist. Science is grown too vast for any one head.

"We are going soon to Cambridge. At first we stay at Barton with the Bunburys, I coming to and fro for my lectures. R. and I now mean to sail for the West Indies, if God permits (for one must say that very seriously in such a case), by the April mail; but our plans may alter. Ah! that you were coming too, and could be made to forget everything for a while, save flowers and skies and the mere sensation of warmth, the finest medicine in the world!

"What you say about not basing morality on psychology I am most thankful for. I seem to get a vista of a great truth far away. Far away enough from me, Heaven knows. But this I know: that I want to re-consider many things, and must have time to do it; that I should like to devote the next twenty years to silence, thought, and, above all, prayer, without which no spirit can breathe."

* "Madam How and Lady Why," dedicated to his son Grenville.

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His concluding lectures at Cambridge were crowded; the last one was on Comte.

TO THE MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

April 1, 1869.

"I am bound, after your kind advice and sympathy in the matter of the professorship* (which I am not likely to forget), to tell you that I have obtained leave from the Queen to resign it at the end of the academic year, and have told Mr. Gladstone as much, and had a very kind reply from him. My brains, as well as my purse, rendered this step necessary. I worked eight or nine months hard for the course of twelve lectures which I gave last term, and was half-witted by the time they were delivered; and as I have to provide for children growing up, I owe it to them not to waste time (which is money) as well as brain, in doing what others can do better. Only let me express a hope, that in giving up this appointment I do not give up the friendships (especially yours) which I have found at Cambridge, a place on which I shall ever look with hearty affection; and that when I come up (which I shall do as often as I can find an excuse) I may come and see you and Mrs. Thompson."

He left Cambridge with feelings of deep gratitude to men of all classes in the University, having received nothing but kindness on all sides from the authorities down to the undergraduates; dissatisfied only with his own work, but thankful to have had his knowledge of men, especially young men, enlarged by the experience of the last nine years, and glad to have more time from henceforth to devote to physical science.

TO JOHN STUART MILL, ESQ.

EVERSLEY, *June* 3, 1869.

"I have had the honor of receiving 'from the author' your book on the 'Subjection of Woman.' It is not for me to compliment you. I shall only therefore say, in thanking you for it, that it seems to me unanswerable and exhaustive, and certain, from its moderation as well as from its boldness, to do good service in this good cause. It has been a deep pleasure to me to find you, in many passages in which you treat of what marriage ought to be, and what marriage is, corroborating opinions which have been for more than twenty-five years, the guides and safeguards of my own best life.

* Two years before, when he offered to resign, and Dr. Thompson wished him to retain the office.

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"I shall continue to labor, according to my small ability, in the direction which you point out; and all the more hopefully because your book has cleared and arranged much in my mind which was confused and doubtful."

EVERSLEY, *June* 17, 1869.

"Your kind letter gave me much pleasure. I shall certainly attend the meeting; and I need not say, that to pass a night under your roof will be an honor which I shall most gratefully accept.

"I wish much to speak with you on the whole question of woman. In five and twenty years my ruling idea has been that which my friend Huxley has lately set forth as common to him and Comte; that 'the reconstruction of society on a scientific basis is not only possible, but the only political object much worth striving for.' One of the first questions naturally was, What does science—in plain English, nature and fact (which I take to be the acted will of God)—say about woman, and her relation to man? And I have arrived at certain conclusions thereon, which (in the face of British narrowness) I have found it wisest to keep to myself. That I should even have found out what I seem to know without the guidance of a woman, and that woman my wife, I dare not assert: but many years of wedded happiness have seemed to show me that our common conclusions were accordant with the laws of things, sufficiently to bring their own blessing with them. I beg you therefore to do me the honor of looking on me, though (I trust) a Christian and a clergyman, as completely emancipated from those prejudices which have been engrained into the public mind by the traditions of the monastic or canon law about women, and open to any teaching which has for its purpose the doing woman justice in every respect. As for speaking at the meeting, my doing so will depend very much on whether there will be, or will not be, newspaper reporters in the room. I feel a chivalrous dislike of letting this subject be lowered in print, and of seeing pearls cast before swine—with the usual result.

"Mrs. Kingsley begs me to add the expression of her respect for you. Her opinion has long been that this movement must be furthered rather by men than by the women themselves."

This visit was one of great interest to Mr. Kingsley. He was as much struck with Mr. Mill's courtesy as with his vast learning—he had the manners of the old school, he said.

"When I look at his cold, clear-cut face," he remarked to Dr. Carpenter, "I think there is a whole hell beneath him, of which he knows nothing, and so there may be a whole heaven above him. . . ."

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TO LIONEL TOLLEMACHE, ESQ.

June, 1869.

"Many thanks for the 'Fortnightly,' and your very amusing and well-written article on Egotism. I trust it will not corrupt me; for I dread any egotism on my part, as the root which may blossom out into the most unexpected forms of actual wrong-saying and doing. I suppose I am too great a fool to be trusted to talk about myself. If so, it is all the better that I should keep the fact in mind. Are you aware that when 'Pepys's Diary' was fished out of our Pepysian library at Magdalene, much of it was found to be so dirty, that the editors had to omit it? He was a foul-minded old dog. Our only record of him (beside the curious library he left us) is, I believe: 'Mr. Pepys, having been found by y^e^ proctors last night disguised in liquor, was admonished not to offend in y^e^ like again.'

"The whole number is very valuable, especially so to me, for Huxley's article.* I don't know whether you take an interest in that matter. In my opinion Huxley is thoroughly right: at least he interprets Comte exactly as I have been in the habit of interpreting him."

On the 13th of August Mr. Kingsley received the following letter from Mr. Gladstone:

"I have much pleasure in proposing to you that you should accept the Canonry of Chester, vacated by the appointment of Dr. Moberly to the See of Salisbury, and if you agree, I need not impose on you any obligation of even temporary secrecy, as I know that the act will be very agreeable to her Majesty.

"The cathedral of Chester is under an energetic Dean, and nave services are now carried on in it with excellent effect."

. . . . . .

The canonry was gratefully accepted, and many were the congratulations received.

EVERSLEY, *August* 20, 1869.

"It is very kind," said Mr. Kingsley to his friend and neighbor Mr. Raikes Currie, "of you to congratulate me thus; but kindness is your element, and a very wholesome element it is, for both parties

* On the Scientific Aspects of Positivism, in which he speaks of Comte's Ideal, as stated by himself, being "Catholic organization without Catholic doctrine, or in other words, Catholicism minus Christianity." *Fortnightly Review*, New Series, No. xxx., p. 657.

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concerned in it. You never were more right than when you said that I should not like to be a bishop. . . . . And even a deanery I shrink from; because it would take me away from Eversley; the home to which I was ordained, where I came when I was married, and which I intend shall be my last home: for go where I will in this hard-working world, I shall take care to get my last sleep in Eversley church-yard."

Bishop Wilberforce (then of Oxford) wrote to him at once:

"I am quite certain of your great powers being used on the side of that Truth which so many, as it seems to me, in their very longing to support it, distrust and dishonor.

"May God give you many years of usefulness, and a happy ending of your highly vital life."

In October he went to Bristol to take his share in the Social Science Congress, as President of the Educational Section, at which Mr. Henry de Bunsen read a valuable paper on "How can the State best help in the Education of the Working Classes?" and in a letter to his mother the baroness, thus speaks of meeting Mr. Kingsley:

"I was at the Clifton College, the new public school, and a most flourishing one, having already, though only in its fifth year, three hundred and sixty boys, and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perceval, the head master. Charles Kingsley and his wife were there. Kingsley was most hearty and charming, especially when I got used to his stammering speech (which entirely disappears when he has to speak or read in public). . . . To me it was a time full of interest. I drove Kingsley, on Wednesday afternoon, between two thunderstorms, to Blaise Castle. . . . . Aunt L—— was delighted with our visit. Kingsley was, I must say, charming. He is a great lover of art, and understands it thoroughly. He is a still greater lover of trees and Nature, and told Aunt L—— that it was worth while coming the whole way from Eversley to see her two wonderful trees from Japan, the Salisburia, and the Sophora Japonica. . . . . Wednesday was the opening address of the Congress from Sir Stafford Northcote. We dined one night at the Lewis Frys', where Sir S. was staying, and he and Kingsley told charming Devonshire stories in turn! It was a wonderful treat, for both could imitate the language and tone exactly. On Thursday we had a most interesting discussion in the Education Department, as to how far it would be possible to have 'religious instruction,' without entering into 'dogmatic differences,' and therefore having schools admitting every denomination, and leaving to parents and

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ministers the specific instruction in their several denominations. On Friday, Mr. Kingsley gave us as stirring an address on education (in the highest and best and most comprehensive sense of the word), female and male, compulsory and for all classes, as ever was given. Some nine hundred people (of intelligent classes—no working classes) were present; and he electrified his audience by his earnestness and liberality, praising the efforts, not only of all ministers of religion, and of societies like the 'National,' and 'British and Foreign,' but also of the Society of Friends, as being foremost in education. . . . .

"On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, we had a great treat in hearing an address from Mr. Kingsley to the three hundred and sixty boys of Clifton College School, chiefly on study combined with scientific observation in other branches of learning; so as to give them something to do in their spare hours, and to carry on in their holidays, in making collections of all kinds (avoiding cruelty to birds, and wholesale destruction of nests and eggs), and that not for themselves, but for a general museum belonging to their school. This would avoid much destruction. 'Eyes and no Eyes,' played a prominent part in the address."

His inaugural address, which made a profound sensation at the time, was printed by the League, and about 100,000 copies distributed.

He had lately joined the Education League with several other clergymen, who, like himself, were nearly hopeless about a compulsory National Education, in which measure alone they saw hope for the masses; but he subsequently withdrew, and gave his warm allegiance to Mr. Forster's Act, for the same reasons as his friend, a London Rector, who says:

"I ceased to take any interest in the League after it had done its work; that of rousing a reluctant Government to do something. That something the Government did by Mr. Forster's help; and after the Elementary Act was passed the League to me was dead. It had done its work, and that a good work. So far as I can judge of its work since, I think that work such that a liberal clergyman cannot approve it. It has become narrow and sectarian, while pretending to be Catholic and liberal, and its speakers and supporters are generally unjust to the National Church."

At this Congress, the subject of the Medical Education of Women was discussed, and he made acquaintance with Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who had herself taken a medical degree, and had

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practised for twenty-five years as a consulting physician in America. She was afterwards a welcome guest at Eversley and Chester, and has kindly contributed her recollections of these visits.

"My dear Mrs. Kingsley,

"I think that no sketch of Canon Kingsley's life would be complete without some record of his constant and even enthusiastic interest in the subject of the medical education of women. I never shall forget the words he spoke to me, when (returning to my native land after a long absence) I met him for the first time in Bristol.

"'You are one of my heroes!' was the greeting—words of recognition which filled me with gratitude, and seemed a rich reward for a life of effort. He then proceeded to tell me of the profound interest with which, for many years, he had watched the gradual growth of woman's endeavor to obtain the advantages of a thorough medical education; and how, 'from his inmost soul, he gave it a hearty God-speed.' Through the years that followed, he showed himself a constant and ardent friend of this noble cause; always ready to give information or advice in relation to any plans for its advancement. The old fir woods of Eversley, and the distant mountain views of Chester, will always be associated in my mind with the long walks we took together; when, with wonderful earnestness and eloquence, he poured forth the treasures of his experience for my guidance, listening eagerly to every sign of progress, carefully considering every suggestion; anxious only, with the whole force of his nature, to give wisdom and support to one who was carrying on this cherished work of his. During the few years that I knew him, he was always ready, no matter how busy or how tired he might be, to give thought and aid to any plan for carrying on the work. Only a few weeks before he left us, in December of 1874, I saw him several times at the Cloisters, Westminster, in relation to a proposed plan for securing medical degrees to women. Although his health was broken, and he was suffering from over-work, he entered upon this subject with his customary enthusiasm; gave it his most careful consideration, and agreed (with your cordial approbation, dear Mrs. Kingsley) to become chairman of the committee which was being formed for the purpose of carrying out this important measure. I have full faith that the accomplishment of no providential work can be really hindered by the departure of any individual worker; but I know that our cause has suffered a heavy loss in the death of your noble husband; and with grateful remembrance I offer this record of his large-hearted and intelligent sympathy.

"I remain, my dear Friend, affectionately yours,

"Elizabeth Blackwell, M.D."

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In November he went down to Chester to be installed as Canon, and was most kindly received by the Dean and the Chapter, with whom for the next three years he worked so harmoniously.

On the 2nd of December, he and his daughter embarked at Southampton for the West Indies.

It would be a twice told tale to those who have read his "At Last" to do more than glance at his account of the voyage and its new experiences, the historic memories of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Richard Grenville, and many of England's forgotten worthies woke up by the sight of the Azores, and of all he felt at finding himself on the track of the "old sea heroes," Drake and Hawkins, Carlile and Cavendish, Cumberland, Preston, Frobisher, and Duddely, Keymis and Widdon—and of the first specimen of the Gulf-weed which brought back "the memorable day when Columbus's ship plunged her bows into the tangled ocean meadow, and the sailors were ready to mutiny, fearing hidden shoals, ignorant that they had four miles of blue water beneath their keel,"—and of the awe which the poet and the man of science must needs feel at that first sight of the "Sargasso sea, and of the theories connected with it—not wholly impossible—of a sunken Atlantic continent—and of his enjoyment of the glorious cloudland, and the sudden sunsets when

> 'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
> At one stride comes the dark;'

to be succeeded after balmy nights by the magnificent pageant of tropic sunlight"—and of the first sight of the New World, and the look out for Virgin Gorda, one of those numberless islands which Columbus discovered on St. Ursula's day, and of the arrival at St. Thomas, with its scarlet and purple roofs piled up among orange trees, and the first glimpse of a tropic hill-side. "Oh! for a boat to get into that paradise!" and how the boat was got; and how he leapt out on a sandy beach—and then the revelation of tropic vegetation, and the unmistakable cocoa-nut trees, and the tall aloes, and the grey-blue Cerei, and the bright deep green of a patch of Guinea grass;—and the astonishment which swallowed up all other emotions at the wonderful wealth of life—and the "effort, at first in vain, to fix our eyes on some one dominant or typical form, while every form was clamoring as it were to be looked at, and a fresh Dryad gazed out of every bush, and with wooing eyes asked

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to be wooed—and the drooping boughs of the shoregrape with its dark velvet leaves and crimson midrib, and the fragrant Frangipane, and the first cocoa-nut, and the mangrove swamp, and then the shells—the old friends never seen till now but in cabinets at home, earnests that all was not a dream; the prickly pinna, the great strombi, with the outer shell broken away, disclosing the rosy cameo within and looking on the rough beach pitifully tender and flesh-like; and the lumps of coral, all to be actually picked up and handled—and the first tropic orchid, and the first wild pines clinging parasitic on the boughs of strange trees, or nestling among the angular shoots of the columnar Cereus;" and the huge green calabashes, the playthings of his childhood, alive and growing; and how "up and down the sand we wandered collecting shells, till we rowed back to the ship over white sand where grew the short manati grass, and where the bottom was stony, we could see huge prickly sea urchins, huger brainstone corals, round and grey, and above, sailing over our heads, flocks of brown and grey pelicans, to show us where we were—and met the fleet of negro boats laden with bunches of plantains, yams, green oranges, sugar cane;" and then the steaming down the islands, and the sight of the Lesser Antilles, the beauty and grandeur of which exceeded all his boyish dreams; and St. Kitts with its great hill, which took, in Columbus's imagination, the form of the giant St. Christopher bearing on his shoulder the infant Christ—and how "from the ship we beheld with wonder and delight, the pride of the West Indies, the Cabbage Palms—well named by botanists the Oreodoxa, the glory of the mountains—grey pillars, smooth and cylindrical as those of a Doric temple, each carrying a flat head of darkest green;" and how Guadaloupe, Dominica, and Martinique were passed, and St. Vincent and its souffrière gazed on with awe and reverence—and the beautiful St. Lucia with its wonderful Pitons, and through the Grenadines to Grenada, the last of the Antilles, as now the steamer ran dead south for seventy miles, and on St. Thomas Day, at early dawn,

"We became aware of the blue mountains of North Trinidad a-head of us; to the west the island of the Dragon's Mouth, and westward again, a cloud among the clouds—the last spur of the Cordilleras of the Spanish Main. There was South America at last; and as a witness that this, too, was no dream, the blue waters

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of the Windward Isles changed suddenly into foul bottle-green. The waters of the Orinoco, waters from the peaks of the Andes far away, were staining the sea around us. With thoughts full of three great names, connected as long as civilized men shall remain, with those waters—Columbus, Raleigh, Humboldt—we steamed on . . . . and then saw before us . . . . to the eastward, the northern hills of Trinidad, forest clad down to the water; to the south a long line of coast, generally level with the water's edge, green with mangroves or dotted with cocoa palms. That was the Gulf of Paria and Trinidad beyond. . . . . In half-an-hour more we were on shore, amid negroes, coolies, Chinese, French, Spaniards, short-legged Guaraon dogs and black vultures."

On the voyage he had been able to write home more than once, and to telegraph from St. Thomas.

Christmas found him the guest of his kind friend Sir Arthur Gordon, Governor of Trinidad, at the Cottage, Port of Spain, the earthly Paradise which he had reached at last.

THE COTTAGE, PORT OF SPAIN.

TRINIDAD, *January* 23, 1870.

". . . You may conceive the delight with which I got your letter, and M——'s, and to think that the telegram should have arrived on Christmas Day! No wonder the intellect of Eversley was puzzled to find out how it came. You may tell them that Mr. Dunlop, Consul-General at Cuba, who went out with us, took a telegram for us to Havana, whence there is telegraph to New York, and so to England, and as it went by government hands, had priority of all. It is delightful to think that by now you have got our letters. . . . . As for us, we are perfectly well. I have not been so well this seven years. I have been riding this week six to eight hours a day, through primeval forests, mud, roots, gullies, and thickets, such that had I anticipated them, I would have brought out breeches and boots. English mud is but a trifle to tropical. But I have had no fall, and never got wet, and as for what I have seen, no tongue can tell. We have got many curiosities, and lots of snakes. I have only seen one alligator, about five to six feet long, and marks only of deer and capo. But I have seen one of the mud volcanoes! As for scenery, for vastness and richness mingled, I never saw its like. Oh that I could transport you to the Monserrat hills for one hour. We can get no photographs, so that I know not how to make you conceive it all. The woods are now vermilion with Bois Immortel; in a fortnight they will be golden with Poui (all huge trees). I have seen a tree which for size beats all I ever dreamed of, a Sand-box, forty-

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four feet round and seventy-five feet (we got down a liana and measured it) to the first fork, which did not seem half up the tree. But with too many of these giants, you can get no good view, their heads being lost in the green world above. But I have seen single trees left in parks over one hundred and twenty feet, with vast flat heads, which are gardens of orchids, &c., and tons of lianas hanging down from them, and the spurs of their roots like walls of board as high as a man. On Tuesday we start again for the north coast, then a short dash to the east, and then home. I have resisted all solicitations and invitations, and poor F. H—— being ill, gives me a plain reason for keeping my promise to you. Besides, I have seen enough already to last me my life. I keep saying, 'I cannot *not* have been in the tropics.' And as I ride, I jog myself, and say, You stupid fellow, wake up. Do you see that? and that? Do you know where you are? and my other self answers, Don't bother. I have seen so much, I can't take in any more, and I don't care about it all. So I am in a state of intellectual repletion, indigestion, and shall take full twelvemonths to assimilate and arrange the mass of new impressions. I assure you I am very careful. I had to lie off a mangrove swamp in burning sun, very tired, after having ridden four hours, and been shoved over the mud in a canoe among the calling crabs, by three niggers, and I did not feel it the least, though the mud stank, and the wind was off shore, because before I got into the canoe, I took a good dose of quinine, which I always carry. Moreover, there are some wonderful angostura bitters (the same which cured Humboldt of his fever) which people take here before dinner, or when wet, tired, or chilly, and their effect is magical. I shall bring some home, and get Heynes to try them on the next case of ague or low fever. They are tonic, not alcoholic. I have kept a great number of notes, and must make more. But this week I have travelled too fast, and have had no luggage, save at my saddle-bow. It is a glorious life in the forest, and I should like six months of it without stopping, if it did not rain. But the dry season is coming on now, and it is growing delightfully cool."

Seven weeks passed quickly in the enjoyment, not only of the scenery that he has described in "At Last," the memories of which were fresh as ever on his death-bed, but in companionship with one whose society was a continual charm, who had attracted him from the first hour he spent in his society two years before, and with whom, living at so high a level and with such noble aims, he could commune on the deeper subjects, dear to both. Thanks to this kind host, to whom he had now grown strongly attached, and to whom he owed one of the most delightful episodes of his life, he took

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leave of lovely Trinidad refreshed in brain, strengthened in health, enriched with beautiful memories, and in the possession of a friendship which was true to the last. Sir Arthur Gordon little thought that in five years he should be standing by Charles Kingsley's grave at Eversley, before himself setting sail for a still greater work in the Fiji Islands, than the government of Trinidad or the Mauritius.

He left St. Thomas by a different track to that by which he came, running northward between Tortola and Virgin Gorda toward the Gulf-stream—or Drake's Channel, as it had been named since 1575; a more advantageous course for a homeward bound ship, as it strikes the Gulf-stream soonest and keeps it longest. The voyage was successful, and notwithstanding a fatality among the live-stock, and the death of an ant-eater and an alligator, "who wept crocodile tears before his departure," the kinkajou and the parrot, who were bound for Eversley Rectory, survived, and towards the end of February

"The Land's End was visible, and as we neared the Lizard we could see not only the lighthouses on the cliff, and every well-known cave and rock from Mullion and Kynance round to St. Keverne, but far inland likewise; and regrets for the lovely western paradise were all swallowed up with bright thoughts of the cold northern home as 'we ran northwards for the Needles. With what joy we saw at last the white wall of the island glooming dim ahead. With what joy we first discerned that huge outline of a visage, on Freshwater Cliff, so well known to sailors. . . . .' With what joy did we round the old Needles and run past Hurst Castle, and with what shivering, too. . . . . At first an English winter was a change for the worse. Fine old oaks and beeches looked to us, fresh from ceibas and volatas, like leafless brooms stuck into the ground by their handles; while the want of light was for some days painful and depressing. But we had done it, and within the three months, as we promised. As the king in the old play says, 'What has been, has been, and I've had my hour.' At least we had seen it, and we could not unsee it. We could *not* have been in the tropics."

And now returned he settled down in the parish with renewed vigor, though feeling the change of climate almost as cruelly as his son, who arrived at the same moment from South America. The parish benefited by their respective travels at Penny Readings

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and in their visits to the cottagers. He loved to give his people the results of his own and his children's new experiences in life; for in a certain sense Eversley had advanced a step in intelligent sympathy with the great world outside. It was the same Eversley, and yet different to what it had been when he first came there twenty-eight years before. His own personal influence, and the influence of new circumstances, had told upon it. It was no longer the secluded spot it had been in his curate days, or even at a later period, when he loved to dwell on its "monotony" as "so pleasant in itself, morally pleasant and morally useful."

The monotony was broken occasionally by very startling incidents—the neighborhood of Aldershot bringing flying columns to the Flats and Bramshill Park. Engineering parties camped out and wells were sunk on the newly-enclosed glebe land, as for an advancing army; artillery wagons rumbled past the quiet rectory, and bugle calls were heard at all hours by the Rector and his people. Now and then, too, the monotony was broken by quite another excitement, for a great heath fire would break out on the Flats, and sometimes encroached on the firs at Bramshill Park, and committed havoc among them.

"At such a time," says a friend, "the Rector was all activity. On one occasion the fire began during the time of divine service. A messenger posted down to the church in hot haste, to call out the men; and Mr. Kingsley, leaving the curate to finish the service, rushed to the scene of action, taking a flying leap, in surplice, hood, and stole, over the churchyard palings. The fire was an extensive one; but he, armed with a bill-hook, and now divested of everything ecclesiastical, was everywhere, organizing bands of beaters, and, begirt with smoke and flame, resisting the advance of the fire at every advantageous point. For many nights subsequently watchers were placed in the woods; and at a late hour (between 11 P.M. and 2 A.M.) Mr. Kingsley would sally forth and go the rounds, carefully inspecting the country as he went, cheering the watchers with kind hearty words of encouragement—himself intensely interested in the general picturesqueness of the event, and excited by the feeling that the alarm might be given at any moment, and the firs which he loved so dearly be wrapped in flame."

On the 1st of May he took possession of "the Residence" in Abbey Square, Chester, for three months. His Dean, to whom he gave glad allegiance and under whom he worked for three years,

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received him with cordial kindness; and it was a happy circumstance and an important one to him that the first cathedral with which he was connected, was one where the reverent worship and admirable arrangements made every service in which he joined congenial and elevating. Choral services had hitherto had little attraction for him: the slovenliness which in by-gone years characterised them in some places, having shocked him from the æsthetic and still more from the religious point of view. Had this been the case at Chester it would have been a serious drawback to the happiness of his life while there. But all was in harmony with the ideal of Christian worship. And the dignity of the services, the reverence of all who conducted them, from its visitor, the Bishop much beloved, who was always present (except when diocesan business called him away), down to the little chorister boys, impressed him deeply. It filled the new Canon's heart with thankfulness that the lot had fallen to him in a cathedral, where dean, precentor, organist, choir master and lay clerks all worked earnestly to one end; and he could say with truth, as day by day he entered the venerable cloisters, "How amiable are Thy dwellings, O Lord, Thou God of hosts. My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord. One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house." The early morning daily services were his great refreshment, and seemed to hallow the day to him, and many peaceful moments did he spend in the old chapter house, in reading and prayer, before the clergy and choir assembled for worship, at eight o'clock A.M.

The Sunday services, including the vast nave congregation in the evening, were exciting and exhausting; but through all, he experienced an abiding satisfaction of soul, a sense of the fitness of things, which was quite unexpected to himself and to those who had known his previous habit of life and feeling. Without professing to understand music, he had always felt it, as a man of his genius and fine organization necessarily must: but at Chester it revealed itself to him in the cathedral worship, and in daily intercourse with his friend the Precentor, he soon learned to look and long for particuar anthems and services with eagerness and appreciation.

A few days after arriving at Chester he took the chair for the Dean at a meeting of the Archæological Society, and on being

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asked whether he belonged to the old Kingsley family once in Cheshire, said:

"His own feeling in coming to Chester was that he was coming home, for although he was landless, his ancestors had not been. He confessed to a feeling of pride in his connection with Cheshire, and to the mention of his name in the old Tarporley hunting song:

'In right of his bugle and greyhounds to sieze
Waif, pannage, agistment, and wind-fallen trees;
His knaves through our forest Ralph Kingsley dispersed,
Bow-bearer-in-chief to Earl Randall the First.

* This Horn the Grand Forester wore at his side
Whene'er his liege lord chose a-hunting to ride—
By Sir Ralph and his heirs for a century blown,
It passed from his lips to the mouth of a Done.'

He was glad to come to a county where many of his kin had lived, and where he had many friends, and he had no higher ambition than to live and die Canon of Chester. He was by no means an ambitious man, as the world called a man ambitious. All he wanted was time to do his work and write his books; and if in anything set on foot in this ancient city—any movement connected with literary and scientific societies or mechanics' institutes—he might be able to help in his humble way, he was at the service of the good citizens of Chester. He did not wish to thrust himself forward, to originate anything grand, or to be in anybody's way; but if they could find him reasonable work, as he was a rather overworked man, he would be happy to do it, without any regard to creed, politics, or rank in any way whatsoever. He thanked the gentlemen who had said so much in his favor, and hoped he should not forfeit the good opinion they had somewhat hastily formed of him."

Besides the daily services, which were an occupation in themselves, and the preparation of his sermons, he was anxious to get some regular week-day work that would bring the cathedral and the town in close contact. As usual his heart turned to the young men, whose time on long spring and summer evenings might be

* The bugle horn, alluded to in the old song, and which is in his coat of arms, was the one which his ancestors, as Foresters to Earl Randall, had the right to wear. The grandson of this Ranulph, Ralph de Kingsley, married Mabilla de Moston in 1233, and the same coat of arms, "vert a cross engrailed ermine on an escocheon of pretence Argent, a bugle strung sable," have been carried by the family through many reverses to the present day.

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turned to account, and he offered to start a little class on physical science, expecting to have perhaps at most sixteen to twenty young shopmen and clerks. Botany was the chosen subject, and in a small room belonging to the city library, on the walls, he began—the black board and a bit of white chalk being as usual of important help to the lectures, which he illustrated throughout. The class soon increased so much in numbers that he had to migrate to a larger room—a walk and a field lecture was proposed once a week—and the party was watched from the walls with surprise, and once the gathering was so large that a man who met them supposed them to be a congregation going off to the opening of a Dissenting chapel in the country. This was the beginning of the Chester Natural History Society, which now numbers between five and six hundred members, with president, secretary, monthly meeting report, regular summer excursions, and winter courses.

"I am very happy here," he writes to Mr. Froude. "I have daily service, which is very steadying and elevating. Plenty of work in the place. I have started a botanical class for middle-class young men, which seems to go well; an opportunity of preaching to shrewd, able Northern men, who can understand and respond; and time to work at physical science—the only thing I care for much now—for it is the way of God who made all; while,—

> 'All the windy ways of men
> Are but dust which rises up
> And is lightly laid again.'"

He occasionally preached in the diocese during his first residence, the Dean being anxious that the work of the chapter should extend beyond the cathedral city, and on one occasion he preached a sermon for the Kirkdale Ragged School, in June, which made a deep impression, and was much quoted from by Liverpool newspapers, under the heading of "Canon Kingsley on Human Soot." "I remember," says a clergyman who heard him on this occasion, "that marvellous sermon on 'Human Soot.' It made me more than ever know the magnificent mental calibre of the man. Canon Kingsley was one of a few, and they giants. . . ."

We now return to the letters for the year. Among them are two on "Woman's Rights;" the date of the last is uncertain, but both are significant of his latest views on this question.

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TO MRS. PETER TAYLOR.

CHESTER, *May* 27, 1870.

"I have the honor of acknowledging your letter respecting the Women's Suffrage Question. If I, as one who has the movement at heart more intensely than I choose to tell any one, and also as one who is not unacquainted with the general public opinion of England, might dare to give advice, it would be, not in the direction of increased activity, but in that of increased passivity. Foolish persons have 'set up the British Lion's back,' with just fears and suspicions. Right-minded, but inexperienced persons, have set up his back with unjust (though pardonable) fears and suspicions. I do not hesitate to say, that a great deal which has been said and done by women, and those who wish to support women's rights, during the last six months, has thrown back our cause. I will not, nay, I utterly decline to, enter into details. But that what I say is true, I know, and know too well. We shall not win by petitions. The House of Commons cares nothing for them. It knows too well how they can be got up, and takes for granted that we shall get up ours in the same way.

"By pamphleteering we shall not win. Pamphlets now are too common. They melt on the debauched and distracted sensorium of the public, like snow on water. By quiet, modest, silent, private influence, we shall win. 'Neither strive nor cry, nor let your voice be heard in the streets,' was good advice of old, and is still. I have seen many a movement succeed by it. I have seen many a movement tried by the other method, of striving, and crying, and making a noise in the street. But I have never seen one succeed thereby, and never shall. I do not hesitate to say, that unless this movement is kept down to that tone of grace, and modesty, and dignity, which it would always be by you, madam, were you the only leader, and which would make it acceptable to the mass of cultivated and experienced, and therefore justly powerful, Englishmen and English women, it will fail only by the fault of its supporters.

"I warn you of a most serious danger. I have found that when the question has been put in its true, practical, rational light, to men and women who had the greatest horror of it from prejudice, their consciences and reasons gave way at once, and they were ready to submit and agree. But I have found, alas! that within a week, some one or other had said or done something premature, or even objectionable, which threw back the process of conversion. This is the true cause of our seemingly unexpected failure. And I entreat you, as one who never by word or deed, as far as I have known, have contributed to that failure, and for whom I have so profound a respect, to control, instead of exciting, just now, those over whom you have, and ought to have, influence."

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About this time Mr. John Stuart Mill, hearing that Mr. Kingsley had withdrawn more or less from the movement, wrote to ask him his reasons. The mode of procedure of some of its advocates had shocked him so, that he refused to attend any meetings, and the only branch of the subject to which he willingly gave his influence latterly was the Medical education of women, which he had held for years (long before the question of "Women's Suffrage" was mooted) was one of the deepest importance, and which to the last had his entire sympathy.

TO JOHN STUART MILL, ESQ.

CHESTER.

"MY DEAR MR. MILL,

"As you have done me the unexpected honor of asking my opinion on an important matter, I can only answer you with that frankness which is inspired by confidence and respect. 1. I do not think that ladies speaking can have had, or can have, any adverse influence. You used, I doubt not, your usual wisdom in opposing Miss ——'s speaking at a public meeting, and, as yet, but only as yet, I should think such a move premature. That I think women ought to speak in public, in any ideal, or even truly civilized society and polity, I hope I need not tell you. My fear is, not so much that women should speak, as *who* the women are who speak. . .

"There exist, in all ranks of the English, and in none more than in the highest rank, women brave, prudent, pure, wise, tried by experience and sorrow, highly cultivated and thoughtful too, whose influence is immense, and is always exercised for good, as far as they see their way. And unless we can get these, of all ranks, and in each rank, down to the very lowest, to be 'the leaders of fashion,' for good, instead of evil, we shall not succeed. I am pained, in a very large acquaintance of all ranks, to find the better rather than the worse women against us, to find that foolish women, of no sound or coherent opinions, and of often questionable morals . . . . are inclined to patronise us in the most noisy and demonstrative way. I am aware of the physical and psychical significance of this fact. I know, and have long foreseen, that what our new idea has to beware of, lest it should be swamped thereby, is hysteria, male and female. Christianity was swamped by it from at least the third to the sixteenth century, and if we wish to save ourselves from the same terrible abyss, and to—I quote my dear friend Huxley's words, with full agreement, though giving them a broader sense than he would as yet—'to reconstruct society according to science,' we must steer clear of the hysteric element, which I define as the fancy and emotions unduly excited by suppressed sexual excitement. It is all the more necessary to do this, if we intend to attack 'social evils,' *i.e.*,

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sexual questions, by the help of woman raised to her proper place. That you mean to do so I take for granted. That I do, I hope you take for granted. If not, I should be glad some day to have the honor of talking over with you this whole matter, on which I have long thought, and on which I have arrived at conclusions which I keep to myself as yet, and only utter as Greek φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι, the principle of which is, that there will never be a good world for woman, till the last monk, and therewith the last remnant of the monastic idea of, and legislation for, woman, *i.e.*, the canon law, is civilized off the earth.

"Meanwhile, all the most pure and high-minded women in England, and in Europe, have been brought up under the shadow of the canon law, have accepted it, with their usual divine self-sacrifice, as their destiny by law of God and nature; and consider their own womanhood outraged, when it, their tyrant, is meddled with. It is to them, therefore, if we wish (as I do) for a social revolution, that we must address ourselves mildly, privately, modestly, rationally. Public meetings drive them away, for their experiences, difficulties, wrongs, are too sacred to be detailed even before women of whom they are not sure, much more before men, most of all before a press, which will report, and next morning cynically comment on, the secrets of their hearts. A free press—with all its innumerable advantages—is the great barrier (I say it to you deliberately) to the moving in this matter of that great mass of matrons for whom, in the long run, the movement is set on foot; and by whom alone it can be carried out. At least, so it seems to me, who fight, not for the maiden so much as for the matron, because, if the mother be benefited, the child is benefited in her. And therefore I deprecate the interference in this movement of unmarried women. . . . . But I see with pain this movement backed up by ——, and ——, and by other men and women who, unknown themselves to the English nation, and knowing nothing of it, and its actual opinions and habits for good or evil, in a word, sectarians (whether they know it or not), seem ready to scramble back into a society which they have in some cases forfeited, by mixing themselves up with questions which it is not for such as they to speak of, either in the study or the forum. I object, also, to the question of woman's right to vote or to labor, and above all, to woman's right to practise as physicians and surgeons, being mixed up with social, *i.e.*, sexual questions. Of woman's right to be a medical practitioner, I hold (as perhaps you may do me the honor to be aware) that it is perhaps the most important social question hanging over us. I believe that if once women can be allowed to practise as freely as men, the whole question of the relation of the sexes, according to natural laws, and, therefore, according to what I believe to be the will and mind of God, the author of nature [will be made clear]. . . . But for that very reason, I am the more anxious that women should not

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meddle with these sexual questions, first, before they have acquired a sound, and also a general, scientific physiological training, which shall free them from sentiment, and confine them to physical laws and fact, on these matters. Second, before they have so accustomed the public to their ministrations, as to show them that they are the equals of men in scientific knowledge and practical ability (as they are); and more, that they know, as women, a hundred woman's secrets, which no one but a woman can know truly, and which it is a disgrace to modern civilization that a man should have the right of trying to interpret. Therefore I deprecate, most earnestly, all the meddling, however pure-minded, humane, &c., which women have brought to bear on certain questions during the last six months. I do not say that they are wrong. Heaven forbid! But I do say, that by so doing they are retarding, it may be for generations, the cause which they are trying to serve. And I do say (for I have seen it), that they are thereby mixing themselves up with the fanatical of both sexes; with the vain and ambitious, and worst of all, with the prurient. Prurience, sir, by which I mean lust, which, unable to satisfy itself in act, satisfies itself by contemplation, usually of a negative and seemingly virtuous and Pharisaic character, vilifying, like St. Jerome in his cell at Bethlehem, that which he dare not do, and which is, after all, only another form of hysteria—that is the evil which we have to guard against, and we shall not do so, unless we keep about this whole movement a tone of modesty, delicacy, lofty purity, which (whatever it knows, and perhaps it knows all) will not, and dare not, talk aloud about it. That tone will not be kept, if we allow the matrons, and after them the maidens (by whom I mean women still under the influence of their fathers and mothers), or women having by their own property a recognised social position, to be turned out of sight in this movement by 'emancipated' women.

"I know that the line is very difficult to draw. I see how we must be tempted to include, nay, to welcome as our best advocates, women who are smarting under social wrongs, who can speak on behalf of freedom with an earnestness like that of the escaped slave. But I feel that we must resist that temptation; that our strength lies not in the abnormal, but in the normal type of womanhood. And I must say, that any sound reformation of the relations between woman and man, must proceed from women who have fulfilled well their relations as they now exist, imperfect and unjust as they are. That only those who have worked well in harness, will be able to work well out of harness; and that only those that have been (as tens of thousands of women are every day) rulers over a few things will be fit to be rulers over many things; and I hold this—in justice to myself I must say it—not merely on grounds 'theological' so-called, but on grounds without which the 'theological' weigh with me very little—grounds material and physiological—on

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that *voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*, to which I try, humbly though confusedly, to submit all my conclusions.

"Meanwhile, I shall do that which I have been doing for years past. Try to teach a noble freedom, to those whom I see most willing, faithful, conscientious in their slavery, through the path of self-sacrifice; and to influence their masters likewise, to see in that self-sacrifice something far more divine than their own self-assertion. To show them that wherever man and wife are really happy together, it is by ignoring and despising, not by asserting the subordination of woman to man, which they hold in theory. To set forth in every book I write (as I have done for twenty-five years) woman as the teacher, the natural and therefore divine, guide, purifier, inspirer of the man. And so, perhaps, I may be as useful to the cause of chivalry, dear equally to you and me, as if I attended many meetings, and spoke, or caused to be spoken, many speeches."

TO PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

EVERSLEY, *August* 8, 1870.

"Accept my loving congratulations to you and your people. The day which dear Bunsen used to pray, with tears in his eyes, might not come till the German people were ready, has come, and the German people are ready.

"Verily God is just; and rules, too, whatever the press may think to the contrary.

"My only fear is, lest the Germans should think of Paris, which cannot concern them, and turn their eyes away from that which does concern them, the re-taking Elsass (which is their own), and leaving the Frenchman no foot of the Rhine-bank. To make the Rhine a word not to be mentioned by the French henceforth, ought to be the one object of wise Germans, and that alone. In any case, with love to dear G——, I am yours, full of delight and hope for Germany."

To another friend he writes:—

"As for the war, I dare not give opinion on it. It is the most important event since the Revolution of 1793, and we are too near it yet to judge of it fairly. My belief is, that it will work good for generations to come. But at what an awful price!"

TO ALFRED WALLACE, ESQ., F.L.S.

EVERSLEY, *October* 22, 1870.

"I have read your 'Essay on Natural Selection' with equal delight and profit.

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"I wish you would re-consider pages 276–285. The facts, of course, are true, as all yours are sure to be; but I have never been able to get rid of the belief, that every grain of sand washed down by a river—by the merest natural laws—is designedly put in the exact place where it will be needed some time or other; or that the ugliest beast (though I confess the puzzle here is stranger), and the most devilish, has been created because it is beautiful and useful to some being or other. In fact, I believe not only in 'special providences,' but in the whole universe as one infinite complexity of special providences. I only ask you to extend to all nature the truth you have so gallantly asserted for man—'That the laws of organic development have been occasionally used for a special end, just as man uses them for his special ends.' Page 370.

"Omit 'occasionally,' and say 'always,' and you will complete your book and its use. In any case, it will be a contribution equally to science and to natural theology." *

TO MATTHEW ARNOLD.

EVERSLEY, *November* 1, 1870.

"I have at last had time to read carefully your 'Culture and Anarchy,' and here is my verdict if you care for it. That it is an exceeding wise and true book; and likely, as such, to be little listened to this autumn, † but to sink into the ground and die, and bear fruit next spring, when the spring comes. For me, born a barbarian, and bred a Hebrew of the Hebrews, it has been of solid comfort and teaching. I have had for years past an inkling that in Hellenism was our hope. I have been ashamed of myself, as a clergyman, when I caught myself saying to myself that I had rather have been an old Greek than an Englishman. Your book has justified me to myself, while it showed me where I was ungrateful to God and wrong. I will not trouble you with more talk, for it will be far worse than that which you can say to yourself any day; but I must thank you for the book, as a moral tonic, as well as an intellectual purge. Ah, that I could see you, and talk with you. But here I am, trying to do my quiet work; and given up, now, utterly, to physical science—which is my business in the Hellenic direction."

* "Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection: A Series of Essays," by Alfred Russell Wallace. The chapter referred to at pages 276–85 is headed, "Adaptation brought about by General Laws." The passage is too long to quote.

† French and Prussian War-time.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

1871.

AGED 52.

Lecture on "The Theology of the Future" at Sion College—Expeditions of the Chester Natural Science Society—Lectures on Town Geology—Race Week at Chester—Letters on Betting—Camp at Bramshill—The Prince of Wales in Eversley—Prince of Wales's Illness—Lecture to Royal Artillery Officers at Woolwich.

IN January he gave a lecture by request at Sion College. The subject he chose was "The Theology of the Future,"* in which he urged on the clergy the necessity of facing the great scientific facts of the day, and asserted his own belief in final causes.

"I wish to speak," he says, "not on natural religion, but on natural theology. By the first I understand what can be learnt from the physical universe of man's duty to God and his neighbor; by the latter I understand what can be learned concerning God Himself. Of natural religion I shall say nothing. I do not even affirm that a natural religion is possible; but I do very earnestly believe that a natural theology is possible; and I earnestly believe also that it is most important that natural theology should, in every age, keep pace with doctrinal or ecclesiastical theology. . . . ."

He goes on to speak of Bishop Butler, Berkeley, and Paley, the three greatest of our natural theologians, and of the strong fact, that the clergy of the Church of England, since the foundation of the Royal Society in the 17th century, have done more for sound physical science than the clergy of any other denomination; and expresses his belief that if our orthodox thinkers for the last hundred years had followed steadily in their steps, we should not now be deploring the wide and, as some think, widening gulf between

* This lecture, or rather part of it, is incorporated into the preface of his "Westminster Sermons," published in 1874.

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science and Christianity. He considers Goethe's claims to have advanced natural theology as very much over-rated, but strongly recommends to the younger clergy "Herder's Outlines of the Philosophy of the History of Man" as a book, in spite of certain defects, full of sound and precious wisdom.

He speaks of certain popular hymns of the present day as proofs of an unhealthy view of the natural world, with a savor hanging about them of the old monastic theory of the earth being the devil's planet instead of God's, and gives characteristic instances, contrasting their key-note with that of the 104th, 147th, and 148th Psalms, and the noble Benedicite Omnia Opera of our Prayer-book. Again, he contrasts the Scriptural doctrine about the earth being cursed with the popular fancies on the same point. He speaks of the 139th Psalm as a "marvellous essay on natural theology," and of its pointing to the important study of embryology, which is now occupying the attention of Owen, Huxley, and Darwin. Then he goes on to "Race," and "the painful and tremendous facts" which it involves, which must all be faced; believing himself that here, as elsewhere, Science and Scripture will be ultimately found to coincide. He presses the study of Darwin's Fertilization of Orchids (whether his main theory be true or not) as a most valuable addition to natural theology. Then, after an eloquent protest against the "child-dream of a dead universe governed by an absent God," which Carlyle and even Goethe have "treated with noble scorn," he speaks of that "nameless, invisible, imponderable," yet seeming omnipresent, thing which scientific men are finding below all phenomena, which the scalpel and the microscope can show—the life which shapes and makes—that "unknown and truly miraculous element in nature, the mystery of which for ever engrossing, as it does, the noblest minded of our students of science, is yet for ever escaping them while they cannot escape it." He calls on the clergy to have courage to tell them—what will sanctify, while it need never hamper, their investigations—that this perpetual and omnipresent miracle is no other than the Breath of God: The Spirit who is The Lord, and The Giver of Life. "Let us only wait," he says—"let us observe—let us have patience and faith. Nominalism, and that 'sensationalism' which has sprung from Nominalism, are running fast to seed; Comtism seems to me its supreme effort, after which the whirligig of Time may bring round

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its revenges; and Realism, and we who hold the Realist creeds, may have our turn."

"I sometimes dream," he adds, "of a day when it will be considered necessary that every candidate for ordination should be required to have passed creditably in at least one branch of physical science, if it be only to teach him the method of sound scientific thought. And if it be said that the doctrine of evolution, by doing away with the theory of creation, does away with that of final causes—let us answer boldly, Not in the least. We might accept what Mr. Darwin and Professor Huxley have written on physical science, and yet preserve our natural theology on exactly the same basis as that on which Butler and Paley left it. That we should have to develop it, I do not deny. That we should have to relinquish it, I do."

Extracts give a poor conception of the lecture, which made a profound impression, and, as private letters showed, gave hope and comfort to many among those who heard it delivered, or read it afterwards in the pages of "Macmillan's Magazine;" and reprinting it, as he did, only a year before his death, it may be looked on as his last words on his favorite topic, and a last confession of his faith that, If the clergy would only play the great "*rôle*" which is before them, science and the creeds would one day shake hands.

Scientific subjects, and especially the distribution of plants, occupied him much at this time, and the success of his botanical class at Chester the previous year, decided him to follow it up with geology. He was busy, too, with the proofs of his West India book, "At Last."

The work at Chester this year assumed larger proportions, for the botanical class of 1870 had been the nucleus of a Scientific Society in 1871; his geological lectures were much more fully attended, not only the number of members increased, but each member was allowed to bring a lady friend. Consequently, in preparation for walks and field lectures, he had to go over the ground himself a day or two before, to get thoroughly acquainted with its capabilities for geology and botany, and also to arrange for a place of rest and refreshment for the class; and in these researches he was always accompanied by his kind friend, the Precentor, or some member of the Cathedral body, who were always ready with loyal and intelligent help. Expeditions now were taken to more distant spots; the railway authorities had to be consulted

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about trains—they, too, gave most willing help; and, at the appointed hour at the place of meeting, a happy party, numbering sometimes from sixty to a hundred, would find the Canon and his daughters waiting for them on the platform of the railway, he with geological hammer in hand, botany box slung over his shoulder, eager as any of his class for the holiday, but feeling the responsibility of providing teaching and amusement (in the highest sense of that word) for so many, who each and all hung upon his words.

Those were bright afternoons, all classes mingling together; people who had lived next door to each other in Chester for years perhaps without exchanging a word, now met on equal and friendly terms, in pursuit of one ennobling object, and found themselves all travelling in second-class carriages together without distinction of rank or position, to return at the end of the long summer evening to their old city, refreshed and inspirited,—with nosegays of wild flowers, geological specimens, and happy thoughts of God's earth and of their fellow creatures. Perhaps the moral gain was as valuable as the scientific results of these field lectures, uniting Cathedral and town as they did in closer bonds.

The thought of giving importance to the society by adding honorary members now occurred to the president, and he wrote to Sir Charles Lyell, Sir Philip Egerton, Dr. Hooker, Professors Huxley, Tyndall, Hughes, &c., whose distinguished names are all enrolled in the Chester Natural Science Society.

TO SIR CHARLES LYELL.

CHESTER, *June* 22, 1871.

"I have a great favor to ask. Whether you decline or not, I am sure you will not be angry with me for asking. I have just started here a Natural Science Society—the dream of years. And I believe it will 'march.' But I want a few great scientific names as honorary members. That will give my plebs, who are men of all ranks and creeds of course, self-respect; the feeling that they are initiated actually into the great freemasonry of science, and that such men as you acknowledge them as pupils.

"I have put into the hands of my geological class, numbering about sixty, your new 'Students' Elements.' I shall not be rude enough to compliment you on it; but I may say that you seem in it as great as ever. These good fellows, knowing your name, and using your book, would have a fresh incentive to work if they but felt that you were conscious of their existence.

"Let me then beg for your name, to be proposed by me as an

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honorary member. I ask nothing more; but to give that would be not only to help them, but to help me, who already feel the drag of the collar (having to do all myself as far as teaching and inspiriting go) very heavy. . . . .

"Your most faithful and loyal pupil,

"C. KINGSLEY."

Sir Charles not only gave his name, but some of his most valuable works to the infant society.

The room hitherto used at the City Library had now to be given up, and by the Dean's kindness the King's School was used as lecture-room. A preliminary lecture on the subject of physical science was followed by six, which will never be forgotten in Chester, on The Soil of the Field, The Pebbles in the Street, The Stones in the Wall, The Coal in the Fire, the Lime in the Mortar, The Slates on the Roof.* The black-board was in constant use. Many of those who were present must recall the look of inspiration with which his burning words were accompanied, as he went through the various transformations of the coal, till it reached the diamond, and the poetry he threw into his theme as, with kindling eyes, he lifted a lump of coal off the table, and held it up to his breathless listeners.

Never had a man a more appreciative audience—intelligent, enthusiastic, affectionate. "They spring to touch," he would say, "at every point," and never did he receive such a warm grasp of the hand as from men of all ranks in the beloved old city. The Chester residence was one of the dearest episodes of his life, and when he was transferred to Westminster he could not speak of it without tears in his eyes.

The following year the expeditions took place, but his lectures were less frequent. The society, he felt, was well established on a basis of its own; and with him, over-work of brain had brought on a constant lassitude and numbness of the left side, which led him to apprehend coming paralysis, and forced him to confine his work more exclusively to preaching and the never-ceasing correspondence.

It so happened that the first week of his residence in Chester, being always in May, was the race-week, which for the time being

* These lectures, published in 1872 as "Town Geology," were dedicated to the members of the class he loved so well.

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turned the streets of the venerable old city into a sort of Pandemonium. Trade, except in the public-houses, was stagnant, and the temptations of the young men in the middle and lower classes from betting and bad company, with the usual ending of a suicide, and the ruin of many, weighed heavily on his heart, as on that of the Dean and many of the residents. Most of the respectable tradesmen deplored the effect of the race-week, not only on the higher ground of morality, but because the direct losses to trade and to the working-classes which resulted from it were so serious. A series of short papers on "Chester Races and their Attendant Evils" were started, and by the wish of Dean Howson, Mr. Kingsley took the subject of Betting and addressed his letter "To the Young Men of Chester." It is characteristic, and therefore given entire:

"BETTING.—A LETTER TO THE YOUNG MEN OF CHESTER."

"MY DEAR YOUNG MEN,

"The human race may, for practical purposes, be divided into three parts:

"1. Honest men: who mean to do right; and do it.

"2. Knaves: who mean to do wrong; and do it.

"3. Fools: who mean to do whichever of the two is the pleasanter.

"And these last may be divided again into—

"Black fools: who would rather do wrong; but dare not; unless it is the fashion.

"White fools: who would rather do right; but dare not; unless it is the fashion.

"Now the honest men do not need my advice; and the knaves will not take it; neither, I fear, will the black fools. They will agree in their secret hearts, most of them, that every word I say is true. But they do not wish it to be true; and therefore they will tell every one that it is not true, and try to wriggle out from under it by far-fetched excuses, and go back next races, 'like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire,' and bet and gamble boldly, because then that will be the fashion. But of the white fools I have hope. For they are not half bad fellows: some of them, indeed, are very near being very good fellows, and would like so much to do anything which is right and proper—only it takes so much trouble; and perhaps it might look rather odd now and then.

"Now let me ask them—and really I have so much liking for them, that I fear at times I must be one of them myself—in all friendliness and courtesy—Why do you bet and gamble at the races? Consider well what your answer will be. Certainly it will

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not be that you do so to avoid trouble, which you so much dislike in general. For you must confess at once that it is more trouble to bet, more anxiety, and often more grief and sorrow, than it is not to bet, but to leave the matter alone. And while you are preparing your reasons, I will give you two at least of mine, for leaving the matter alone.

"The first reason (which seems to me the strongest reason which can be given against any matter whatsoever,) is this—that betting, and gambling of every kind, is in itself wrong and immoral. I do not say that every man who bets is an immoral man. Far from it: many really honest men bet; but that is because they have not considered what they are doing. Betting is wrong: because it is wrong to take your neighbor's money without giving him anything in return. Earn from him what you will, and as much as you can. All labor, even the lowest drudgery, is honorable; but betting is not laboring nor earning: it is getting money without earning it, and more, it is getting money, or trying to get it, out of your neighbor's ignorance.

"If you and he bet on any event, you think that your horse will win: he thinks that his will; in plain English, you think that you know more about the matter than he: you try to take advantage of his ignorance, and so to conjure money out of his pocket into yours—A very noble and friendly attitude in which to stand to your neighbor, truly. That is the plain English of it: and look at it upwards, downwards, sideways, inside out, you will never make anything out of betting, save this—that it is taking advantage of your neighbor's supposed ignorance.

"But says some one, 'That is all fair, he is trying to do as much by me.' Just so: and that again is a very noble and friendly attitude for two men who have no spite against each other; a state of mutual distrust and unmercifulness, looking each selfishly to his own gain, regardless of the interest of the other. I say, regardless. You know whatever you lose, he will expect you to pay, however much it may inconvenience you: while if he loses you expect him to pay, however much it may inconvenience him. Thus betting is founded on selfishness; and the consequence is, that men who live by betting are, and cannot help being, the most selfish of men, and (I should think) among the most unhappy and pitiable; for if a man who is given up to selfishness, distrust, and cunning, who is tempted every hour to treachery and falsehood, without the possibility of one noble or purifying feeling throughout his whole day's work, or the consciousness that he has done the slightest good to a human being—not even as much good as an old woman at a stall has by selling a penny-worth of apples—if that man is not a pitiable object, I do not know what is.

"But some will say, 'It is not the money I care for, but the amusement.' Excuse me: but if so, why do you bet for money?

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That question I have asked again and again, and have never got an answer. Why do you bet for money, and not counters, or pins, or pebbles? Why, but because you want the money, to buy with it money's worth?

"Of course, I know well enough that plenty of bets pass on every race, which are practically quite harmless. A dozen of kid gloves to a lady—when you know that she will expect you to pay her, while you are bound not to ask her to pay you—he would be a very strait-laced person who could see any great harm in that; any more than in a rubber of sixpenny whist. And yet it would be better for many a young man, for some of the finest fellows of all, men of eager temper, high spirit, delicate honor, if they would make up their mind never to bet, even a shilling; never to play cards, except for love. For gambling, like drinking, grows upon some men, and upon the very finest natures too. And remember, that in betting and gambling, the more honorable man you are, the worst chance you have; gambling is almost the only thing in the world, in which the bad man is the stronger by very virtue of his badness, the good man the weaker by very virtue of his goodness. The man who will not cheat is no match for the man who will. The honorable man who will pay his debts, is no match for the dishonorable man who will not. No match indeed: not even in that last sad catastrophe, which I have seen too often: when the honorable man, throwing good money after bad to recover his losses, grows desperate, tries his hand just once at foul play, and sells his soul—for nothing. For when he borrows the knave's tools, he cannot use them; he is ashamed of himself, hesitating, clumsy; is found out—as I have known such found out: and then—if he does not put a pistol to his own head and blow his brains out, it is not because he does not long, poor wretch, to do so.

"I hold, then, that betting is itself more or less wrong and immoral. But I hold, too, that betting, in three cases out of four, is altogether foolish; so foolish that I cannot understand why the very young men who are fondest of it, should be the very men who are proudest of being considered shrewd, knowing, men of the world, and what not.

"They stake their money on this horse and on that. Now judging of a horse's capabilities is an art, and a very delicate and difficult art, depending first on natural talent, and next on experience, such as not one man in a thousand has. But how many betting young men know anything about a horse, save that he has four legs? How many of them know at sight whether a horse is sound or not? Whether he can stay or not? Whether he is going in good form or not? Whether he is doing his best or not? Probably five out of six of them could not sit on a race-horse without falling off; and then such a youth pretends to himself that he is a judge of the capabilities of a noble brute, who is a much better

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judge of the young gentleman's capabilities, and would prove himself so within five minutes after he had got into the saddle.

"'But they know what the horse has done already.' Yes; but not what the horse might have done. They do not know—no one can, who is not in the secrets of the turf—what the horse's engagements really are; whether he has not been kept back in view of those engagements; whether he will not be kept back again; whether he has not been used to make play for another horse; and—in one word—whether he is meant to win.

"'But they have special information: They have heard sporting men on whom they can rely, report to them this and the other wonderful secret.' Of all the various follies into which vanity, and the wish to seem knowing, and to keep sporting company lead young men—and mere boys often—this I think is about the most absurd. A young lad hangs about the bar of a sporting public-house, spending his money in drink, in hopes of over-hearing what the initiated Mr. This may say to the initiated Mr. That—and goes off with his hearsay, silly fellow, forgetting that Mr. This probably said it out loud to Mr. That in order that he might overhear; that if they have any special information, they will keep it to themselves, because it is their stock-in-trade whereby they live, and they are not going to be foolish enough to give it away to him. Mr. This and That may not be dishonest men; but they hold that in betting, as in love and war, all is fair; they want to make their books, not to make his; and though they very likely tell him a great deal which is to their own advantage, they are neither simple enough, nor generous enough, to tell him much that is to his advantage; or to prevent him from making the usual greenhorn's book by which he stands sure to lose five pounds, and likely to lose fifty.

"'Ah, but the young gentleman has sent his money on commission to a prophet in the newspaper, in whom he has the highest confidence; he has prophesied the winner two or three times at least; and a friend of his sent him money to lay on, and got back ever so much; and he has a wonderful Greek name, Lynceus, or Polyphemus, or Typhlops, or something, and so he must know.' Ah! fool, fool. You know how often the great Polyphemus prophesied the winner, but you do not know how often he did not. Hits count of course; but misses are hushed up. And as for your friend getting money back, if Polyphemus let no one win, his trade would stop. The question is, not whether one foolish lad won by him, but whether five-and-twenty foolish lads did not lose by him. He has his book to make, as well as you, and he wants your money to pay his own debts with if he loses. He has his bread to earn, and he wants your money to earn it with; and as for sending him money, you may as well throw a sovereign down a coal-pit and expect it to come up again with a ton of coals on its back.

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If any young man will not believe me, because I am a parson, let him read, in the last chapter or two of 'Sponge's Sporting Tour,' what was thought of the Enoch Wriggles and Infallible Joes, by a better sportsman and a wiser man, than any Chester betting young gentleman is likely to be.

"'Ah, but the young gentleman has a private friend. He knows a boy in Mr. So and So, or Lord the Other's stables, and he has put him up to a thing or two. He is with the horse day and night; feeds him; knows the jockey who will ride him.' Does he then? What a noble and trustworthy source of information! One on the strength of which it would be really worth a lad's while to disobey his father, make his mother miserable, and then rob his master's till, so sure must he be to realize a grand haul of money! A needy little stable-boy, even a comfortable big groom, who either tells you what he does not know, and so lies, or tells you what he does know, and so is probably a traitor; and who in any case, for the sake of boasting and showing off his own importance, or of getting half a crown and a glass of brandy and water, will tell you anything which comes uppermost. I had almost said he is a fool if he does not. If you are fool enough to buy his facts, his cheapest and easiest plan must be to invent sham facts, and sell them you, while he keeps the real facts for his own use. For he too has his little book to make up; and like every one who bets, must take care of himself first, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him.

"I could say much more, and uglier things still. But to what I have said, I must stand. This used to be the private history of small bettings at races thirty years ago; and from all I hear, things have not grown better, but worse, since that time. But even then, before I took Holy Orders, before even I thought seriously at all, things were so bad that I found myself forced to turn my back on race-courses, not because I did not love to see the horses run—in that old English pleasure, taken simply and alone, I can fully sympathize—but because I found that they tempted me to betting, and that betting tempted me to company, and to passions, unworthy not merely of a scholar and a gentleman, but of an honest and rational bargeman or collier. And I have seen what comes too often of keeping that company, of indulging those passions. I have known men possessed of many virtues, and surrounded with every blessing which God could give, bring bitter shame and ruin, not only on themselves, but on those they loved, because they were too weak to shake off the one passion of betting and gambling. And I have known men mixed up in the wicked ways of the world, and too often yielding to them, and falling into much wrong doing, who have somehow steered through at last, and escaped ruin, and settled down into a respectable and useful old age, simply because they had strength enough

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to say—'Whatever else I may or may not do, bet and gamble I will not.' And I very seriously advise my good friends the White Fools, to make the same resolution, and to keep it.

"Your very good friend,

"C. KINGSLEY.

"*February 1st*, 1871."

The local papers, of course, took up the subject, and he again replied.

The following letter to his eldest son, when quite a boy at a public school, on his telling his father he had put into a lottery without thinking it any harm, will come in appropriately here, though written many years before:

"MY DEAREST BOY,

"There is a matter which gave me much uneasiness when you mentioned it. You said you had put into some lottery for the Derby and had hedged to make safe.

"Now all this is bad, bad, nothing but bad. Of all habits gambling is the one I hate most and have avoided most. Of all habits it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits, however much civilised men may give way to it, it is one of the most intrinsically *savage*. Historically it has been the peace excitement of the lowest brutes in human form for ages past. Morally it is unchivalrous and unchristian.

"1. It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbor's pocket without giving him anything in return.

"2. It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits—or anything else—to your neighbor's harm.

"If you know better than your neighbor you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits—I say the Devil is the only father of it. I'm sure, moreover, that B. would object seriously to anything like a lottery, betting, or gambling.

"I hope you have not won. I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won I should not congratulate you. If you wish to please me, you will give back to its lawful owners the money you have won. If you are a loser in gross thereby, I will gladly reimburse your losses this time. As you had put in you could not in honor draw back till after the event. Now you can give back your money, saying you understand that Mr. B. and your father disapprove of such things, and so gain a very great moral influence.

"Recollect always that the stock argument is worthless. It is

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this: 'My friend would win from me if he could, *therefore* I have an equal right to win from him.' Nonsense. The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man if only I give him leave to maim or kill me if he can and will.

"I have spoken my mind once and for all on a matter on which I have held the same views for more than twenty years, and trust in God you will not forget my words in after life. I have seen many a good fellow ruined by finding himself one day short of money, and trying to get a little by play* or betting—and then the Lord have mercy on his simple soul, for simple it will not remain long.

"Mind, I am not the least *angry* with you. Betting is the way of the world. So are all the seven deadly sins under certain rules and pretty names, but to the Devil they lead if indulged in, in spite of the wise world and its ways.

"Your loving Pater."

A regular member of his congregation this summer was Chief Justice Bovill, who was living in a neighboring parish, and drove over on Sunday mornings to Eversley Church. His devoutness made a great impression on Mr. Kingsley, who was much affected by his death in 1873. He writes:

". . . Poor dear Chief Justice Bovill is *dead*. Happy man! But what a loss! How well I remember giving him the Holy Communion at Eversley; and the face was so devout, though boiling over with humor."

On his return from Chester the quiet parish of Eversley was startled into new life by the formation of a camp in Bramshill Park and on Hartford Bridge Flats, at the opening of the autumn manœuvres, at which H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was not only present, but camped out with his regiment, the 10th Hussars. The tumult of enthusiasm and pride of the little parish at such an event and the remembrance of the Prince's royal presence and gracious courtesy (which will never be erased from the annals of Eversley), had scarcely subsided, when the country was electrified by the news of H.R.H. being struck down with fever and at the point of death, and rector and parishioners grieved and prayed and wept together. But Mr. Kingsley's deep personal attachment,

* So strong was his feeling about gambling, that he would never in his own house allow a game of cards to be played for money. To rest his brain, he always played with his children in the evening for an hour or two—dominoes, backgammon, patience, whist, or some other game of cards.

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independent of his loyal feelings, made it too painful to him to stay so far away; and he started off to Lynn, from whence he could get hourly news, and could walk over daily to Sandringham, sending telegrams on to Eversley, which were put up on the church door and in the window of the village shop. When all danger was over, and the heart of the whole nation rebounded with joy and thankfulness in a way that will stand in history as something unexampled, he preached at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, a sermon on Loyalty, which enabled him to press the subject of Sanatory Reform in connection with what, but for God's mercy, he felt might have been one of England's greatest disasters.

In the autumn he was invited, through Colonel Strange, then at Woolwich with the Royal Artillery, to deliver a lecture at the R. A. Institution there. With some hesitation, but with real pleasure, he accepted, and was the guest of Colonel Strange, with whom he spent two deeply interesting days. He chose for his subject "The Study of Natural History." *

* Since published in a volume of essays—"Health and Education."

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

1872.

AGED 53.

Opening of Chester Cathedral Nave—Deaths of Mr. Maurice and Norman McLeod—Letters to Max Müller—Mrs. Luard—Lecture at Birmingham and its Results—Lecture on Heroism at Chester—A Poem—The Athanasian Creed.

THE year began at Eversley with the usual winter's parish work, night-schools, Penny Readings, &c., which were only interrupted by his going to the opening of Chester Cathedral, the nave of which had been shut up for repairs. He writes on January 24:

"Scribbling in Deacle's study. Service this afternoon magnificent. Cathedral quite full. Anthem, 'Send out Thy Light.' Collection, £105. Cathedral looks lovely, and I have had a most happy day. Every one glad to see me, and enquiries after you all. I do love this place and people, and long to be back here for our spring residence."

Mr. Maurice's death in March, and Dr. Norman McLeod's, saddened him, and warned him of the consequences of an overworked brain. "Ah," he said, on hearing of the latter, "he is an instance of a man who has worn his brain away, and he is gone as I am surely going." Work of all kinds seemed now to redouble; and the mere letters refusing sermons, lectures, church openings, and kind invitations from friends in England and Scotland, who were eager to give him the rest and refreshment which he so sorely needed, gave constant employment to his home secretary. He toiled on, dreaming of that time of "learned leisure" for which a Canonry he held should provide; but which did not as yet fall to his lot; and those who watched him most closely and loved him best felt that if rest ever came it would come too late. "Better, however," he said, "to wear out than rust out."

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TO PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

EVERSLEY, *Feb.* 19, 1872.

"I have read your gallant words about Bishop Patteson in the *Times*. I did not know him; but it is at least a comfort to me to read words written in such a tone in this base generation.

"By all means let us have a memorial to him. But where? In a painted window, or a cross here in England? Surely not. But on the very spot where he died. There let the white man, without anger or revenge, put up some simple and grand monolith, if you will; something at least which the dark man cannot make, and which instead of defacing, he will rather worship as a memorial to the Melanesian and his children, which they would interpret for themselves. So, indeed, 'he being dead would yet speak.'

"Think over this. If it please you I will say more on the matter."

TO MRS. LUARD.

(On Mr. Maurice's Death.)

April 4, 1872.

"Your letter to F. was a comfort to me, as is every word from any one who loved and appreciated him. You, too, saw that his work was done. I had seen death in his face for, I may almost say, two years past, and felt that he needed the great rest of another life. And now he has it.

"I see that you were conscious of the same extraordinary personal beauty which I gradually discovered in his face. If I were asked, Who was the handsomest, and who the most perfectly gentlemanlike man you ever met? I should answer, without hesitation, Mr. Maurice."

In the autumn he went to Birmingham, where he had often been asked to give lectures. It was a town for which he had great respect, as being one of the best drained in England, and where in all the cholera visitations there had been the fewest cases of cholera (in one visitation only one, and that an imported case). He had been urged, and could not well refuse, to be President of the Midland Institute for the year. As President, he was bound to give the Inaugural Address. The subject he chose was the Science of Health, and the noble response given to his lecture, will make it long remembered in Birmingham. Lord Lyttelton was in the chair, and received him with marked kindness. It was one of his best and most suggestive lectures. Special reporters were sent down by leading London newspapers, and the following morning the

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"Times" gave him a leading article, which, after speaking of other Institutes and other speakers, adds:

"But everybody was prepared to expect Canon Kingsley to exhibit the development of the Institute in a more striking and picturesque light. Every one of his topics and suggestions appears to us strictly in the lines of an Inaugural Address to the Institute of a great manufacturing town like Birmingham. Yet we could fancy that some, even among the most hopeful originators of this movement, would have opened their eyes upon hearing the acquisition of the Spanish and Portuguese languages urged as a means of making one's fortune in South America, and on finding, put in the first place, nearly to the exclusion of all other subjects, the necessity of studying the laws of health and strength, of physical succession, natural selection, and morbid degeneracy, especially as illustrated in the dwarfed and enervated population of our large towns, in unhappy marriages, and expiring families. We feel really obliged to the Canon for taking the bull by the horns, and telling these townsfolk some very simple truths, with the further remark that they have only to use their eyes, their memories, and their understandings, and then they will learn a great deal more than he can tell them."

The Lecture bore fruit at once. A gentleman of Birmingham (a manufacturer), who had been long wishing to promote scientific knowledge among the working-classes of Birmingham, and had long deplored the ignorance prevailing on the subject of health, without the idea occurring to him of making it a distinct object of study, on hearing the address immediately decided to devote the sum of 2,500*l.* to found classes and Lectures on Human Physiology and the Science of Health, believing, with Mr. Kingsley, that if people's interest could only be excited on the subject, physical improvement would be followed by moral and mental improvement, and the hospitals, and even prisons and madhouses, would be relieved of many cases which have their origin in mere ignorance of the laws of health and physiology.

The immediate result of this lecture was perhaps *the* highest earthly reward ever granted to him, and had he lived to see the still greater results which Mr. Ryland's letter point to, his soul would have been satisfied. He may see it now—God knows!

The Chester City Library and Reading-room were just now very low in funds, and in want of modern books; and the committee

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applied to the Canon to help them out of their difficulties. He writes at once to Mr. Shone from Eversley:

"Of course—what did I come to Chester for, if not to help in such a case? Will you and your friends make all arrangements, and send me a reminder about the beginning of November, that I may have time to think over something which may interest our dear good Chester folk. I should like you and my friends to look at what I said at the Midland Institute, Birmingham, about the science of health and physical education. I spoke from long knowledge; and be sure we all need to think about the subject very seriously, else our grandchildren will be by no means such big men as you are!"

Some days later he writes: "The subject of my lecture will be Heroism. I mean it to be a prologue to a set of lectures which I hope to give at Chester during my next residence" . . . . (in May, 1873). This residence never took place; but the Lecture on Heroism* was given on November 22, 1872, most successfully, as far as its pecuniary object, and doubtless it found a response in many hearts. The Duke of Westminster, foremost as usual in giving the lead to all noble thought and noble work in the old city, was in the chair. The next evening, after attending the last chapter, at which he was ever present, the Canon gave a lecture on Deep-Sea Dredging to the Scientific Society, of which he was still president—the last words he spoke to his beloved class.

It was a year of hard work, and owing to this and to the increasing infirmities of his mother, who was in her 85th year, and lived with him, he scarcely left home for more than a few days. The three months now at Chester and the four yearly sermons at Windsor, Sandringham, Whitehall, and St. James's, made him unwilling to give up his Eversley people for a single Sunday. So that he had no intermission of work; and his only rest this year was four days in the English Lakes in June, yachting for the inside of a week with Lord Carnarvon in autumn, and a short visit to his dear friends General and Mrs. Napier, at Oaklands; indeed, since he returned from the West Indies, nearly three years before, he had preached every Sunday once, if not twice.

The late autumn brought a time of severe anxiety and illness in his household; but once again before clouds thickened, his heart

* Republished in "Health and Education."

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bubbled up into song, and after the last meet of the foxhounds, at which he was ever present, in front of Bramshill House—a sight he had loved for years, and to which he always took his children and friends,—he put these lines into his wife's hands :

November 6, 1872.

"THE DELECTABLE DAY.

"The boy on the famous grey pony,
Just bidding goodbye at the door,
Plucking up maiden heart for the fences
Where his brother won honor of yore.

"The walk to 'the Meet' with fair children,
And women as gentle as gay,—
Ah! how do we male hogs in armor
Deserve such companions as they?

"The afternoon's wander to windward,
To meet the dear boy coming back;
And to catch, down the turns of the valley,
The last weary chime of the pack.

"The climb homeward by park and by moorland,
And through the fir forests again,
While the south-west wind roars in the gloaming,
Like an ocean of seething champagne.

"And at night the septette of Beethoven,
And the grandmother by in her chair,
And the foot of all feet on the sofa
Beating delicate time to the air.

"Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank Thee
For such a delectable day!
Though the fury, the fool, and the swindler,
To-morrow again have their way!"

He was asked and consented this year to join the Committee for the Defence of the Athanasian Creed. He had previously signed addresses suggesting a modification or explanation of the damnatory clauses from the Provinces of Canterbury and York, when the Creed seemed most in danger. This apparent ambiguity of purpose created some surprise, but in reality his views had not changed materially on this point since he took holy orders.

While paying a visit in Weybridge in 1873, he was asked to write

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some answers to the following questions in a book kept for the Autographs of literary men. The answers are characteristic, and therefore interesting :

"Favorite character in history? David.
"Favorite kind of literature? Physical science.
"Favorite author? Spenser.
"Favorite male and female character in fiction? (No answer given.)
"Favorite artist? Leonardo da Vinci.
"Favorite composer? Beethoven.
"Favorite dramatic performance? A pantomime.
"Favorite public character? (No answer given.)
"Favorite kind of scenery? Wide flats or open sea.
"Place at home and abroad you most admired? Clovelly.
"Favorite reminiscence? July, 1839.
"Favorite occupation? Doing nothing.
"Favorite amusement? Sleeping.
"What you dislike most? Any sort of work.
"Favorite topics of conversation? Whatever my companion happens to be talking about.
"And those you dislike most? My own thoughts.
"What you like most in woman? Womanliness.
"What you dislike most? Unwomanliness.
"What you like most in man? Modesty.
"What you dislike most? Vanity.
"The character you most dislike? Myself.
"Your ambition? To die.
"Your ideal? The One ideal.
"Your hobby? Fancying I know anything.
"The virtue you most admire? Truth.
"The vice to which you are most lenient? All except lying.
"Your favorite motto or proverb? 'Be strong.'

"CHARLES KINGSLEY."

His year closed at Eversley with his three children round him, his eldest daughter having returned safe from a long visit to her brother in Colorado, and a perilous journey with him and some American friends through Mexico, who were "prospecting" for the carrying on of the narrow gauge railway which her brother had assisted in building from Denver down to Colorado Springs, and which the company hoped to take through the heart of Mexico down to the city itself. The Report made by his son on the survey had been a great source of pride and joy to his father, and seemed

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to open great prospects for his own future, and for that of civilization, which, however, were finally frustrated by the Mexican Government. During the last six months the Rectory had the pleasant addition of a young German tutor, who was preparing the youngest boy for a public school. Dr. Karl Schulze had been all through the Franco-Prussian war, and had come to England to learn the language before settling in his professorship in Berlin. His society was a great pleasure to Mr. Kingsley, who in return had the same magnetic attraction for him, as for all young men who came within his influence.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

1873-4.

AGED 54-5.

Harrow-on-the-Hill—Canonry of Westminster—His Son's Return—His Mother's Death—Parting from Chester—Congratulations—Sermon and Letters on Temperance—Preaching in Westminster Abbey—Voyage to America—Eastern Cities and Western Plains—Canada—Niagara—The Prairie—Salt Lake City—Yo Semite Valley and Big Trees—San Francisco—Illness—Rocky Mountains and Colorado Springs—Last Poem—Return Home—Letter from John G. Whittier.

SOME months of this year were spent at Harrow, where his youngest son was at school, a change to higher ground having been recommended for some of his family, to secure which the Bishop gave him leave of non-residence: but he went regularly for his Sundays to Eversley, and himself helped to prepare the candidates for the first confirmation that, thanks to the kindness of Bishop Wilberforce, had ever been held in his own parish church. The letters are few this year.

While at Harrow it was with mingled feelings that he received on Lady Day a letter from the Prime Minister.

"I have to propose to you, with the sanction of her Majesty, that in lieu of your canonry at Chester, you should accept the vacant stall in Westminster Abbey. I am sorry to injure the people of Chester; but I must sincerely hope your voice will be heard within the Abbey, and in your own right."

There was a strong battle in his heart between the grief of giving up Chester and the joy of belonging to the great Abbey, a position which included among many advantages the blessing he had long craved for, of laying down his pen as a compulsory source of income, at once and for all, and devoting his remaining writing powers and strength to sermons alone. His feelings are best told in his own letters. The day before he received Mr. Gladstone's letter, he

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had been writing to a member of his scientific class, his friend and coadjutor, Mr. Shepheard of Bridge Street Row, Chester, on some point connected with his work there, which ends thus. "Give my love—that is the broadest and honestest word—to all the dear Chester folk, men, women, and children, and say that I long for May 1, to be back again among them." But on the 27th he wrote in lower spirits:

"A thousand thanks for the MSS., which have been invaluable to me. The programme of your Society for the year makes me at once proud and envious. For now I have to tell you that I have just accepted the vacant stall at Westminster, and shall, in a week or two, be Canon of Chester no more. Of course, I had to take it for my children's sake. Had I been an old bachelor, I would never have left Chester. Meanwhile I would sooner be Canon of Westminster than either dean or bishop. But I look back longingly to Chester. Shall we ever go up Hope Mountain, or the Halkin together again, with all those dear, courteous, sensible people? My eyes fill with tears when I think of it.

"Give them all my love. I must find some means, by the papers or otherwise, of telling them all at once what I owe to their goodness of heart.

"Ever yours,
"C. KINGSLEY."

His eldest son, to his father's great joy, had just returned from a railway survey in Mexico for a holiday; and his aged mother, now in her 86th year, and so long the inmate of his home, just lived to know of, and rejoice in, her son's appointment, and to see her grandson once more before her death on the 16th of April.

Letters of mourning and congratulation poured in from Chester. Canon Blomfield, the first canon who welcomed him there in 1869, writes:

"Of course one might expect that such an event would occur, and before very long. It was quite clear that you ought to be lifted up to a higher degree in the scale of ecclesiastical preferment, and to find a larger sphere for your powers. But yet, when the time comes to lose you from Chester, it comes as a blow on one's feelings. I don't know how the Chester people will get over it. They will be like the schools of the prophets when Elijah was taken from them. *We* shall no less miss you in the cathedral, and in the chapter, and in the matter, especially of the King's School. And then whom shall we have to replace you?" . . . . . .

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Such words from a man so much his senior, and whom he so deeply respected, are a strong testimony, and as Canon Blomfield generously writes:

"A sincere one, to a man, whom, to know, was to love and to reverence as one who indefatigably employed his great powers in the good of his fellow men and for the glory of God."

"It will be pleasant," says Canon Hildyard, another valued member of the Chapter, also his senior, "among the regrets felt by the Chapter, to remember *what we had.* I say *we*, because I think each member of the Chapter will say and think the same of you in all your bearings to us. The whole of Chester mourns."

"I ought, my dear Mr. Kingsley," writes the Archbishop of Canterbury, on April 9, "to have written before now to welcome you to the great Abbey, which I do very heartily. It is a great sphere for a man who, like you, knows how to use it." . . . .

While from his own diocese Bishop Wilberforce wrote:

"MY DEAR KINGSLEY,

"I have just seen an authoritative statement of your appointment to the Canonry at Westminster, and I must tell you the pleasure that it gives me. It is so just an acknowledgment of your merits: it gives so much better a pedestal from which you may enlighten many, that I rejoice unfeignedly at it; and then it is a great personal pleasure to me. I am proud to have you in my old Collegiate Church; and I hope it may favor more of that personal intercourse between us which has been so much increased since I came to this diocese (Winchester), and which has given me such great pleasure.

"I am, my dear Kingsley,

"Yours most sincerely, and let me add affectionately,

"S. WINTON."

The new Canon of Westminster little thought when he read this letter, that his first sermon in the Abbey after his installation would be one among many public lamentations for the sudden death of his diocesan.

The page of his Chester life fitly closes with a letter from Dean Howson, whose never-failing kindness and friendship he valued so truly.

FROM THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

"I have been asked to write a brief notice of that part of Charles Kingsley's life which was spent in close connection with the city

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and cathedral of Chester; and it is a request—considering from whom it comes—concerning which I feel, not only that I cannot refuse it, but that it must be a true pleasure to me to act upon it to the best of my power. I should be sorry, indeed, if this task had been assigned to any one else; for my own relations with him here were of the happiest kind, and I have a lively sense of the good he has left behind, as the result of three short official residences in Chester, and a few occasional visits to the place.

"Since the remarks in this paper are necessarily of a personal character, and since they must relate particularly to the religious side of the subject, it seems to me natural to begin with the first meeting which, so far as I remember, I ever had with Canon Kingsley. This took place at Cambridge. I must confess that at that time I had a strong prejudice against him. I had read 'Alton Locke,' on its first appearance, and had thought it very unjust to the University of which both he and I were members. It seemed to me quite out of harmony with my recollections of a place, from which I was conscious of having received the utmost benefit. I must say here, in passing, that the passages to which I refer have been so modified by notes in the last edition, that warm commendation has taken the place of blame; and I am not sure that the pendulum of his strong feeling did not, on this last occasion, swing too far in its new direction. This, however, belongs to a subsequent period. At the time to which I refer the book remained unchanged. Besides the impression which it made upon me, I had acquired a general notion of Mr. Kingsley's tone of mind, through conversation and through casual reading: and the notion amounted to this; that I regarded him as the advocate of a self-confident, self-asserting Christianity, whereas the view I had been led to take of the religion which has been revealed to us, and which is to save us here and hereafter, was extremely different. Under these circumstances I happened to be appointed Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, he being then Professor of Modern History. I had taken for my subject the Character of St. Paul; and being, in one of my sermons, about to preach on the Apostle's 'tenderness and sympathy,' which, to my mind, involved a sense of utter weakness, and a continual self-distrust, I was very uncomfortable. I thought that I should be understood to be preaching against Professor Kingsley. Such a course would have been, to the utmost degree, foreign to my feelings; and yet I was bound to do justice to my convictions concerning, not only St. Paul's character, but Christianity itself, in this respect. My surprise, therefore, was great, when, at the close of the service, and after the dispersion of the congregation, I met Canon Kingsley at the south door of St. Mary's. He was waiting for me there, that he might express his sympathy with what I had said in the sermon; and this he did, not merely with extraordinary cordiality, but literally, I may say, with tears of

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approval. It was a moment of my life which made a deep impression on me. It not only caused me to be conscious that I had made a mistake, but it formed in me a warm personal regard for Mr. Kingsley, though, at that time, I had no expectation of any frequent opportunities of seeing him.

"For some time afterwards our meetings were only casual, and our acquaintance was very slight; and I must confess that when a letter came to me from him to tell me that he had been appointed a Canon of Chester, in succession to Dr. Moberly, who had been made Bishop of Salisbury, I was full of fear. There seemed to me an incongruity in the appointment. I fancied that there was no natural affinity between the author of 'Alton Locke' and cathedral life. Here again I soon found that I had made a mistake. I might, indeed, have reflected that cathedral institutions, even under their present restricted conditions, have great capacity for varied adaptation, and that I myself had been diligent in giving expression to an opinion of this kind. And here I may remark that the cathedral stall in question has had a very curious recent history, illustrative of the correctness of this remark. It has been held in succession by three men of eminence—Dr. M'Neile, Dr. Moberly, and Mr. Kingsley—differing from one another as much as possible in habits of thought, but in each case with beneficial results to the city of Chester, though in very various ways.

"Now, to describe particularly Canon Kingsley's work and usefulness in Chester, I must note first the extraordinary enthusiasm with which he entered upon his connection with the place. Chester has certainly a very great charm for an imaginative mind, and for any one who is fond of the picturesque aspects of history; and upon him it told immediately, giving him from the first a greater delight than he would have felt elsewhere in the work which he found here to do. And with this enthusiasm I must note his old-fashioned courtesy, loyalty, and respect for official position. I suppose his political and social views would have been termed 'liberal;' but his liberalism was not at all of the conventional type. I should have described him as a mixture of the Radical and the Tory, the aspect of character which is denoted by the latter word being, to my apprehension, quite as conspicuous as that which is denoted by the former. Certainly he was very different from the traditional Whig. I have spoken of his respect for official position. I believe that to have caused inconvenience to me, to have done what I did not like, to have impeded me in my efforts to be useful, would have given him the utmost pain. That he was far my superior in ability and knowledge made no difference. I happened to be Dean, and he happened to be Canon; and this was quite enough. From the first letter which he wrote to me announcing his appointment, till the time when, to our great regret, he left Chester for Westminster, he showed to me the utmost consid-

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eration. I record this, that I may express my gratitude; but I note it also as a mark of character.

"The opportunities of usefulness, which he found and employed at Chester, were not altogether limited to the city. He had a beneficial relation to the diocese at large, the mention of which ought not to be entirely omitted. Mere popularity in a canon of a cathedral, who is eminent for literary and scientific attainments, and who is known to take a large and kindly interest in his fellow-men, is no slight benefit to a diocese. But Canon Kingsley did useful work in Chester and South Lancashire by preaching at choral festivals, taking part in the proceedings of scientific societies, promoting the restoration of the cathedral to which he belonged, and the like. Under the present system, indeed, of capitular institutions, a cathedral cannot do as much as might be desired for the diocese in which it is placed; but such general work as was done here by Canon Kingsley, and more especially, the spirit in which he did it, aided to diffuse through the neighborhood the idea that cathedral institutions have inherently a capacity for diocesan expansion.

"In the cathedral city itself, with which he is connected, it is desirable that a canon should do some definite thing, and one which is not likely to be spoilt and broken by intermittent residence. This one thing, suitable to his own tastes, and easily within the range of his powers, Canon Kingsley perceived at Chester as desirable to be done; and he definitely did it with all his heart and with complete success. By establishing a Society for the study of Natural Science, he brought to view much latent knowledge, promoted co-operation among those who had been isolated, encouraged those who knew little to learn more, and those who knew nothing to learn something. He promoted these studies by excellent lectures; and his personal help, readily rendered on every side, was invaluable. For the making of such assistance effectual, he had many high qualities —a quiet and kindly sympathy, a genial humor combined with intense earnestness, and a disdain of the silly social distinctions which separate those who ought to be acquainted with one another. He had a quick eye for vegetable forms, and a large experience in judging of geological facts. Others may have known more than he did of many sciences; but he could teach what he knew; and he had another most important faculty—he could make others work.

"All this enthusiasm for Natural Science—to revert to a point which was touched before—might at first seem out of harmony with the grave and formal traditions of cathedral life. Even if it were so, there could be no objection to this, but rather a great advantage in it. The clerical office ought to touch human interests on every side; an ancient institution ought to diffuse light into fresh places; the meeting of the old and the new never occurs more properly or more usefully, than in a cathedral. But precedents for what has

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happened to us, to our great benefit, in Chester, are supplied by the connection of Buckland and Sedgwick and Mozeley with Westminster and Norwich and Bristol. In our own cathedral, too, there seems a special invitation to associations of this kind. For not only do our Gurgoyles and Corbels betray the general mediæval interest felt of old in animal and vegetable forms, but carvings in wood and stone, even in the interior of the church, show that here there was a lavish enjoyment of such observation and imitation. As an illustration of what I mean at this moment, I may say that in this building there are monkeys in the midst of the crockets of some canopies, and that Canon Kingsley, in the midst of Divine Service, was once observed to start, when his eye caught the sight of this strange creature in an unexpected place.

"But it is time now to turn to the religious and most serious side of his life in Chester; and this I must say, he was most careful and conscientious in attendance at the cathedral services, most reverential in public worship, most diligent in preaching. There is a remarkable passage in the statutes of this cathedral, which charges the Dean and Canons—and even pleads with them 'by the mercies of God,' that inasmuch as the Divine Word is 'a light to our feet and a lamp to our path,' they be diligent in preaching; and though the number of sermons prescribed in the year is so small, as almost, after such a preamble, to provoke a smile, yet the spirit of the injunction is excellent; and in this spirit Canon Kingsley acted. He is remembered here as a preacher of great power; he had always large congregations, and they tended, towards the end of his time, to increase rather than to diminish. Through his preaching—in consequence of his known interest in science, and his large sympathy with humanity—religious truth found its way to many hearts, which otherwise might have been nearly closed to such influence. As to the sermons themselves, several of those which have been published in his volume of 'Westminster Abbey Sermons' were first preached here at Chester. I will make mention of two, the delivery of which I remember very distinctly. One was preached from the 104th Psalm, and dealt with the subject of the physical suffering of the animals around us, caused by their preying on one another. 'The lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat from God.' He felt keenly all the mystery of pain in those creatures that had not deserved it by sin; and yet he had an undisturbed belief that God is good. The other was a sermon on Prayer: 'Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.' Some had doubted, in consequence of certain discussions then recent, whether the preacher did not so limit the use of prayer, as to cause it really to be no comfort to us at all. But those who heard this sermon found their doubts on this subject removed. Speaking from my own point of view, I by no means say that I always agreed with Canon Kingsley's mode of presenting Divine

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Truth, and of arranging its proportions; but there was far less divergence between us than I had expected to find; and he exhibited, with more force than any one else that I have ever heard, certain aspects of Christianity, which to both of us seemed of the utmost importance.

"In connection with his efforts for the moral and religious benefit of the people of this place I must mention one subject, which to me is of overwhelming interest, and which no reasonable man can say is unimportant. I refer to the Chester Races, which, to speak in plain English and in simple words, hinder here everything that is good, and promote everything that is bad. It is not my business, in this place, to say much of my own strong convictions upon this subject; but I may record, with grateful satisfaction, the harmony which subsisted regarding it between Canon Kingsley and myself. He was well acquainted with the whole subject of modern Horse-racing; and he deserved to be listened to when he maintained that, instead of being a manly sport, it had become a selfish and fraudulent trade. Among the efforts which were made during his connection with Chester, to give a right direction to public opinion in this matter, and to diminish the mischief caused here by the system, some small pamphlets were published, exhibiting its evils on various sides. Canon Kingsley wrote one on 'Betting.' It was very short, but it was admirable; and I think an account of his life would be incomplete without a notice of this small publication.

"Before I conclude, I must refer to the good done here by Canon Kingsley, through remarks made in the course of casual conversations. Great effects are produced in this way by certain men; and he produced them without being aware of it. I will simply give two slight illustrations, each having reference to Science. On being asked how he reconciled Science and Christianity, he said, 'By believing that God is love.' On another occasion, when the slow and steady variation of Mollusca, traced from stratum to stratum, was pointed out by a friend, with the remark that Darwin's explanation would hardly be considered orthodox, he observed, 'My friend, God's orthodoxy is truth; if Darwin speaks the truth, he is orthodox.' I may remark here that Kingsley's bent was, in his own opinion, more towards Science than towards Literature. He once said something to this effect, that he would rather be low on the roll of Science than high on that of Literature.

"This is a poor and inadequate account of a passage in Canon Kingsley's life, which was productive of great good in one particular city and neighborhood, and which has left among us here, in one sense indeed, a very sorrowful, but, in a higher sense, a very cheerful, recollection. Various facts and incidents, for which room cannot here be found, might have been mentioned, as, for instance, his warm and practical interest in the development of our Cathedral

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School, which, under its new conditions, has already entered upon a successful career; or, again, the general lectures which he delivered in Chester to audiences far larger than can commonly be assembled here for such a purpose. But my aim has been simply to give a truthful impression of the life, and character, and work, which we observed, and from which we have derived advantage. It must be added, in conclusion, that three permanent memorials of Charles Kingsley have been established in Chester. On his scientific side he is commemorated by a prize founded in connection with the Natural History Society which he established: on his literary side by a marble bust, executed by Mr. Belt, which is to be placed in the Cathedral Chapter-house; while the religious aspect of his life and work are suitably recorded, in the midst of the beautiful tabernacle-work of the cathedral, by a restored stall which bears his name. His best and most faithful memory, however, remains in the seeds of good which he has sown in the minds and hearts of those over whom his influence was exerted."

In July he went to Chester to say good-bye, and to join the Nave Choir and Scientific Society in an excursion into Wales.

His kind friends insisted on his still keeping the office of President to the Scientific Society. Professor Hughes is his distinguished successor, who closed his Inaugural Lecture in 1874 with these words:

"Let us then try to carry on our Society in the spirit that pervaded all the work of him to whom this Society owes everything—whose loss, when last I came among you we had so recently to deplore; a spirit of fearless and manly grappling with difficulties—a spirit of vigorous, prompt, and rigorous carrying out of whatever was taken in hand—a spirit of generous and hearty co-operation with fellow-workers—a wide range of interests—not meaning by this, scattered desultory thought—but thought, like Napoleon's, ready to be concentrated at once where the battle must be fought."

Some of Canon Kingsley's friends in their congratulations expressed the hope that this distinction might be a stepping stone to a higher post, but he had no ambition beyond a stall at Westminster and the Rectory of Eversley.

"A thousand thanks," he says to Sir Charles Bunbury, "for your congratulations, and Lady Bunbury's. Let me assure you that your view of my preferment, as to its giving me freer access to scientific society, libraries, &c., is just mine, with this addition, that it will give me freer access to you. So far from looking on it

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as an earnest of future preferment, I acquiesce in it as all I want, and more than I deserve. What better fate than to spend one's old age under the shadow of that Abbey, and close to the highest mental activities of England, with leisure to cultivate myself, and write, if I will, deliberately, but not for daily bread? A deanery or bishopric would never give me that power. It cannot be better than it is; and most thankful to God am I for His goodness."

To him in his great humility the outburst of sympathy on all sides was only a surprise: while to those who knew the history of his life it was a triumph, which wiped out many bitter passages in the past, but a triumph tempered by the fear that it came too late to save the overstrained brain. The candle had already burnt down, and though light and flame still flared up, it flared as from the socket. His eldest son returning at the moment to share in the joy of his father's elevation, was so much struck with his broken appearance, that he urged upon him rest and change and a sea voyage before he entered on a position of fresh responsibility. This, however, he refused, though it was strongly recommended by medical advisers, and decided not to go to America till the following year, when the repairs of both homes—at Eversley and the house in the Cloisters, would oblige him to take a holiday.

He preached in the Abbey for the Temperance Society* in April, for which at once he put himself under the orders of his Dean. To it this letter refers.

EVERSLEY, *April* 23, 1873.

"MY DEAR DEAN,

"Many thanks for your letter and its instructions, which I will follow. Kindly answer me this—to me important—question.

"Have you any objection to my speaking, in my sermon, in favor of opening the British Museum, &c., to the public on Sunday afternoons? Of course I shall do so without saying anything violent or uncharitable. But I have held very strong and deliberate opinions about this matter for many years; and think that the opening of these Public Institutions would not only stop a great deal of Sunday, and therefore of Monday drunkenness, but would —if advocated by the clergy—enable the Church to take the wind out of the sails of the well-meaning, but ignorant, Sunday League,

* This sermon was the foundation of a valuable article in "Good Words," called the "Tree of Knowledge," since published in the volume, "Health and Education."

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and prove herself—what she can prove herself in other matters if she has courage—the most liberal religious body in these isles. But if you, with your superior *savoir-faire*, think it better for me to be silent as yet, I obey."

On the same subject he writes to J. Barfleet, Esq., J.P., of Worcester:

"I am not a 'total abstainer;' but that does not prevent my wishing the temperance movement all success, and wishing success, also, to your endeavor to make people eat oatmeal. I am sorry to say that they will not touch it in our southern counties; and that their food is consequently deficient in phosphates and they in bone, in comparison with the northern oatmeal eating folk, who are still a big-boned race.

"I have told them this; and shall again. For growing children oatmeal is invaluable. Meanwhile, we must not forget to supply the system with hydro-carbons (especially if we lessen the quantity of beer) in order to keep the fire alight, or we get a consumptive tendency, as in many oatmeal eating Scotch, who, with tall and noble frames, die of consumption, because they will not eat bacon, or any fats in sufficient quantity. Hence not only weakness of tissue, but want of vital heat, and consequent craving for whiskey. The adjustment of the elements of food in their right proportions is almost the most important element in ensuring temperance." . . . .

His first residence at Westminster was in September, during a time in which London was considered "empty." He preferred these quiet months, as the congregations were composed chiefly of men of the middle and lower class, whose ear he wished to gain, and preached during September and November to vast congregations twice a day. Speaking of this, he says:—

"I got through the sermons without any bodily fatigue, and certainly there were large congregations worth speaking to. But the responsibility is too great for me, and I am glad I have only two months' residence, and that in a quiet time. What must it be in May and June?"

To his wife, who was ill in the country, he writes from the Cloisters in November:

"I ought to have written yesterday, but I was very busy with two sermons and early communion. The sermons, I am assured, were heard, and R. says, the attention of the congregation was great. If I find I can get the ear of that congregation, it will be a work to

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live for, for the rest of my life. What more can a man want? And as for this house, the feeling of room in it is most pleasant, and the beauty outside under this delicious gleamy weather, quite lifts my poor heart up a-while. . . . . I regret much that I am leaving just as I seemed to be getting hold of people. But I do not think I could have stood the intense excitement of the Sundays much longer."

His last sermon in 1873 in the Abbey was on "The Beatific Vision," and those who heard him were impressed by the deep solemnity of his words and manner as he, in prospect of leaving Europe, bade farewell to a congregation which he had already begun to love.*

In the autumn he wrote three articles on Health, Physical Education, and Sanitary subjects, to which and to his sermons he proposed to devote the remaining years of his life, and made preparations for his American journey; and in December he returned to Eversley with his family, and remained till the end of January, when he and his eldest daughter sailed for New York, taking with him a few lectures, to meet his expenses.

This Poem, written, but not corrected for the press, is the only one he composed this year:

JUVENTUS MUNDI.

List a tale a fairy sent us
Fresh from dear Mundi Juventus.
When Love and all the world was young,
And birds conversed as well as sung;
And men still faced this fair creation
With humor, heart, imagination.
Who come hither from Morocco
Every spring on the Sirocco?
In russet she, and he in yellow,
Singing ever clear and mellow,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet you.
Did he beat you? Did he beat you?
Phyllopneustes wise folk call them,
But don't know what did befal them,
Why they ever thought of coming
All that way to hear gnats humming,

* This sermon, with others, form the volume of "Westminster Sermons," which appeared in 1874, published by Messrs. Macmillan.

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Why they build not nests but houses,
Like the bumble-bees and mousies.
Nor how little birds got wings,
Nor what 'tis the small cock sings—
How should they know—stupid fogies?
They daren't even believe in bogies.
Once they were a girl and boy,
Each the other's life and joy.
He a Daphnis, she a Chloe,
Only they were brown, not snowy,
Till an Arab found them playing
Far beyond the Atlas straying,
Tied the helpless things together,
Drove them in the burning weather,
In his slave-gang many a league,
Till they dropped from wild fatigue.
Up he caught his whip of hide,
Lashed each soft brown back and side
Till their little brains were burst
With sharp pain, and heat, and thirst.
Over her the poor boy lay,
Tried to keep the blows away,
Till they stiffened into clay,
And the ruffian rode away:
Swooping o'er the tainted ground,
Carrion vultures gathered round,
And the gaunt hyenas ran
Tracking up the caravan.
But—Ah, wonder! that was gone
Which they meant to feast upon.
And, for each, a yellow wren,
One a cock, and one a hen,
Sweetly warbling, flitted forth
O'er the desert toward the north.
But a shade of bygone sorrow,
Like a dream upon the morrow,
Round his tiny brainlet clinging,
Sets the wee cock ever singing
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet you, sweet you
Did he beat you? Did he beat you?
Vultures croaked, and hopped and flopped,
But their evening meal was stopped.
And the gaunt hyenas foul,
Sat down on their tails to howl.
Northward towards the cool spring weather,
Those two wrens fled on together,

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On to England o'er the sea,
Where all folks alike are free.
There they built a cabin, wattled
Like the huts where first they prattled,
Hatched and fed, as safe as may be,
Many a tiny feathered baby.
But in autumn south they go
Pass the Straits, and Atlas' snow,
Over desert, over mountain,
To the palms beside the fountain,
Where, when once they lived before, he
Told her first the old, old story.
What do the doves say? Curuck-Coo,
You love me and I love you.

EVERSLEY, *January* 7, 1874.

". . . . We sail on the 29th," he writes to Professor Newton; "we go in April or May (when the prairie is in flower) to San Francisco, and then back to Denver and the Rocky Mountains south of Denver, and then straight home.

"Tell us if we can do anything for you. . . . I think you have ordered a pair of Asahta sheep-horns already, we will do our best, . . . and have friends who will do their best for you after we are gone."

The notes of the journey are made by his daughter, and form the connecting thread between his own letters home:

"We arrived at Sandy Hook late on the 10th Feb., and on the morning of the 11th landed at New York; and here, before my father set foot on American soil, he had a foretaste of the cordial welcome and generous hospitality which he experienced everywhere, without a single exception, throughout the six months he spent in the United States and Canada. The moment the ship warped into her dock a deputation from a literary club came on board, took possession of us and our baggage, and the custom-house authorities passed all our trunks without looking at them. We went out later in the day to stay at Staten Island with Mr. F. G. Shaw, where we stayed till the 14th, going to New York on that day for a dinner and reception given in my father's honor by the Lotus Club."

STATEN ISLAND, *February* 12.

"I have, thank God, nothing to write but what is pleasant and hopeful. We got here yesterday afternoon, and I am now writing

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in a blazing, sunny, south window, in a luxurious little room, in a luxurious house, redolent of good tobacco and sweet walnut-wood smoke, looking out on a snow-covered lawn, and trees, which like the people, are all English, *with a difference.* I have met with none but pleasant, clever people as yet, afloat or ashore, and Mr. Curtis (Mr. Shaw's son-in-law, and an old friend of Thackeray's,) a very handsome, cultivated man.

"As for health, this air, as poor Thackeray said of it, is like champagne. Sea-air and mountain air combined, days already an hour longer than in England, and a blazing hot sun and blue sky. It is a glorious country, and I don't wonder at the people being proud of it.

To-day R. and I go into New York by steamer to see various people and do business; and out again before dinner, to meet a very gentleman-like clergyman of this place, once rector of *San Francisco.* I enclose a log and chart of the voyage which should interest and teach Grenville, for whom it is intended. I dine with the Lotus Club on Saturday night, and then start for Boston with R. to stay with Fields next week."

"On Monday evening, after a busy day in Boston, we went out to Salem, fifteen miles by train, and my father was particularly struck and interested by the recurrence of the old Fen names, with which he was familiar from his early childhood, on that side of the Atlantic, and made me notice, with tears in his eyes, the difference between the New World and Old World Lynn, etc., etc. Through the whole of his stay in America the recurrence of the Old World names of places and people were a never-failing source of interest and pleasure to him.

"On the 18th we went out to Cambridge, and spent the next few days there with some friends, my father going in and out to Boston, and spending one night at Andover and another at Georgetown. At Georgetown, the lady with whom he was to stay being ill, he went to the village inn, and told me that the great question of hard money *v.* paper had been quaintly brought to his notice by the landlord's little child of six or seven, who sat on his knee playing with his watch chain, and finding among his seals an old Spanish gold doubloon, cried, 'See, father, the gentleman has got a cent on his chain!' never having seen a gold coin before. He took the greatest interest in the Agassiz Museum at Cambridge, his only regret being that he had come to America two months too late to make the acquaintance of its founder. The joyous young

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life of the university with which he was surrounded, together with the many distinguished Americans with whom he made or renewed acquaintance, made these days exceedingly pleasant to my father, and it was with real regret that he left Cambridge on the 25th.

"We broke our journey at Springfield, staying there one night as the guests of Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the celebrated Springfield Republican newspaper, and reached New York again, to stay with our kind friends Professor and Mrs. Botta."

DR. WHARTON'S, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., *February* 19, 1874.

"Here is a little haven of rest, where we arrived last night. Longfellow came to dinner, and we dine with him to-night. Yesterday, in Boston, dear old Whittier called on me and we had a most loving and like-minded talk about the other world. He is an old saint. This morning I have spent chiefly with Asa Gray and his plants, so that we are in good company.

"New York was a great rattle, dining, and speechifying, and being received, and so has Boston been; and the courtesy, and generosity, and compliments would really turn any one's head who was not as disgusted with himself, as I always (thank God,) am. The Westminster lecture is the only one I have given as yet. Salem was very interesting, being next to Plymouth, *the* Pilgrim Fathers' town. People most intelligent, gentle, and animated. They gave me a reception supper, with speeches after, and want us to come again in the summer to their Field Naturalists' Club. New England is, in winter at least, the saddest country, all brown grass, ice-polished rocks, sticking up through the copses, cedar scrub, low, swampy shores; an iron land which only iron people could have settled in. The people must have been heroes to make what they have of it. Now, under deep snow, it is dreadful. But the summer, they say, is semi-tropic, and that has kept them alive. And, indeed already, though it is hard frost under foot, the sun is bright, and hot, and high, for we are in the latitude of Naples! I cannot tell you a thousandth part of all I've seen, or of all the kindness we have received, but this I can say, that R. is well, and that I feel better than I have felt for years; but Mr. Longfellow and others warn me not to let this over-stimulating climate tempt me to over-work. One feels ready to do anything, and then suddenly very tired. But I am at rest now. . . ."

NEW YORK, *March* 1, 1874.

". . . . We made great friends with Asa Gray and are going to stay with him when we return. Moreover, dear Colonel John Hay, with his beautiful wife, has been here, and many more, and here, as at Boston, we have been seeing all the best people

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Mr. Winthrop was most agreeable, a friend of the Cranworths, Bunburys, Charles Howard, and all the Whig set in England, and such a fine old gentleman. Nothing can exceed the courtesy and hospitality everywhere. . . . On Thursday we are off to Philadelphia, then Washington, where we have introductions to the President, etc., and then back here to these kind friends. From Professor Botta I am learning a lot of Italian history and politics, which is most useful.

"Here the streets are full of melting snow. We had a huge snow-storm on Wednesday after dreadful cold, and overhead a sky like Italy or south of France, and a sun who takes care to remind us that we are in the latitude of Rome. But it is infinitely healthy, at least to me. R. looks quite blooming, and I am suddenly quite well. . . . I never want medicine or tonic, and very little stimulant. But one cannot do as much here as at home. All say so and I find it. One can go faster for awhile but gets exhausted sooner. As for the people they are quite charming, and I long to see the New Englanders again when the humming birds and mocking birds get there and the country is less like *Greenland*. . . . I have been assisting Bishop Potter at an ordination. The old man was very cordial, especially when he found I was of the respectful and orthodox class. So that is well, but I will not preach, at least not yet."

"During our stay among our many friends in New York, renewing old friendships and making fresh acquaintances, my father particularly rejoiced at an opportunity of meeting Mr. William Cullen Bryant, whose poetry had been his delight from his boyhood. From New York we went to Philadelphia, staying there for two nights with Mr. C. J. Peterson. On the evening of our arrival my father lectured in the Opera House to an audience of nearly 4,000 —every seat being occupied, and the aisles and steps crowded with people, who stood the whole time. Here, as in New York and Boston, we were overwhelmed with kindness, our hosts and other friends gathering together at their houses everyone in the city whose acquaintance was most likely to give us pleasure.

"On the 7th of March we went on to Washington, where President Grant welcomed my father most cordially. The 10th we spent among the scientific men of Washington, Dr. Henry at the Smithsonian Institute, and Professor Hayden at the office of the Geological Survey of the Territories. In the latter my father took a keen interest, and was struck by the admirable work displayed in the geological maps and photographs made by the surveying parties

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in the field in Colorado, Nebraska, Utah, and Wyoming during the summer months, which are worked up at Washington during the winter.

"We also went to the Senate House though rather weary with continual sightseeing: but my father often said afterwards that he would not have missed that visit for any consideration, for in the Senate he was introduced to Mr. Charles Sumner. They had corresponded a good deal in former years, though personally unacquainted, and for some time the correspondence had ceased owing to the different views they had held on some American matters. But the moment the two came face to face all mistrust vanished, as each instinctively recognized the manly honesty of the other, and they had a long and friendly talk. An hour after, Mr. Sumner was seized with an attack of Angina Pectoris, from which he had long suffered, and when we reached New York the next day we were shocked to find that the news of his death had preceded us by telegraph."

WASHINGTON, *March* 8.

". . . . We are received with open arms, and heaped with hospitality. I hardly like to talk of it, and of our reception by Mr. Childs and all Philadelphia. We went just now and left our introductions at the White House, and in walked dear Rothery, who is here settling the International Fisheries question, and he is going to take me round to make all our calls, on Fish, and Dr. Henry, &c., and then to dine, and go with him to the White House in the evening, and go to Baltimore on Tuesday. . . .

"Railway travelling is very cheap and most luxurious. Meanwhile we are promised free passes on the Chicago lines and also to California. I have not been so well for *years*. My digestion is perfect, and I am in high spirits. But I am homesick at times, and would give a finger to be one hour with you, and G., and M. But I dream of you all every night, and my dreams are more pleasant now I sleep with my window open to counteract the hideous heat of these hot-air pipes. R. is very well and is the best of secretaries. Tell G. I was delighted with his letter.

"On Monday the 9th, I was asked by the Speaker of the House of Representatives to open the Session of the House with prayer,* and I simply repeated two collects from the English Prayer-book, mentioning, as is the custom, the President of the United States,

* This was considered a most unusual distinction, and the deep solemnity of manner and simplicity with which it was done struck every one present.

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the Senate, and the House of Representatives, and ended with the Lord's Prayer."

"From New York my father went up the Hudson to Poughkeepsie and Troy, joining me at Hartford (Conn.) on the 14th, to pay a long-promised visit to Mr. Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain). From Troy to Hartford he came through the wooded passes of Berkshire County, and was enthusiastic about the beauty of the pine forests, and rocky trout streams, just breaking free from the winter snow which was beginning to melt, comparing it to the best parts of the Eifel and Black Forest.

"On Monday the 16th, we returned to Boston to stay with my father's old friend Mr. James T. Field, in whose hospitable house we were able to see many whose acquaintance we had long wished to make, and whose friendship was a lasting pleasure to my father. During this week my father spent one night at New Haven, staying with his namesake and distant kinsman, Dr. William Kingsley, of Yale College."

BOSTON, *March* 23.

". . . . We are housed and feasted everywhere. I do not tire the least.—Sleep at night, and rise in the morning as fresh as a lark, to eat a great breakfast, my digestion always in perfect order, while my nerve is like a bull's. This is a marvellous climate. The Americans make themselves ill by hot-air, and foul air, and want of exercise; I, who sleep with my window open and get all fresh air I can by day, am always well. To-morrow morning we start for Montreal, and then on to Quebec to good Col. Strange.

"Sumner's death has been an awful blow here. I do not wonder, for he was a magnificent man. He and I were introduced to each other in the Senate *an hour* before his attack. He was most cordial, and we had much talk about Gladstone, and the A.'s. His last words to me were, that he was going to write to the Duchess of Argyle the next day. Alas! I wrote to her for him, to tell her particulars of the end.

"Oh, dear, I wish spring would come, the winter here is awful. The grass as brown with frost as a table. But the blue-bird and the robin (as they call a great particolored thrush,) are just beginning to come, to my intense delight. However, when we go north to-morrow we shall run into *Arctic* weather again. Don't frighten yourself at our railroads, they seem utterly safe, and I believe one is far safer, humanly speaking, here than at home. As for the people, they are fine, generous, kindly, wholesome folk, all classes of them. Now good-bye, and love to M., and my blessing to G. . . ."

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WASHINGTON, *April* 5.

"Here we are safe and sound, having run 500 miles in thirty hours to Baltimore, from the delightful Dufferins. . . . The long journeys do not in the least tire me, so have no fears for me. The safety of these rails is wonderful, as is their comfort. We have come out of intense winter into damp spring. The birds (such beauties) are coming fast from the Bahamas and Floridas; the maples are in crimson clouds of little flowers; the flowers are coming out in the gardens. I have seen two wasps like West India ones, an inch and a half long, and heard a tree toad, and am warm once more. All goes well. We have a dinner-party to-night; we are staying with Senator Potter, and to-morrow a dinner-party with the President. So we shall have seen quasi-royalty, British and American both in one week. . . . Thank God for our English letters. I cannot but hope that there is a time of rest and refreshing for us after I return. . . . To me the absence of labor and anxiety is most healthy. I am quite idle now for days together, and the rail itself is most pleasant idleness."

"At Baltimore my father yielded to the entreaties of the friends with whom we were staying, and preached on the 12th in the principal church of Baltimore to a large congregation. On Easter day he had preached in the little church close to Rideau, for the first time since he landed in America, on 'The Peace of God.' On the 20th of April, we left New York to begin working our way slowly westward, so as to be at Omaha early in May to meet a large party of friends who had invited us to join them in a trip to California. Our first halting place was Ithaca (Cornell University), which we should have reached on the evening of the 20th, but on the Erie railroad we were stopped for six hours by a huge rock falling on the track as a coal train was coming towards us, round sharp curves, and we should have had a frightful accident but for the presence of mind of the engineer, as his engine ran over the rock, jamming itself and the tender across both lines of rail; he being unhurt, and remembering our train was due at that moment, ran down the line seeing us coming, and we pulled up within 100 yards of the disaster. It happened in the midst of the finest scenery on the Delaware, above Port Jervis, where the railway follows the windings of the river, and is in many places blasted out of the cliffs. And as there was no possibility of getting on till the disabled train and broken trucks were removed, my father and I spent the hours of waiting in wandering about the rocky woods above the railway, botanizing and geologizing.

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"On Tuesday we reached Ithaca, and went on the next day to Niagara. After one night at Niagara we went on the 23rd (St. George's day) forty miles to Hamilton (Ontario), where my father had an enthusiastic reception at his lecture. After lecturing he went to the dinner of the St. George's Society. . . . . We returned next day to Niagara, staying at Clark's Hill with an old English friend, with whom we spent the next three days, my father preaching on Sunday, the 26th, in the morning, at Clifton, and in the afternoon at Chippewa. He thoroughly enjoyed being once more in the country, and the walks on country roads, after three months of cities and pavements. The spring birds were just beginning to make their appearance, and the spring flowers to try and push their leaves through the melting snow. On the 27th we went on to Toronto for one night, and on the 28th we finally bade farewell to Canada, and set our faces westward, reaching Detroit (Mich.) late that night.

"At Detroit, where we stayed three days with the rector of one of the Episcopal churches, the weather was still bitter, and my father could not shake off a cold which he had caught at Niagara. But as we neared St. Louis, on the afternoon of the 2nd of May, after a railway journey of twenty hours, we began to be warm once more, and realize what spring time in the West really was. All the fruit trees were in blossom; the ground on either side of the railway, where any was left untilled, was carpeted with beautiful flowers utterly unknown to us, and the air was mild and balmy."

NIAGARA, *April* 23.

"At last we are here, safe and well, thank God, in the most glorious air, filled with the soft thunder of this lovely phantom, for such, and not stupendous, it seems as yet to me. I know it could and would destroy me pitilessly, like other lovely phantoms, but I do not feel awed by it. After all, it is not a quarter of the size of an average thunderstorm, and the continuous roar, and steady flow, makes it less terrible than either a thunderstorm or a real Atlantic surf. But I long for you to sit with me, and simply look on in silence whole days at the exquisite beauty of form and color. . . .

. . . . . .

"After a delightful time in the Prince's old quarters at Hamilton, we are here again in another old quarter of his, the loveliest house in the loveliest grounds, and as I write the whole rapids of Niagara

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roaring past 100 yards off, between the huge arbor vitæ, forty feet high, like a tremendous grey Atlantic surf rushing down-hill instead of up. I could not describe the beauty of this place in a week. I can see the smoke of the horse-shoe through a vista on my left, not half a mile off as I sit (sketch enclosed). We are above, understand, and the river is running from right to left. To-day we are going to Des Veaux College to see the lower rapids."

ST. LOUIS, *May* 4.

"At St. Louis safe and well, thank God, in the capital of the West, and across the huge rushing muddy ditch, the Mississippi. Having come here over vast prairies, mostly tilled, hundreds of miles like the Norfolk fens, without the ditches, a fat, dreary, aguish, brutalizing land, but with a fine strong people in it, and here is a city of 470,000 souls growing rapidly. It is all very wonderful, and like a dream. But there is material civilization and comfort everywhere (except at the stations where the food is bad), and all goes well. Only I wish already that our heads were homeward, and that we had done the great tour, and had it not to do. However, we shall go west in comfort. The Cyrus Fields, the Grays, and probably the dear Rotherys, will make up a good party. And I cannot but feel that I have gained much if only in the vast experience of new people and new facts. I shall come home I hope a wider-hearted and wider-headed man; and have time, I trust, to read and think as I have not done for many years. At least so runs my dream. We had a glorious thunderstorm last night after I had helped at the communion in the morning, and preached in the afternoon for good Mr. Schuyler. . . . .

. . . . . .

"We start to-morrow for California, after receiving here every civility. The heat is tremendous, all of a sudden, but it will be cooler as we rise the prairies out of the Mississippi Valley. We have free passes here to Kansas City, and the directors offered to take us on with them to Denver. We shall also have free passes to California and back from Omaha—a great gain."

"We stayed for a week in St. Louis, where the hot weather came on so suddenly and fiercely that we were both made quite ill by it, and were thankful on Saturday, the 9th of May, to leave the city on our way to Omaha, where we were to join our friends from New York.

"The journey was intensely hot. A perfect sirocco blowing away everything in the cars if the windows were opened; but the country was so lovely as almost to make amends for our discomfort. The trees were bursting into a tender green; the woods were here

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snowy with the pure white dogwood and wild plum blossoms, there, purple pink with the Judas tree, and down below grew countless wild flowers, making us long every moment that it were possible to stop the train and gather them.

"We reached Omaha on Sunday morning, the 10th, and had hardly been there an hour before we felt the renovating effect of the glorious air rushing down, down, in a gale 500 miles from the Rocky Mountains, to cool and refresh the panting Missouri Valley; and we were able once more to eat and sleep, which in the heat of the last three days at St. Louis had become impossible."

OMAHA, *May* 11.

"And we are at Omaha! a city of 20,000, five years old, made by the railway, and opposite to us is Council Bluffs!! Thirty years ago the palavering ground of trappers and Indians (now all gone), and to that very spot, which I had known of from a boy, and all about it, I meant to go in despair . . . . as soon as I took my degree, and throw myself into the wild life, to sink or swim, escaping from a civilization which only tempted me and maddened me with the envy of a poor man! Oh! how good God has been to me. Oh! how when I saw those Bluffs yesterday morning I thanked God for you—for everything, and stared at them till I cried. . . . . ."

"On the 14th the party of friends we were awaiting arrived at Omaha, and on the following day we left with them for the first stage of the Californian journey. Mr. Cyrus Field and Mr. J. A. C. Gray, of New York, were the organizers of the expedition, and with them, besides several of their own relations and friends, were Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Rôthery, making a party of eleven Americans and five English, which quite filled, but did not crowd, the magnificent Pullman car which was our home for the next fortnight.

"Our first halt was at Salt Lake City, where we arrived on Friday, the 15th May, one day too late, unfortunately, for my father to take part in the consecration of St. Mark's, the first Episcopal church which has been built in Utah. On Sunday, the 17th, however, he preached the evening sermon at the church, to such a crowded congregation that there was not standing room in the little building, and numbers had to go away. The steps outside, and even the pavement, being crowded with listeners, among whom were many Mormons as well as 'Gentiles.' Brigham Young

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sent to offer my father the tabernacle to lecture or preach in, but of this offer he of course took no notice whatever, a course strongly approved by the excellent Bishop, Dr. Tuttle.

"On Monday, the 18th, we left Salt Lake City, after a visit to General Moreau at Camp Douglas, the United States camp, on the hill-side above the city, who had one of the Gatling guns fired for our amusement. On our remonstrating against such a waste of ammunition he said that 'he was glad sometimes to show those rascals in the city how straight his guns fired, and that if they gave him any trouble he could blow the city to pieces in an hour.'"

WALKER HOUSE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, *May* 17.

"Here we are after such a journey of luxury—through a thousand miles of desert, plain, and mountain, treeless, waterless almost, sage brush and alkali. Then cañons and gorges, the last just like Llanberris Pass, into this enormous green plain, with its great salt lake; and such a mountain ring, 300 to 400 miles in circumference! The loveliest scene I ever saw. As I sit, the snow-peaks of the Wasatch tower above the opposite houses five miles off, while the heat is utterly tropical in the streets. Yesterday we were running through great snowdrifts, at from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea (we are 5,000 here) and all along by our side the old trail, where every mile is fat with Mormon bones. Sadness and astonishment overpower me at it all. The 'city' is thriving enough, putting one in mind, with its swift streams in all streets, and mountain background, of Tarbes, or some other Pyrenean town. But, ah! what horrors this place has seen. Thank God it is all breaking up fast. The tyrant is 70, and must soon go to his account, and what an awful one. I am deeply interested in the good bishop here, and his mission among the poor little children, whose parents are principally Cornish, Worcestershire, and South Welsh; and if I can do aught for him when I come home, I will do it with a will. Meanwhile our kind hosts insist on R. and me being their guests right through, and let us pay for nothing. It is an enormous help, for they control both railways and telegraphs, and do and go exactly as they like. The gentlemen and R. are gone down to-day to see a silver mine, by special engine, and she and Rothery (F.L.S.) are going to botanize. The flowers are exquisite, yellow ribes over all the cliffs, &c., and make one long to jump off the train every five minutes. While the geology makes me stand aghast; geologizing in England is child's play to this. R. is quite well, and the life of everything, and I am all right, but don't like a *dry* air at 95°, with a sirocco.

"Interrupted by a most interesting and painful talk with a man who has been United States Governor here. It is all very dread-

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ful. Thank God we (in England) at least know what love and purity is. I preach to-morrow evening, and the Bishop of Colorado in the morning."

"On the 20th our car was slipped during the night at Reno, and when we woke at 5 A.M., we found ourselves on a branch line at Carson City. After breakfast, with Californian strawberries heaped on dishes on every table, we left our car for a special train, the Pullman being too long for the sharp curves of the railroad, and with Mr. D. O. Mills, of San Francisco, who had joined our train in his directors' car, the day before, at Ogden, we went up to Virginia city, and spent the day among silver mines and stamp mills, and dust, and drought, my dear father finding, even in the out of the way spot, a warm and hearty welcome from many. We returned to Carson in the afternoon, and were picked up in the night by the Western train at Reno, breakfasting at Summit, on the top of the Sierra Nevada next morning, and arrived at Sacramento at midday on the 21st.

"My father was delighted at finding himself once more in almost tropical heat, and spent all the afternoon driving with our friends about the city, and revelling in the gorgeous subtropical flowers which hung over every garden fence. In the evening he lectured to a very pleasant audience, and that night we left Sacramento in our car, with a special engine, for Merced, which we reached before dawn.

"Next morning, the 22nd, we were all up about four, and before starting on our Yosemite trip, Mr. Cyrus Field sent off a telegram to the Dean of Westminster, to my mother, and various friends in England:—'We are, with Canon Kingsley and his daughter and other friends, just entering Yosemite Valley, all in excellent health and spirits. Mr. Kingsley is to preach for us in Yosemite on Sunday.'

"We started at 6 A.M., in two open stages with five horses, and drove 54 miles that day through exquisite country, botanizing all the way to Skeltons, a ranch in the forest, and some of our party made their first acquaintance with a real western shanty. On the 23rd we were all up betimes, my father, the earliest of all, came up with his hands full of new and beautiful flowers, after a chat with the guides, who had driven the mules and ponies in from their grazing ground, and were beginning to saddle them for our day's ride. At 6 we

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started, and my father said he felt a boy again, and thoroughly enjoyed the long day in the saddle, which many of our friends found so tiring. We chose a new and unfrequented route, and having to climb two mountains and ride along precipices, and ford four rivers in flood in 29 miles, we were not sorry to reach the Valley at sunset. But rough as the ride was, it surpassed in beauty anything we had ever seen before, as we followed the windings of the Merced river between pine-clad mountains, still white with snow on their highest points, till we reached the mouth of the Valley itself, and, emerging from a thicket of dogwood, pines, and azaleas, 'El Capitan,' just tipped with the rosy setting sun on one side, and the Bridal Veil Fall rushing in a white torrent, 900 feet high, over the gloomy rocks, on the other side, revealed themselves to us in a glow of golden rosy light.

"The next day (Whit Sunday) most of our party rested from their fatigues, and we walked about and feasted our eyes on the almost overpowering scene around us, which seemed, if possible, to increase in beauty in every fresh phase of light or shade, sunlight or moonlight. At 5 P.M. the visitors of both hotels assembled in the little parlor at Black's, and my father gave a short service, after which we sang the 100th Psalm, and he preached a short sermon on verses 10–14, 16–18 of the 104th Psalm, which happily was the Psalm for the day.*

* In his sermon, in Westminster Abbey, on Whit-Sunday, the Dean of Westminster referred to Mr. Field's telegram. His text, too, was on Psalm civ., 2, 14, 15, 24: "On this very day," he says, "(so I learnt yesterday by that electric flash which unites the old and new worlds together), a gifted member of this Collegiate Church, whose discourses on this and like Psalms have rivetted the attention of vast congregations in this Abbey, and who is able to combine the religious and scientific aspects of Nature better than any man living, is on this very day, and perhaps at this very hour, preaching in the most beautiful spot on the face of the earth, where the glories of Nature are revealed on the most gigantic scale—in that wonderful Californian Valley, to whose trees, the cedars of Lebanon are but as the hyssop that groweth out of the wall—where water and forest and sky conjoin to make up, if anywhere on this globe, an earthly paradise. Let me, from this pulpit, faintly echo the enthusiasm which I doubt not inspires his burning words. Let us feel that in this splendid Psalm and this splendid festival, the old and the new, the east and the west, are indeed united in one."

"On May 26th Mrs. Kingsley received the following telegraphic message from Mr. Cyrus Field, through the Secretary of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company: "Yosemite Valley, California, Sunday, May 24th.—We arrived here

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"On Monday we spent the day in riding all over the Valley, and on Tuesday, 26th, we left it at 6 A.M., and rode 24 miles to Clark's Ranch, near the Mariposa Grove. It was bitterly cold, for the snow had not melted on some of the high passes, which were 7,000 feet above the sea; but we found blazing fires and a good supper at Clark's, and after a good night rode out six miles the next day to the Mariposa Grove of Sequoias (Wellingtonias). My father and I agreed to see the first one together, and riding on ahead of our party a little, we suddenly came upon the first, a huge cinnamon-red stem standing up pillar-like, with its head of delicate green foliage among the black sugar pines and Douglas spruce, and I shall never forget the emotion with which he gazed silently —and as he said 'awe struck'—on this glorious work of God.

"It was very cold, and we rode over snow for some two miles under the 'big trees,' and were glad to camp in Mr. Clark's litttle empty shanty under a group of some of the largest of the sequoias. Mr. Clark, who is the guardian of the Grove, had come with us as well as our own guide, Jim Cathy, and they soon lighted a roaring fire, and seated on a bed of fragrant hemlock twigs, we warmed ourselves and ate our luncheon of bread and meat and excellent beer, and then rode on and back to the Ranch, with a collection of flowers that took our whole evening to dry. Next day, the 28th, we drove down to Merced, 65 miles, and there joined the railroad again, and left on the 29th at dawn, arriving that afternoon in San Francisco."

SAN FRANCISCO, *May* 31.

"Here we are safe after such adventures and such wonders in the Yosemite and the Big Trees, and found the dear English letters waiting for us. . . . . Tell G. I will write to him all about the sea lions which I saw this morning. All is more beautiful and wonderful than I expected, and California the finest country in the world—and oh! the flowers."

June 9.

"The next letter you get from me will, I hope, be from Denver. We start east to-morrow, thank God, and run the Sierras, and the desert back again, and beautiful as California is, I think destined

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safely Saturday evening, all delighted with the magnificent scenery. Canon Kingsley preached in the Valley this Sunday afternoon. We leave here Tuesday for the Big Trees. Arrive in San Francisco, Friday. Remain there till the following Wednesday."

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to be the finest country in the world, I want to be nearer and nearer home. We have been so heaped with kindness that this trip will cost us almost nothing. I have got cones from the big trees, with seeds in them, for Lord Eversley and Sir Charles Bunbury; and we have collected heaps of most exquisite plants. I think we shall bring home many pretty and curious things."

"We stayed in San Francisco about ten days, my father making excursions to different places in the neighborhood. The most notable of these was to the Berkeley University at Oakland, whither he was invited by the president, Mr. D. C. Gilman. This day he most thoroughly enjoyed; and he made an address to the students full of vigor and enthusiasm, on Culture, a subject always very near to his heart.

"During the last few days of my father's stay in San Francisco, he caught a severe cold from the damp sea fog which makes the city and parts of the coast of California extremely unhealthy, while a few miles inland the climate is the finest in the world. This cold became rapidly worse, and the doctors in San Francisco ordered him to leave the city as quickly as possible; so on Wednesday, June 10, we set off eastward once more, with Mr. J. A. C. Gray, and part of our original party; and after a very trying journey of four days, we reached Denver. Here most providentially my father met his brother, Dr. Kingsley, who found that he was suffering from a severe attack of pleurisy, and advised our going south on the next day, 75 miles, to Colorado Springs, by the narrow gauge railway, which my brother had helped to build four years before. Here Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Bell received us, and nursed my father with the most devoted attention in their charming English house, at the foot of Pike's Peak.

"As soon as my father had recovered sufficiently to be moved, we all drove up twenty-two miles to Bergun's Park for change of air, and stayed at Mr. Cholmondely Thornton's Ranch, for a week. My father's chief amusement during these weeks of illness was botany, and though he was not able to get many specimens himself, he took a keen delight in naming those we brought him in every day.

"On Sunday, the 5th July, he had recovered enough to be able to read a short service in the large dining-room of the Ranch, and he often reverted to that service with pleasure and emotion. ....

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"On the 6th we went down again to Manitou, and spent a few days with General and Mrs. Palmer, at Glen Eyrie, whose care and kindness helped on his recovery; and on the following Sunday, July 12, my father preached in the Episcopal Church at Colorado Springs, which was barely finished, and in which only one service had been held. The church was crowded, many men, young Englishmen chiefly, having ridden in twenty miles and more from distant Ranches to hear my father preach. The next week, before leaving Colorado Springs for the homeward journey, he gave a lecture in Colorado Springs for the benefit of the church, where he also had a crowd to listen to him. The place was very dear to him from the fact of my brother having been one of the first pioneers there."

MANITOU, COLORADO, *June* 18.

"We are here in perfect peace, at last, after the running and raging of the last three weeks, and safe back over those horrid deserts, in a lovely glen, with red rocks, running and tinkling burn, whispering cotton woods, and all that is delicious, with Pike's Peak and his snow seemingly in the back garden, but 8,000 feet over our heads. Oh, it is a delicious place, and the more so, because we have just got a telegram from Maurice, to say he and his wife are safe in New York from Mexico. Thank God! The heat is tremendous, but not unwholesome. God's goodness since I have been out, no tongue can tell. . . . Please God I shall get safe and well home, and never leave you again, but settle down into the quietest old theologian, serving God, I hope, and doing nothing else, in humility and peace."

June 29.

"A delightful party has clustered here, not only the Rotherys, but Dudley Fortescue and Lord Ebrington, who has just got his Trinity scholarship, and is a charming lad; and we all go up to Bell's Ranch in Bergun's Park to-morrow, for a few days, to get *cool*, for the heat here is tropic, and we cannot move by day. That has given me rest though, and a time for reading. God has been so gracious that I cannot think that He means to send my grey hairs down in sorrow to the grave, but will, perhaps, give me time to reconsider myself, and sit quietly with you, preaching and working, and writing no more. Oh! how I pray for that. Tell the Dean I have been thinking much of him as I read Arnold's life and letters. Ah, happy and noble man; happy life, and happy death. But I must live, please God, a little longer, for all your sakes. Love to G. and M."

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BERGUN'S PARK, *July* 2.

"Oh, my Love, Your birthday-letter was such a comfort to me, for I am very home-sick, and counting the days till I can get back to you. Ah, few and evil would have been the days of my pilgrimage had I not met you; and now I do look forward to something like a peaceful old age with you. . . Tell John Martineau his letter was a great comfort to me. This place is like an ugly Highland strath, bordered with pine woods. Air almost too fine to breathe, 7,200 feet high. Pike's Peak 7,000 feet more at one end, fifteen miles off; and, alas! a great forest-fire burning for three days between us and it; and at the other end wonderful ragged peaks, ten to twenty miles off. Flowers most lovely and wonderful. Plenty of the dear common hare-bell, and several Scotch and English plants, mixed with the strangest forms. We are (or rather Rose is) making a splendid collection. She and the local botanist got more than fifty new sorts one morning. Her strength and activity and happiness are wonderful; and M.'s letters make me very happy. Yes; I have much to thank God for, and will try and show my thankfulness by deeds. Love to G. Tell him there are lots of trout here; but it is too hot to catch them."

GLEN EYRIE, *July* 11.

"Thank God our time draws nigh. I preach at Colorado Springs to-morrow, and lecture for the Church on Wednesday;* Denver,

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*CANON KINGSLEY AND A BEETLE.—(From a Denver letter.)—I will relate a little anecdote of Canon Kingsley, which I heard at Colorado Springs, the other day. On a recent evening he read his lecture on "Westminster Abbey" to the people of Colorado Springs, right under the shadow of Pike's Peak. In the midst of his lecture a bug of some species of *Coleoptera*, new and strange to the eminent lecturer, alighted on his manuscript and attracted his attention at once. Mr. Bug sat still a moment or two, during which space the speaker "improved the occasion" to study his peculiarities of form and structure—perhaps determining in his mind certain obscure or doubtful questions; but while these investigations were in progress, and his language rolling right along to the delight of his hearers, the insect began to expand his wings as if anxious to fly away. The reverend speaker saw the motion, and deftly caught it in his hand. Going right on with his line of argument, he continued his examination for several moments, until, having settled everything to his own satisfaction, he let it buzz away about its own business—perhaps mentally repeating the parting injunction of "My Uncle Toby" to the fly. To any ordinary man the presence of such an intruder would have been unwelcome, and he would have been brushed aside, but the great English divine, trained to such close habits of observation and thought, could not forego the opportunity, even in the midst of his lecture, to study the points in a new species of beetle, his mental discipline enabling him to carry along in his mind two trains of ideas at the same time.

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Friday, and then right away to New York, and embark on the 25th. Letters from M., who has gone to Tennessee. . . .

"This is a wonderful spot: such crags, pillars, caves—red and grey—a perfect thing in a stage scene; and the Flora, such a jumble—cactus, yucca, poison sumach, and lovely strange flowers, mixed with Douglas's and Menzies' pine, and *eatable* pinon, and those again with our own harebells and roses, and all sorts of English flowers. Tell G. I have seen no rattlesnakes; but they killed twenty-five here a year or two ago, and little Nat. M., twelve years old, killed five. Tell him that there are 'painted lady butterflies, and white admirals here, just like our English, and a locust, which, when he opens his wings, is exactly like a white admiral butterfly! and with them enormous tropic butterflies, all colors, and as big as bats. We are trying to get a horned toad to bring home alive. There is a cave opposite my window which must have been full of bears once, and a real eagle's nest close by, full of real young eagles. It is as big as a cart-load of bavins. Tell G. that I will write again before we start over the plains. Oh! happy day!"

GLEN EYRIE, *July* 14.

"I cannot believe that I shall see you within twenty-one days; and never longed so for home. I count the hours till I can cross the Great Valley, on this side of which God has been so good to me. But, oh! for the first rise of the eastern hills, to make me sure that the Mississippi is not still between me and beloved Eversley. I am so glad you like Westminster. Yes! we shall rest our weary bones there for a while before kind death comes, and, perhaps, see our grandchildren round us there.* Ah! please God *that!* I look forward to a blessed quiet autumn, if God so will, having had a change of scene, which will last me my whole life, and has taught me many things. . . . . The collection of plants grows magnificent. . . . ."

During his severe illness in Colorado, he composed these lines; they were the last he ever wrote:

I.

"'Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorrèe?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.
You're booked to ride your capping race to day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me.
Barum, Barum, &c.'

* His first grandchild passed away at its birth just before he himself went into the unseen world, and happily he never knew it.

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2.

"She clasped her new-born baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Barum, Barum, &c.*
'I cannot ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a boy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?'

3.

'"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me.'

4.

"'That husbands could be cruel,' said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
'That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And be killed across a fence at last for all the world to see!"

5.

"She mastered young Vindictive—Oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could be;
But he killed her at the brook against a pollard willow tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see.
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree."

The American chapter may be fitly closed by the following letter from Mr. John Whittier, whose poetry and whose acquaintance, made in Boston, had given him such especial pleasure.

BEARCAMP HOUSE, W., N. H., 8th Mo. 30, 1876.

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I am glad to learn from a letter received from an American clergyman just returned from England that thou art engaged in preparing a biography of thy lamented husband. It seems to me very fitting that the life of such a man as Charles Kingsley should be written by one so fully acquainted with the noble and generous

* The meaning of this strange refrain is not known. Some were doubtful whether, as no explanation was given by Mr. Kingsley, it would not be better to omit it; but Mr. Froude, who thought this poem one of the finest of his ballads, on being consulted, wrote: "I am in favor of keeping the refrain. The music of the song will be incomplete without it: and as the words went humming through his head, the refrain went along with them. It presses like an inexorable destiny, and makes you feel the iron force with which poor Lorraine was swept to her fate." . . . .

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personal qualities of the reformer, poet, and theologian. In this country his memory is cherished by thousands, who, after long admiring the genius of the successful author, have learned, in his brief visit, to love him as a man.

"I shall never forget my first meeting with him in Boston. I began, naturally enough, to speak of his literary work, when he somewhat abruptly turned the conversation upon the great themes of life and duty. The solemn questions of a future life, and the final destiny of the race, seemed pressing upon him, not so much for an answer (for he had solved them all by simple faith in the Divine Goodness), as for the sympathetic response of one whose views he believed to be, in a great degree, coincident with his own. 'I sometimes doubt and distrust myself,' he said, 'but I see some hope for everybody else. To me the Gospel of Christ seems indeed Good Tidings of great joy to all people; and I think we may safely trust the mercy which endureth *for ever*.' It impressed me strongly to find the world-known author ignoring his literary fame, unobservant of the strange city whose streets he was treading for the first time, and engaged only with 'thoughts that wander through eternity.' All I saw of him left upon me the feeling that I was in contact with a profoundly earnest and reverent spirit. His heart seemed overcharged with interest in the welfare, physical, moral, and spiritual, of his race. I was conscious in his presence of the bracing atmosphere of a noble nature. He seemed to me one of the manliest of men.

"I forbear to speak of the high estimate which, in common with all English-speaking people, I place upon his literary life-work. My copy of his 'Hypatia' is worn by frequent perusal, and the echoes of his rare and beautiful lyrics never die out of my memory. But since I have seen *him*, the man seems greater than the author. With profound respect and sympathy,

"I am truly thy friend,

"JOHN G. WHITTIER."

To Mrs. Kingsley.

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CHAPTER XXX.

1874–5.

AGED 55.

Return from America—Work at Eversley—Illness at Westminster—New Anxiety—Last Sermons in the Abbey—Leaves the Cloisters for Ever—Last Return to Eversley—The Valley of the Shadow of Death—Last Illness and Departure—The Victory of Life over Death and Time.

IT was sultry August weather when he returned to Eversley from America; there was much sickness and a great mortality in the parish, and he was out among his people twice and three times a day in the burning sun and dry easterly wind. His curate, the Rev. Elis Price, was away for his well-earned holiday; and his great joy at being with his poor people again made him plunge too eagerly and suddenly into work, and Sunday services, before he had regained his strength after his illness in Colorado. When he went up to Westminster in September, a severe attack of congestion of the liver came on, which alarmed his friends, and prevented his preaching in the Abbey on the first Sunday of his residence. This attack shook him terribly, and from that time he was unable to preach more than once a day during his residence; but, though altered and emaciated, he seemed recovering strength, when, early in October, a shadow came over his home, in the dangerous illness of his wife, touching him in his tenderest point, and filling him with fears for the future. When all immediate danger was over, it was with difficulty he was persuaded to leave her and take a few days' change of air and scene, before his November work commenced, at Lord John Thynne's, in Bedfordshire, and with his friend Mr. Fuller Maitland, in Essex.* From these visits, however, he returned invigorated in health and spirits, and got through his sermons in the Abbey with less difficulty. The congregations were enormous—the sermons powerful as ever,

* At Stanstead, during this visit, the friend with whom he was conversing on the deepest doctrines of Christianity said she could never forget his look and voice, as he folded his arms, and bowing his head, said, "I cannot—cannot live without the MAN CHRIST JESUS."

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though their preparation was an increasing labor. The change in his appearance was observed by many. "I went back," said an old correspondent, who had gone to hear him preach in Westminster Abbey, "sad at the remembrance of the bent back and shrunken figure, and while hoping the weakness was but temporary, I grieved to see one who had carried himself so nobly, broken down by illness.

His sermon on All Saints' Day will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was like a note of preparation for the life of eternal blessedness in the vision of God upon which he was so soon to enter. It was a revealing too of his own deepest belief as to what that blessedness meant, with back glances into the darker passages and bitter struggles of his own earthly life and warfare with evil.

On Advent Sunday, November 29, he preached his last sermon in the Abbey, with intense fervor. It was the winding up of his work in the Abbey, but neither he nor those who hung upon his words thought that it was the winding-up of his public ministrations and the last time he would enter the pulpit. The text was Luke xix. 41, Christ weeping over Jerusalem. A great storm was raging over London that afternoon, and the gale seemed almost to shake the Abbey, which made the service to one who was keenly sensitive, as he was, to all changes of weather, especially those which would affect the fate of ships at sea, most exciting.

The sermon was a characteristic one. "Advent," he said, "should be a season not merely of warning, awe, repentance, but a season of trust and hope and content." He sketched the leading features of his past teaching in the Abbey—dwelling on the Kingship and Divine Government of Christ over races, nations, individuals—His infinite rigor and yet infinite tenderness of pity—the divine humanity which possessed Him as he wept over the doomed city, and cried out, "How often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings," and closed with these words:

"And what is true of nations and of institutions—is it not true of individuals, of each separate human brother of the Son of Man?

"Ah—and is there a young life ruined by its own folly—a young heart broken by its own wilfulness—an elder man or woman too, who is fast losing the finer instincts, the nobler aims, of youth in the restlessness of covetousness, of fashion, of ambition? Is there

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one such poor soul over whom Christ does not grieve? To whom, at some supreme crisis of their lives, He does not whisper—'Ah, beautiful organism—thou, too, art a thought of God—thou, too, if thou wert but in harmony with thyself and God, a microcosmic *City of God!* Ah! that thou hadst known—even thou—at least in this thy day—the things which belong to thy peace?'

"Shall I go on? shall I add to the words of doom? 'But now they are hid from thine eyes? Thou hast gambled with thine own destiny too long. Thou hast fixed thy habits. Thou hast formed thy character. It is too late to mend. Thou art left henceforth to the perpetual unrest which thou hast chosen—to thine own lusts and passions; and the angels of peace depart from thy doomed heart, as they did in the old legend, from the doomed Temple of Jerusalem—sighing—'Let us go hence'—shall I say that? God forbid—it is not for me to finish the sentence—or to pronounce the doom of any soul.

"But it is for me to say—as I say now to each of you—Oh that you each may know the time of your visitation—and may listen to the voice of Christ, *whenever* and *however* He may whisper to you, 'Come unto Me, thou weary and heavy-laden heart, and I will give thee *Rest*.'

"He may come to you in many ways. In ways in which the world would never recognize Him—in which perhaps neither you nor I shall recognize *Him;* but it will be enough, I hope, if we but hear His message, and obey His gracious inspiration, let Him speak through whatever means He will.

"He may come to us, by some crisis in our life, either for sorrow or for bliss. He may come to us by a great failure; by a great disappointment—to teach the wilful and ambitious soul, that not in *that* direction lies the path of peace. He may come in some unexpected happiness to teach that same soul that He is able and willing to give abundantly beyond all that we can ask or think. He may come to us, when our thoughts are cleaving to the ground, and ready to grow earthy of the earth—through noble poetry, noble music, noble art—through aught which awakens once more in us the instinct of the true, the beautiful, and the good. He may come to us when our souls are restless and weary, through the repose of Nature—the repose of the lonely snow-peak, and of the sleeping forest, of the clouds of sunset and of the summer sea, and whisper Peace. Or He may come, as He may come this very night to many a gallant soul—not in the repose of Nature, but in her rage—in howling storm, and blinding foam, and ruthless rocks, and whelming surge—and whisper to them even so—as the sea swallows all of them which *it* can take—of calm beyond, which this world cannot give and cannot take away.

"He may come to us when we are fierce and prejudiced, with that still small voice—so sweet and yet so keen. 'Understand

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those who misunderstand thee. Be fair to those who are unfair to thee. Be just and merciful to those whom thou wouldst like to hate. Forgive and thou shalt be forgiven; for with what measure thou measurest unto others, it shall be measured to thee again.' He comes to us surely, when we are selfish and luxurious, in every sufferer who needs our help, and says, 'If you do good to one of these, my brethren, you do it unto Me.'

"But most surely does Christ come to us, and often most happily, and most clearly does he speak to us—in the face of a little child, fresh out of heaven. Ah, let us take heed that we despise not one of these little ones, lest we despise our Lord Himself. For as often as we enter into communion with little children, so often does Christ come to us. So often, as in Judea of old, does He take a little child and set him in the midst of us, that from its simplicity, docility, and trust—the restless, the mutinous, and the ambitious may learn the things which belong to their peace—so often does He say to us, 'Except ye be changed and become as this little child, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me. For I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.'

"AND THEREFORE LET US SAY, IN UTTER FAITH, 'COME AS THOU SEEST BEST—BUT IN WHATSOEVER WAY THOU COMEST—EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS.'"

As soon as the Abbey service was over, he came home much exhausted, and went straight up to his wife's room. "And now my work here is done, thank God! and . . . . I finished with your favorite text."

The next day he dined at the Deanery to meet Dr. Caird, before attending his lecture in the Abbey at the special evening service. The night was damp, and coming out into the cold cloister he caught a fresh cold, and coughed all through the night; but he made light of it, for he could think of nothing but the joy of returning with his wife to Eversley for Christmas and the quiet winter's work. And on the 3rd of December, full of spirits and thankfulness, he left the cloisters forever, and took her with tenderest care to Eversley. But his happiness was shortlived; the journey down had had serious consequences for her, and that night the Angel of Death for the first time for thirty-one years seemed hovering over the little rectory. He had been engaged by the Queen's command to go to Windsor Castle the following Saturday for two days. Telegrams were sent there, and to his children who were absent. Still he could not believe there was danger, till he was told

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that there was no hope, and then—"My own death-warrant was signed," he said, "with those words." Children and friends collected round him, while he gathered himself up with a noble self-repression to give comfort where it was needed. His ministrations in the sick room showed the intensity of his own faith, as he strengthened the weak, encouraged the fearful, and in the light of the Cross of Christ and the love of God, spoke of an eternal reunion and the indestructibility of that married love which, if genuine on earth, can only be severed for a brief moment. When asked if he thought it cowardly for a poor soul, who had been encompassed with such protecting love as his, to tremble on the brink of the dark river which all must cross alone—to shrink from leaving husband, children—the love that had made life blessed and real and full for so many years—and to go alone into the unknown: "Cowardly!" he said. "Don't you think I would rather some one put a pistol to my head than lie on that bed there waiting? *But*,—" he added, "it is not darkness you are going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with you. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there." And when the dreary interval before reunion was mentioned, he spoke of the possibility of all consciousness of time being so abolished that what would be long years to the survivor might be only a moment to the separated soul that had passed over the River of Death. And so, with words of strong consolation and hope, with daily prayer and reading from the Gospel and Epistles of St. John and the Psalms, he preached peace and forgiveness till all was calm; and dwelling on the borderland together for weeks of deep communion, every chapter of the past was gone over once more, and "life was all re-touched again," —favorite poetry was read for the last time, Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," Milton's magnificent Ode to "Time," again and again, Matthew Arnold's "Buried Life," and certain passages from Shakspeare. Once more he himself administered the Holy Communion to his wife, children, and servants; and once again, before he himself lay down to die, he received it with them from the hands of Mr. Harrison. But though his own iron will and utter submission to the Will of God enabled him to be outwardly calm in the sick room, and even to speak there of the lonely years which he feared were before him, of the grave where, he said, he would allow no one but himself to do the last office, where he would place the

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three Latin words in which the life of his life, past, present, and future, are gathered up,—the charm of life for him was over, and he spoke the truth when he said his "heart was broken," for so it was. He was ill himself, and became careless of his own health, reckless of cold and snow; his cough became bronchitic. On the 28th of December he took to his bed, and pneumonia, with its terrible symptoms, came on rapidly. He had promised his wife to "fight for life" for his children's sake, and he did so for a time; but the enemy, or, as he would have said himself, "kindly Death," was too strong for him, and in a few weeks the battle was over and he was at rest. The weather was bitter, and he had been warned that his recovery depended on the same temperature being kept up in his room, and on his never leaving it; but one day he leapt out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and taking her hand in his, said, "This is heaven, don't speak;" but, after a short silence, a severe fit of coughing came on, he could say no more, and they never met again. When told that another move would be fatal, he replied, "We have said all to each other, we have made up our accounts;" and often repeated, "It is all right, all *as it should be*." For a few days a correspondence was kept up in pencil; and on December 30 he wrote of this "terrible trial," the fiery trial of separation, to both so bitter at such a moment. "But," he adds, "I am somewhat past fretting—almost past feeling. . . . . I know it *must* be right, because it is so strange and painful." Again, on New Year's Eve, "I am much better in all ways. Thank God for the gleam of sun and the frost on the window-pane. . . . ." And again, in the last letter he ever wrote, on January 3rd, a bright morning, the first Sunday in the year: "Ah! what a good omen for the coming year—this lovely Sunday morning. May it mean light and peace and blessing in both worlds for us all! . . . ." But, to use his own words, it then became "too painful, too tantalising," and the letters ceased.

He was now kept constantly under the influence of opiates to quiet the cough and keep off hæmorrhage, and his dreams were always of his travels in the West Indies, the Rocky Mountains, and California. These scenes he would describe night after night to the trained nurse from Westminster Hospital who sat up with him, and whose unwearied care and skill can never be forgotten. He would tell her, too, of the travels of his eldest son in America, of whom

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he continually spoke with love and pride, and to whose success in life he so eagerly looked. His own physical experiences were very singular to him, for he sat as a spectator outside himself, and said if he recovered he would write a book about them. Early in January, when the alarming symptoms came on, his devoted medical attendant, Mr. Heynes, of Eversley, who was day and night at the Rectory, begged for further advice; and Dr. Hawkesley, who twice came down from London, did not despair of Mr Kingsley; he said he never saw a "more splendid fight for life," and was struck with his brilliancy in describing his symptoms.

He spoke but little latterly, and the fear of exciting him made those around afraid of telling him anything that would rouse him to the sense of his great loneliness. But one morning before his condition became hopeless, when some little letters, enclosing some drawings to amuse him, had come from the young Princes at Sandringham, who loved him well and were sorry for his illness and his grief, his doctor said they might be shown him. They touched him deeply; and his messages in answer were among the last he sent. On Sunday, the 17th, he sat up for a few moments, where he could see from the bedroom window which looked into the churchyard his dear people go into church, and spoke of their "goodness" to him and how he loved them. He reiterated the words, "It is all right." "All *under rule*." One morning early he asked the nurse, if it was light, to open the shutters, for he loved light. It was still dark. "Ah! well," he said, "the light is good and the darkness is good—it is all good." From sleeping so much he was unconscious of the lapse of time. "How long have I been in bed?" he said one day, and on being told three weeks, he said, "It does not seem three days. Ah, I live in fairyland, or I should go mad!"

On the 20th of January the Prince of Wales, whose regard and affection had never failed for fourteen years, requested Sir William Gull to go down to Eversley. He, too, thought recovery possible; but immediately after his visit hæmorrhage returned—the end seemed near, and then the full truth—and not a painful one—burst upon him. "Heynes," he said, "I am hit; this last shot has told—did F. tell you about the funeral? We settled it all," and then he repeated, in the very words used to himself, the arrangements that had been made in view of the event he had been dreading,

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which God mercifully spared him ; and after mentioning the names of the bearers selected (laboring men endeared by old parish memories), "Let there be no paraphernalia, no hatbands, no carriages . . . ." He was calm and content. He had no need to put his mind into a fresh attitude, for his life had long been "hid with Christ in God." Twenty-five years before, in speaking of a friend who did not accept Christianity, he had said, "The more I see of him, the more I learn to love the true doctrines of the Gospel, because I see more and more that only in faith and love to the Incarnate God, our Saviour, can the cleverest, as well as the simplest, find the Peace of God which passes understanding." In this faith he had lived—and as he had lived, so he died—humble, confident, unbewildered. That night he was heard murmuring, "No more fighting—no more fighting ;" and then followed intense, earnest prayers, which were his habit when alone,—too sacred for any listener. Yes, his warfare was accomplished, he had fought the good fight, and never grounded his arms till God took them mercifully out of his brave hands and gave him rest.

It was on one of those, his last nights on earth, his daughter heard him exclaim, "How beautiful God is." For the last two days before he departed, he asked no questions, and sent no messages to his wife, thinking all was over, and hoping that at last the dream of his life was fulfilled of their dying together ; and under this impression, it is thought, when the faithful nurse who had been with his children since their birth, left his wife for a moment to come to her dying master the day before he went, "Ah," he said, "dear nurse, and I, too, am come to an end ; it is all right—all as it *should be*," and closed his eyes again. On that same morning from his bed he had looked out over the beloved glebe once more. The snow, which had been deep for weeks, had cleared a little, the grass of the pasture was green, and he said, "Tell Grenville (his youngest son, who had just left him after helping to arrange his bed) I am looking at the most beautiful scene I ever saw," adding some words of love and approval, that were scarcely audible.

The last morning, at five o'clock, just after his eldest daughter, who, with his medical man and Mr. Harrison, had sat up all night, had left him, and he thought himself alone, he was heard, in a clear voice, repeating the words of the Burial Service :

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"Thou knowest, O Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayer, but spare us, O Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and merciful Saviour, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, from any pains of death, to fall from Thee."

He turned on his side after this, and never spoke again, and before midday, on the 23rd of January—without sigh or struggle—breathed his last breath, so gently that his eldest daughter and the family nurse, who were watching him, could scarcely tell that all was over. Twenty years before, and how often since, he had expressed his longing for that moment: "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with an intense and reverent curiosity." And now the great secret that he had longed to know was revealed to him, and he was satisfied.

On the afternoon of his departure a telegram was sent to Chester, where the daily bulletins had been watched for so eagerly, "Canon Kingsley peacefully expired;" and on the Sunday morning the tolling of the Cathedral bell, and the omission of his name in the daily prayer for the sick, confirmed the worst fears of many loving hearts. For many weeks the prayers of the congregation had been asked for "Charles and Fanny Kingsley." Not only in Chester Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, but in other churches and chapels, at prayer-meetings too, in London, Sheffield, and elsewhere, his life was prayed for, and God in His great mercy, had answered by giving him immortal life.

As soon as the news reached Westminster, a telegram from the Dean brought these words to his children: "Bear up under the blow. You will perhaps choose Eversley, but the Abbey is open to the Canon and the Poet."

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER, *Jan.* 24, 1875.

"I cannot let the day pass without a word in addition to the brief telegram I sent last night.

"It seems but a few years, though it is many, since I first saw your dear father at Oxford, and again still fewer, though that is also long ago, since I for the first time was at Eversley—and our meetings have been but few and far between—but I always felt that he was a faithful friend, and a brave champion for much and many that I loved; and when he was transplanted among us, my dear wife and I both looked forward to the multiplication of these meetings—to long years of labor together.

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"God has ordered it otherwise. He had done his work. He had earned his rest. You had seen all that was highest and best in him.

"The short stay amongst us here had given him a new life, and had endeared him to a new world. He has gone in the fulness of his strength, like one of his own tropical suns—no twilight—no fading. Be of good heart, for you have much for which to be thankful.

"I ventured to say something about the place of burial. It is far the most probable (from what I have heard that he had said) that Eversley will have been the place chosen by him and by you —most natural that it should be so. Had his days ended here, then I should have pressed that the right which we have acquired in him should have the chief claim, and you know that should the other not be paramount, here we should be too glad to lay him, not by that official right which I try to discourage, but by the natural inheritance of genius and character. Any way, let me know the day and hour of the funeral. If none nearer or more suitable should be thought of, I, as the chief of his last earthly sphere, would ask to render the last honors.

"Yours sincerely,
"A. P. STANLEY."

There was no hesitation with those who knew his own feelings, and at Eversley he was buried on the 28th of January; no one was invited to come, but early in the day the churchyard was full. There had been deep snow and bitter cold for many weeks. But the day was kindly, soft, and mild, with now and then gleams of sunshine. He was carried to the grave by villagers who had known, loved, and trusted him for years. The coffin, covered with flowers, was met at the garden-gate by the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Westminster, Mr. Powles, his oldest friend, his two last curates, Rev. William Harrison, and Rev. Elis Price, and his churchwarden Sir William Cope, and was laid before the altar, where for thirty-two years he had ministered so faithfully, before the service was finished at the grave. Roman Catholic and Protestant, Churchman and Dissenter, American and English, met at that grave; every profession, every rank, every school of thought, was represented. Soldiers* and sailors were there; among them three Victoria Cross Officers, men whom he had loved, and who honored him. The Master of Fox Hounds, with the huntsman and the whip, were there also, and from his beloved Chester came the Dean

* Gen. Sir William Codrington; Col. Sir Charles Russell, V.C.; Col. Alfred Jones, V.C.; Col. Evelyn Wood, V. C.; Captain F. Maurice, &c.

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and a deputation from the Natural Science Society he had founded.* "I have been at many state funerals," said a naval officer who was present, "but never did I see such a sight as Charles Kingsley's."

"Who," says Max Müller, "can forget that funeral on the 28th of January, 1875, and the large sad throng that gathered round his grave? There was the representative of the Prince of Wales, and, close by, the gipsies of Eversley Common, who used to call him their 'Patrico-rai' (their Priest King). There was the squire of his village, and the laborers young and old, to whom he had been a friend and a father. There were governors of distant colonies,† officers, and sailors, the bishop of his diocese, and the dean of his abbey; there were the leading Nonconformists of the neighborhood, and his own devoted curates, peers and members of the House of Commons, authors and publishers, and the huntsmen in pink; and, outside the churchyard, the horses and the hounds, for though as good a clergyman as any, Charles Kingsley had been a good sportsman, and had taken in his life many a fence as bravely as he took the last fence of all, without fear or trembling. All that he had loved and all that had loved him was there, and few eyes were dry when he was laid in his own gravel bed, the old trees, which he had planted and cared for, waving their branches to him for the last time, and the grey sunny sky looking down with calm pity on the deserted rectory, and on the short joys and the shorter sufferings of mortal man.

"All went home feeling that life was poorer, and every one knew that he had lost a friend who had been, in some peculiar sense, his own. Charles Kingsley will be missed in England, in the English colonies, in America, where he spent his last happy year; aye, wherever Saxon speech and Saxon thought is understood. He will be mourned for, yearned for, in every place in which he passed some days of his busy life. As to myself, I feel as if another cable had snapped that tied me to this hospitable shore."

Such was the scene at Eversley, while at Chester and at Westminster the cathedral bell tolled for the well-beloved Canon, whom they should see no more.

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The Sunday following his funeral, sermons on his life and death were numerous. Dean Stanley in London, Dean Howson at Chester, Churchmen, Baptists, and other Nonconformists, both in

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* Dr. Stolterforth, Mr. Shepheard, Mr. Manning, Mr. Griffith.

† His Excellency Sir Arthur Gordon; Col. Sir Thomas Gore Browne.

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London, Chester, and elsewhere, while his own pulpit at Eversley Church was occupied by Sir William Cope in the morning, and by his devoted and attached curate, the Rev. Elis Price, in the afternoon.

Telegrams and letters, full of reverent love for him and of sympathy for those whom he had left, poured in from the highest to the lowest in this land, and from many in other lands, where his words had brought light in darkness, comfort in sorrow, hope in despair —from the heart of Africa, from Australia, from California, as well as from America, where thousands had loved him before they had seen him face to face so recently.

Never had mourners over an unspeakable loss more exultant consolation, lifting them above their own selfish sorrow, to the thought of what they *had* possessed in him, and that, if misunderstood by some in his lifetime, he was honored by all in his death—that among men of all parties, there was the unanimous feeling that the great presence which had passed away had left a blank which no one could exactly fill.

A Kingsley Memorial Fund was set on foot immediately after the funeral, in London, Chester, and at Eversley. The call was responded to in America as well as in England. The church at Eversley has been enlarged and improved. The Chester memorials have been described by the Dean; and on the 23rd of September the London memorial was placed in Westminster Abbey, of which the following account appeared in the *Times* of the next morning:

The bust of Canon Kingsley, which has been executed in marble by Mr. Woolner, was unveiled yesterday afternoon in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony was extremely simple, but interesting and touching. At 2 o'clock Canon Duckworth, who succeeded the late Mr. Kingsley in his canonry, and is now in residence, attended by the Rev. W. Harrison (Mr. Kingsley's son-in-law) and the Rev. J. Troutbeck, Minor Canons, proceeded in surplices to the Baptistery, accompanied by the two sons and two daughters and daughter-in-law of the late Canon, and a small number of intimate friends. Canon Farrar was also present, but took no official part.

After the bust had been unveiled by Mr. Maurice Kingsley, Canon Duckworth delivered an address, at the close of which the ladies laid wreaths of choice flowers below the bust.

The bust itself is one of Mr. Woolner's finest works, and, to those who knew Charles Kingsley well, represents with marvellous fidelity the character which had so stamped itself upon his expressive features. The mingled sternness and tender sympathy, the

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earnestness and playful humor are all in the living marble. To those who knew Mr. Kingsley but slightly, the likeness is at first less striking. The sculptor holding that either the beard or the smooth face may be legitimately treated in sculpture, but that the whisker is a temporary fashion of no artistic worth, has (since Mr. Kingsley wore no beard) entirely divested the face of hair, and this, while it increases the grandeur of the work, renders the likeness less immediately apparent. But we believe that Mr. Kingsley's own family, and all those who knew him well, are entirely satisfied that Mr. Woolner is not only right in his idea, but most thoroughly successful in his treatment.

The Baptistery in which the bust is placed, is rapidly becoming, as the Dean has said, "a new Poets' Corner." On the same wall with the bust of Charles Kingsley stands that of Mr. Maurice, whom he delighted to call his "dear master;" Keble and Wordsworth find a place in the same chapel, and a stained window presented to the Abbey by an American gentleman contains figures of George Herbert and Cowper.

It was a matter of regret to all that Mrs. Kingsley's extremely delicate health prevented her presence, but we may mention, that so soon as the bust was completed and ready for the position it now occupies, Mr. Woolner sent it down to Byfleet for her inspection. Those who know the danger of moving heavy works of art will appreciate the sculptor's kindness, which was, we know, deeply felt by Mrs. Kingsley.

In Eversley Churchyard his wife has placed a white marble cross, on which, under a spray of his favorite passion-flower, are the words of his choice, the story of his life:

"AMAVIMUS, AMAMUS, AMABIMUS."

And above them, circling round the Cross, "God is Love," the keynote of his faith.

The green turf round the grave was soon worn by the tread of many footsteps; for months a day seldom passed without strangers being seen in the churchyard. On Bank holidays numbers would come to see his last resting-place—little children, who had loved the "Waterbabies," and the "Heroes," would kneel down reverently and look at the beautiful wreaths of flowers, which kind hands had placed there, while the gipsies never passed the gate without turning in to stand over the grave in silence, sometimes scattering wild flowers there, believing, as they do, to use their

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own strange words, that "he went to heaven on the prayers of the gipsies."

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And now these scattered memories, connected by a feeble thread all unworthy of its great subject, draw to a close. To some it may have seemed a treachery to lift the veil from the inner life of a man, who while here hated the notoriety which he could not escape, and shrunk from every approach to egotism; but these private letters, showing, as they do, the steps by which he arrived at many of his most startling conclusions through years of troubled thought, are a commentary on much that seemed contradictory in his teaching, and may justify him, while they teach and strengthen others. Those alone who knew him intimately—and they not wholly—best understood his many-sided mind, and could interpret the apparent contradictions which puzzled others. Those who knew him little, but loved him much, could trust where they could not interpret. But to the public, some explanation, if not due, may yet be welcome; and in that invisible state where perhaps he now watches with intensest interest the education of the human race, he would not shrink, as he would have shrunk here, from a publicity which, in revealing the workings of his own mind, may make his teaching of the truths which were most precious to him on earth more intelligible, if such a revelation should only help one poor struggling soul to light, and strength, and comfort, in the sore dark battle of life.

Some, again, may be inclined to say that this character is drawn in too fair colors to be absolutely truthful. But "we speak that we do know, and testify to that we have seen." The outside world must judge him as an author, a preacher, a member of society; but those only who lived with him in the intimacy of everyday life at home can tell what he was as a man. Over the real romance of his life, and over the tenderest, loveliest passages in his private letters, a veil must be thrown; but it will not be lifting it too far to say, that if in the highest, closest of earthly relationships, a love that never failed—pure, patient, passionate, for six-and-thirty years—a love which never stooped from its own lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night, could prove that the

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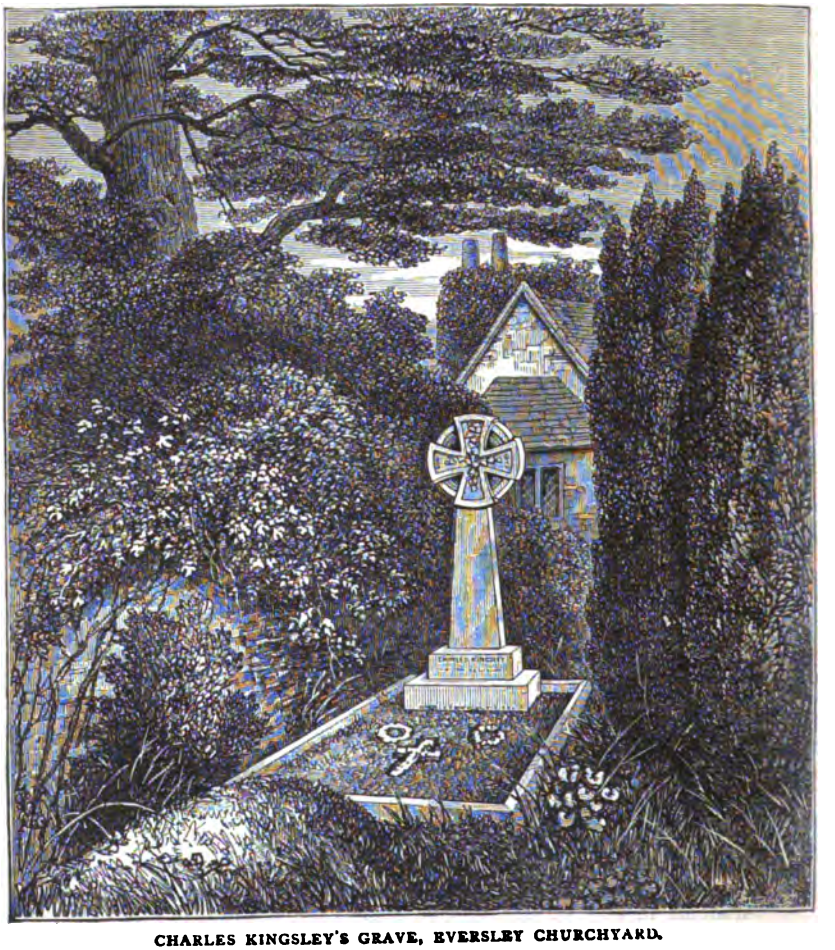
age of chivalry has not passed away for ever, then Charles Kingsley fulfilled the ideal of a "most true and perfect knight" to the one woman blest with that love in time and to eternity. To eternity—for such love is eternal; and he is not dead. He himself, the man, lover, husband, father, friend, he still lives in God, who is not the God of the dead, but of the living.



CHARLES KINGSLEY'S GRAVE, EVERSLEY CHURCHYARD.

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APPENDIX.

I.

THE KINGSLEY MEMORIAL FUND.

THE Kingsley Memorial Fund, set on foot in February, 1875, resulted at Eversley in the enlargement of the Church, and in the carrying out of a plan of their late Rector for turning the old vestry in the tower into a baptistery, opening out the roof, and substituting open benches for the remaining pews. The Committee included the following names :—

The Duke of Westminster.	Rev. R. C. Powles.
Lord Eversley.	Rev. Elis Price.
Lord Calthorpe.	Mr. Martineau.
Rt. Hon. W. Cowper Temple.	Mr. Stapleton.
General Sir William Codrington.	Mr. Tindal.
Sir William Cope.	Mr. Dew.
Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P.	Mr. Wyeth.
Mr. Raikes Currie.	Mr. Seymour.

On a Brass Plate in the Baptistery these words are inscribed :—

IN PIAM MEMORIAM
CAROLI KINGSLEY
S. PETRI WESTMONASTERIENSIS
CANONICI
HVIVSCE ECCLESIÆ
PER XXXI ANNOS
RECTORIS DILECTISSIMI
HANC ÆDEM SACROSANCTAM
QVAM DOCTRINA ILLVSTRAVIT SVA
INSTAVRANDAM CVRAVERVNT
PAROCHIANI ET AMICI
DESIDERANTES
A.D.
MDCCCLXXV.

At Chester, a Committee with which the Wrexham Society of Natural Science joined, was formed, and it was decided that a Marble Bust should be placed in the Chapter House ; a Medal struck for successful students in the Natural Science Society ; and the ladies of Chester undertook to restore one of the Cathedral Stalls in memory of the Canon.

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In London the following Prospectus was issued by Mr. John Thynne, and responded to most generously, both in England and America.

KINGSLEY MEMORIAL FUND.

WESTMINSTER.

Independently of the proposed Restoration of Eversley Church, it is proposed that a Bust should be made of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and that one copy be presented to the Chapter of Westminster, to be placed in the Abbey, and another to Cambridge, of which University Mr. Kingsley was so distinguished a member.

Mr. Woolner, R. A., has expressed his willingness to undertake the execution of the bust.

The following have already sent in their names in support of the Memorial:—

The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Dean of Chester.
Alfred Tennyson, Esq.
Tom Taylor, Esq.
The Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.
The Rev. H. Montagu Butler, D.D.
Professor Max Müller.
A. Macmillan, Esq.
The Bishop of Chester.
The Marquis of Lansdowne.
The Hon. J. L. Motley.
The Rev. Chancellor Benson, D.D.
The Duke of St. Alban's.
John Walter, Esq., M.P.
The Duke of Bedford.
The Marquis of Lorne, K.T.
The Right Hon. W.E. Forster, M.P.
The Right Hon. G. Hardy, M.P.
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The Rev. Lord John Thynne.
Lord Henniker.
The Rev. Stopford Brooke.
The Earl of Clarendon.
The Rev. Canon Prothero.

Treasurer:

JOHN C. THYNNE, ESQ.

LITTLE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER, *Feb.* 19, 1875.

The list of Subscribers, which is too large to be inserted here, includes many names, dear to one who loved Art as he did: among them, George Macfarren, Alma Tadema, James Burn; besides those of American friends who had welcomed him so warmly and so lately to their homes across the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Peterson, of Philadelphia; Mr. J. A. C. Gray, of New York; Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia; Mr. D. O. Mills, of California, &c., &c.

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II.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE REVEREND CHARLES KINGSLEY'S WORKS.

1848 Saint's Tragedy.
1849 Alton Locke.
1849 Yeast.
1849 Twenty-five Village Sermons.
1852 Phaeton.
1852 Sermons on National Subjects, 1st Series.
1853 Hypatia.
1854 Sermons on National Subjects, 2nd Series.
1854 Alexandria and her Schools.
1855 Westward Ho!
1855 Sermons for the Times.
1856 The Heroes.
1857 Two Years Ago.
1858 Andromeda and other Poems.
1859 The Good News of God—Sermons.
1859 Miscellanies.
1860 Limits of Exact Science applied to History (Inaugural Lectures).
1861 Town and Country Sermons.
1863 Sermons on the Pentateuch.
1863 Waterbabies.
1864 The Roman and the Teuton.
1866 David and other Sermons.
1866 Hereward the Wake.
1867 The Ancien Régime (Lectures at the Royal Institution).
1867 Water of Life and other Sermons.
1869 The Hermits.
1869 Madam How and Lady Why.
1871 At Last.
1872 Town Geology.
1872 Discipline and other Sermons.
1873 Prose Idylls.
1873 Plays and Puritans.
1874 Health and Education.
1874 Westminster Sermons.
1875 Lectures delivered in America.

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INDEX.

ABBOT, Archbishop, portrait of, by Vandyke, 59.
Abergeldie, Castle of, 380, 381.
Abou Zennab and his horse, story of, 214.
"Advanced thinker" rebuked by Kingsley, 280.
Agassiz Museum, 455.
Aldershot, camp at, 233; lecture to troops in camp at, 279; lecture on study of history at, 354, 411.
Alston, Capt. A. H., friendship between Kingsley and, 239.
"Alton Locke, Autobiography of a Cockney Poet," origin of, 111; finished, 127; published by Chapman & Hall, 128; published, 132; Carlyle on, 132; how received, 136.
America, Kingsley sails for, with daughter, 452.
American Lectureship at Cambridge, address on by Kingsley, 364; offer to establish rejected, 366.
American States, Kingsley proposes to lecture on history of, 319.
Andover, 455.
Animals, love of, 263.
Archæological Society of Chester, Kingsley presides at, 413.
Argyle, Duke of, book by, 377.
Aristocrat, Kingsley repels charge that he is, 109.
Arnold, Matthew, "Culture and Anarchy," 420.
Arnold's Life and Letters, 469.
Art of Learning (the), lecture by Kingsley on, 330.
"At Last," 406.
Articles (the), force of subscription to, 358, 359.
Athanasian Creed, 325, 354; asked to join committee in defence of, 438.
Atheist editor, correspondence with, 288.
Attacks on Kingsley's teachings by press, 386.
"Autobiography of a Cockney Poet," 111.
Avignon, 352.

BALTIMORE, Kingsley preaches in, 460.
Baptism, infant, F. D. Maurice on, 84.
Baptists, F. D. Maurice on, 83.
Barnack, living of, presented to Charles Kingsley, Sr., for son Herbert, 24; living surrendered, 28.
Bateson, Master of St. John's College, recollections by, 52.
Bates, H., letter to, 339.
Bath and Wells, Lord Arthur Harvey, Bishop of, 311.
Beatific Vision, sermon on, 452.
Beetle, incident connected with, 470.
Bell, Dr., and Mrs. W. A., 468.
Bennett, Sir William Sterndale, 320.
Bennett, Charles Henry, consults Kingsley about illustrating "Pilgrim's Progress," 289.
Benson, Dr., memories of Kingsley by, 328.
Berkeley University, at Oakland, visited, 468.
Betting, letter to young men of Chester on, 426; letter on, to son, 431.
Bewick's works, 369.
Biarritz, 348, 353.
Bible politics, 135.
Birmingham, lectures on Human Physiology, 436.
Blackwell, Dr. Elizabeth, 405.
Blandford, Kingsley curate of, 69.
Bloomfield, Dr., Bishop of London, forbids Kingsley to preach in London, 147; prohibition withdrawn, 147.
Bloomfield, Canon of Chester, letter from, 442, 443.
Body and Soul, 235.
Boston, 455, 459.
Botta, Prof. and Mrs., 456, 457.
Bovill, Chief Justice, death of, 432.
Bowles, Samuel, 456.
Boys, teaching of, Kingsley's views on, 226.
Bramshill Park Camp, 432.
"Brave Words to Brave Soldiers," by Kingsley, 215.
Bremer, Frederika, 135; visits Evers-

Digitized by Google

ley Rectory, 170; letter to Kingsley, 171.
Bright, Mynors, letter from, 42.
Brimley, George, letters to, 136, 276.
Bristol riots, 31, 159.
British Association meets at Cambridge, 321; meeting of, at St. Andrews, 379.
British Museum, paper on, by "Parson Lot," 102.
Brontë, Miss, Life and Works of, 269.
Brooke, Rajah, Sir James, letter from on "Westward Ho!" 221.
Brotherhoods and societies, letter from Kingsley on, 211.
Brother's love illustrated by story of Dover coachmen, 60.
Brown, Rev. Baldwin, on keeping Crystal Palace open on Sundays, 171.
Bryant, W. C., 457.
Bullar, John, letters from Kingsley to, 237, 267, 268, 275.
Bunbury, Sir Charles Fox, letter from Kingsley on rain sermon, 309; Kingsley's friendship with, 311; memories of Kingsley, 312; proposes Kingsley as Fellow of Geological Society, 326; letter from Kingsley to, on appointment to Westminster, 449.
Bunsen, Chevalier, 62; on "Hypatia," 178, 180; letter from, to Kingsley about preface to "Deutsche Theologie," 208.
Bunsen, Henry de, paper by, on "How can the State best help in the Education of the Working Classes," 403; recollections of Kingsley, 403.
Button Cap at Barnack, 24.

CALVINISM, ruinous influence of, 237.
Cambridge, incident of examination at, 53; inaugural lectures at, by Kingsley, 311, 455.
Campbell, Rev. E. Pitcairn, letter from, 44; letter to, on Royal Wedding, 327; on toads in a hole, 341.
Canterbury, Archbishop of, congratulates Kingsley on appointment to Westminster, 443.
Carcassonne, 350.
Carlyle's works, effects of, on Kingsley, 49; writings, bright views of life, given by, 75, 118; recommends "Alton Locke" to Chapman and Hall, 128; opinion of "Alton Locke," 132; Kingsley not follower of in theology, 269; views on Church of England, 320.
Carnarvon, Lord, 287.
Catholics, justice to, 285.
Character Album, as filled out by Kingsley, 439.
Chartist outbreak, 94; Kingsley preaches on, 97; sketch of, by Thomas Hughes, 98; Kingsley attends Chartist meeting, 117.
"Cheap Clothes, and Nasty," by Parson Lot, 129; preface to, by Thomas Hughes, 97.
Chester, Kingsley takes up residence at, 411; botanical class at, 423; Lyell made member of Natural Science Society, 424.
Chevallier Mons, 117.
Childs, G. W., 458.
Cholera in England, 120; three sermons preached on, 120.
Christ weeping over Jerusalem, subject of sermon in Westminster Abbey, 475.
Christian Socialist, 135; attacked in *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, 137; stopped, 164.
Chronological list of Kingsley's works, 491.
Church of Rome, letter from Kingsley to young man going over to, 114.
Civil Service Volunteers, Kingsley made chaplain of, 308.
Clemens, Samuel (Mark Twain), 459.
Colenso on Pentateuch, 343.
Coleridge, Derwent, Kingsley's teacher at Helston, 32; reminiscences by, 33.
Colorado Springs, 469.
Congreve, Capt., memories by, 283.
Conington, Prof., reviews "The Saint's Tragedy," 92.
Conscience, incident of Maurice's lecture on, 387.
"Constitutionalism of the Future," letter to Prof. Lorimer on, 373.
Comte, lectures on, at Cambridge, 400.
Cooper, Thomas, acquaintance with, begins, 108; letters to, 108, 187-200.
Cornell University, 460.
Cotton famine, controversy about with Lancashire mill-owners, 319.
Cranworth, Lord, 287.
"Crime and its Punishment," pamphlet on, by Henry Taylor, 388.
Crimean war, 207, 215.
Crystal Palace, question of opening on Sunday, 171; letter from Kingsley on, 172.
"Culture and Anarchy," Matthew Arnold's, 420.
Culture, address on, at Berkeley University, Cal., 468.
Curtis, G. W., 455.

DARWIN, 210; "Origin of Species" and "Fertilization of Orchids," 327; conquering, 337; letters to, on "Natural Selection," 339, 377, 378; Kingsley on progress of Darwinism, 378.

Digitized by Google

David, sermons on, 355.
Death of Kingsley, 482.
"Delectable Day, The," verses on, 438.
Detroit, 461.
"Deutsche Theologie" by Bunsen, Miss Winkworth translates, and Kingsley writes preface to, 207, 209.
Development theory, letter to H. Bates on, 339.
Devonshire, Duke of, installed as Chancellor of Cambridge, 320.
Diphtheria appears at Eversley, 278.
Disestablishment discussed in letter to Thomas Cooper, 199.
Drummond, Henry, letters from, on "Westward Ho!" 220.
Dunn, Henry, memories by, 390.

EBRINGTON, Lord, 469.
Edinburgh, Kingsley lectures on "Schools of Alexandria" at, 205.
"Education of the Working Classes, how can the State best help in," paper by Henry de Bunsen, 403.
Education League, Kingsley joins, 404.
"Egotism," article on, by Lionel Tollemache, 402.
Elegiacs composed on Morte Sands, 112.
Emancipated Women, letter from Kingsley to John Stuart Mill on, 417.
Emma, Queen of Sandwich Islands, visits Eversley, 361; writes letter to Dr. Benson of Wellington College, 361; letter from, to Kingsley, 362
Endless Torment, letter to Thomas Cooper on, 194.
Epicedium, 165.
Erie Railroad, narrow escape from accident on, 460.
Erskine, Henry, death of, 356.
Erskine, Rt. Hon. Thomas, settles at Eversley, 164.
"Essays and Reviews," letter from Kingsley to Dean Stanley on, 316; letter on, to Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Sumner), 367.
Eversley, Kingsley made Curate of, 54; parish described, 58; life at, described by mother, 67; Kingsley settles as Rector of, 76; parish work at, 77; first confirmation, 79; low contagious fever breaks out in, 118; flood in, 129; study window of rectory, 396; life at rectory described by Rev. Wm. Harrison, 395; Kingsley's grave in church-yard at, 488.
Eyre, Ex-Gov. of Jamaica, Kingsley's defence of, 370.
"Ezekiel's Vision," sermon before the Queen, 354.

FAME and Praise, Kingsley on, 229.
Farley Court, winter at, 233.
Field, Cyrus W., 463, 465, 466.
Field, James T., 459.
"Firmley Murder," 135.
Fishing for trout at Salisbury, 74; description of fishing excursion, 107; on the Torridge, 119; Notes on, to Thomas Hughes, 139; expedition to Snowdon with Tom Hughes and Tom Taylor, 235; lines to wife on, 241; letter to Tom Hughes on, 242; in Strathfieldsaye, 272; kills first salmon at Markree Castle, 308; catching salmon in Scotland, 321; letter to Froude on, 340.
Forster, Rt. Hon. E., 284.
Fortesque, Dudley, 469.
Fraser's Magazine, edited by Kingsley, 376.
Freedmen's Aid Union, letter to T. Hughes inquiring about, 382.
"Frithiof's Saga" presented to Kingsley by Fredrika Bremer, 170.
Froude, on *Oxford and Cambridge Review* 86, 93, 94; becomes acquainted with his future wife, Mrs. Kingsley's sister, 111; at Clovelly met Kingsley, 114, 117; quoted as an authority on natural phenomena of Snowdon, 276; letter to, 340; goes to Spain to examine Simancas MSS., 347, 376; letter to, from Kingsley on settlement at Chester, 413; opinion of ballad of Lorraine, 472.
Froude, Mrs. J. A., death of, 306.
Funeral of Kingsley, 484.

GASKELL, Mrs., letter from Kingsley vindicating her from attack, 180; letter from Kingsley to, on Miss Brontë's "Life," 269.
Gilman, D. C., 468.
Geological Society, Kingsley made Fellow of, 326.
Gladstone nominates Kingsley to Canonry of Chester, 404; letter from, appointing Kingsley Canon of Westminster, 441.
"Glaucus," origin of, 203.
Glyder, melodrama on the, 276.
Good Words, 319.
Gordon, Sir Arthur, invites Kingsley to visit Trinidad, 399.
Gosse, H. P., Kingsley sends specimens to, 202; letter to, 203; meeting with, 210.
Grant, U. S. President, 457.
Gray, Dr. Asa, 338, 456.
Gray, J. A. C., 463, 468.
"Great Cities, their influence for Good and Evil," 275.

Digitized by Google

Great Exhibition, 135; sermon on opening of, 140; question of opening on Sunday, 172, 173.
Grenfell, Fanny, Kingsley married to, 74.
Grenfell, Charlotte, wife of J. A. Froude, death of, 306.
Grenfell, Charles, death of, 306.
Grove, George, letter to, from Kingsley on keeping Crystal Palace open on Sunday, 170.
Gull, Sir William, 480.

HARNSARD, Rev. Septimus, assists Kingsley at Eversley, 316.
Hants and Wilts Education Society, lectures before, 278.
Hare, Archdeacon, 94; consulted about protest against dismissal of Maurice from King's College, 185; letter from, touching dismissal, 185; worried about Maurice's affairs, 206.
Harrison, Rev. William, memories by, 391, 482.
Harrow-on-the-Hill, 441.
Harvard, address on American Lectureship in Cambridge, 364.
Harvey, Lord Arthur, Bishop of Bath and Wells, 311.
Hay, Col. John, 456.
Hayden, Prof., 457.
Helps, Sir Arthur, Kingsley writes to, on sanitary matters, 205.
Henry, Dr., 457.
Henslowe, Rev. Geo., letter from Kingsley to, on sense of humor in Creator, 274.
"Hermits" for Sunday Library, 387, 398.
"Heroes, The," book of Greek fairy tales, by Kingsley, 228.
"Heroism," lectures on, 437.
Hildyard, Canon of Chester, letter from, 443.
"Hereward the Wake," seeds of, 29.
"High Church Parson" (Rev. Baldwin Brown), on keeping Crystal Palace open on Sunday, 173.
Hippocampus Question, controversy on, between Owen and Huxley, 322; burlesque speech of Lord Dundreary on, by Kingsley, 322.
Hollest, clergyman of Frimley, murdered, 130.
Hooker, Dr. Joseph, 311.
Housebreaking and robbery in Hampshire, Surrey, and Sussex, 130.
Howard George, letter from, 366.
Howson, Dean, memories of Kingsley by, 445; preaches sermon on Kingsley's life, 464.
Hughes, Prof., President of Chester Scientific Society, 449.
Hughes, Thomas, Kingsley becomes acquainted with, 94; preface by, to "Cheap Clothes, and Nasty," 97, recollections of Kingsley by, 97; defends Kingsley from charge of being a Chartist, 101; letter from Kingsley to, 138; letter from Kingsley to, on Iron lockout, 160; on the Crimean War, 214, 215; on fishing excursion to Snowdon, 234–246, 247; invitation in verse to visit Snowdon, 248; gossip about fishing, 242; letter to, on "Two Years Ago," 265; on occasion of Kingsley's thirty-eighth birthday, 270; on "Tom Brown," 271; on fortieth birthday, 288; letter to, about Mill and Maurice, 356; letter to, inquiring about Freedmen's Aid Union, 382.
Human Physiology and Science of Health, lectures on, founded at Birmingham, 436.
Humor, sense of, in the Creator, letter on, 274.
"Hypatia," reference to "Oxford Tracts" in introduction to, 43; begun as serial in *Fraser's*, 135; letter to J. M. Ludlow, 165; published as a book, 178; condemned as immoral by Professor of Hebrew in Cambridge, 342; Whittier's opinion of, 473.
Huxley, letter to, 339.
Huxley and Owen, on Hippocampus Question, 322.
"Hypotheses Hypochondriacæ," 36.
"Hyppolytus," Baron Bunsen's, 178, 180.

IGNATIUS and Hyppolytus, Baron Bunsen's, 178, 180.
Ilfracombe, Kingsley recruiting at, 111.
Indians of N. America, Kingsley's views of, 387.
Indian Mutiny, news of, received, 267; Kingsley's distress over, 275.
Invitation, in verse, to fishing trip on Snowdon, to Tom Hughes and Tom Taylor, 248.
Iron trade lockout, letter from Kingsley on, 160.
Ithaca, 464.

JAMIESON'S (Mrs.) "Sacred and Legendary Art," article on, in *Fraser*, 111.
"Jane Eyre," 266.
Jews' tin and Jews' houses, 371.
Jinns, The, 372.
Jowett, Prof., 380.
Justice of God, letter to Thomas Cooper on, 189.
"Juventus Mundi," poem by Kingsley, 452.

Digitized by Google

KINGSLEY, CHARLES, birth of, 21; descent, 21; account of his father, 21; mother, 22; account of maternal grandfather, 23; letter about Button Cap, 25; sermon and poems at four years of age, 25, 26; juvenile reminiscences, 28; begins study of conchology, 30; life at Clovelly, Devonshire, 30, 31; at Helston Grammar School under Derwent Coleridge, 32, 34, 36; entered at King's College, 38; entered at Magdalene College and gains scholarship, 41; first meets future wife, 42; thinks of going to the Far West, 44; difficulties about Trinity, 46; pedestrian feats, 48; decides on the Church as a profession, 51; leaves Cambridge, 53; Curate of Eversley, 54; ordained at Farnham, 56; first day of public ministration at Eversley, 59; engagement to future wife, 69; Curate of Blandford, 69; domestic arrangements at Pimperne, 72; married to Fanny Grenfell, 74; presented to living of Eversley, 76; settled as Rector of Eversley, 76; first confirmation at, 79; first personal acquaintance with Maurice, 80; Honorary Canon of Middleham, 85; eldest son born, 91; lionized at Oxford, 92; Professor of English Literature in Queen's College, 93; proposed for professorship in Kings' College, 107; breaks down while writing "Yeast," 109; in ill-health at Ilfracombe, 111; decides to take pupils, 113; letter to a young man going over to Church of Rome, 114; breaks down nursing sick at Eversley, 118; resigns office of Clerk in Orders at Chelsea, 127; finishes "Alton Locke," 127; letter in reply to attack on "Yeast" in the *Guardian*, 142; publicly rebuked by Incumbent of a London church for sermon to working men, 146; visits Germany, 148; correspondence with Maurice touching dismissal from King's College, 181–185; classed as unorthodox, 202; lectures at Edinburgh on "Schools of Alexandria," 205; writes preface to Bunsen's "Deutsche Theologie," 207; conference with Palmerston on sanitary matters, 207; letter from, to a lady on joining a sisterhood, 210; lectures on Fine Arts at Bideford, 221; facility in sketching, 223; address on work of ladies in country parish, 223; writes the "Heroes," book of Greek fairy tales, 228; winter at Farley Court, 233; "Two Years Ago," 234; fishing excursion to Snowdon with Tom Hughes and Tom Taylor, 254; invitation to, 248; verses in visitors' book at Pen-y-gwryd, 252; fall from a horse, 255; writes preface to life of Tauler, 256; completes "Two Years Ago," 265; made Fellow of Linnæan Society, 265; views on marriage, 267; fights diphtheria at Eversley, 278; rebuke to an "advanced thinker," 280; poems published, 289; preaches before Queen and made a Chaplain in Ordinary, 286; preaches sermon at marriage of niece to Max Müller, 287; address to Ladies' Sanitary Association, 291; appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, 303; takes his degree of M.A, 307; made chaplain of Civil Service Volunteers, 308; preaches sermon for Trinity House, by command of Prince Consort, 308; sermon on "Why should we Pray for fair Weather?" 309; inaugural lecture at Cambridge on "The Limits of Exact Science applied to History," 311; lectures on "The Roman and the Teuton," 311; lectures before Prince of Wales on Modern History, 314; letter to Dean Stanley on "Essays and Reviews," 316; lectures on history of American States, 319; writes installation ode for Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of Cambridge, 320; visits Scotland, 321; burlesque speech of Lord Dundreary on Hippocampus question, 322; made Fellow of Geological Society, 326; Chaplain to Prince of Wales, 327; lecture on "Art of Learning," 330; proposed by Prince of Wales to Oxford for degree of D.C.L., 342; name withdrawn, 342; sermon on Pentateuch, 343; publishes "Water-babies," 345; controversy over Newman's "Apologia pro vita sua," 346; starts for Spain with Froude, 347; preaches before Queen on "Ezekiel's Vision" in Chapel Royal, 354; sermons on David, 355; visited by Queen Emma of Sandwich Islands, 361; lines on death of King Leopold, 362; address on proposed American Lectureship in Cambridge, 364; lectures at Royal Institution on Science and Superstition, 368; defence of ex-Gov. Eyre, 370; edits *Fraser's Magazine* for Froude, 376; on Darwinism, 378; visits Scotland, 379; how to cure stammering, 383; lectures on 16th Century, 386; incident in Maurice's lecture room, 387; "Hermits," 387; "Madam How and Lady Why," 387; resigns Cambridge professorship, 398, 400; attends Women's

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Suffrage meeting with J. Stuart Mill, 398; made Canon of Chester, 402; presides over educational section of Social Science Congress, 403; joins Education League, 404; installed Canon at Chester, 406; sails for West Indies, 406; arrival at Trinidad, 408; return from West Indies, 410; lectures at Sion College on theology of the future, 422; president of Midland Institute, 435; appointed Canon of Westminster, 414· farewell to Chester, 442; death of mother, 442; first residence in Westminster, 449, 451; sermon in, 452; sails for America, 452; arrival at New York, 454; Boston and Cambridge, 455; Philadelphia, 457; Washington, 457; opens Session of House with prayer, 458; Western trip, 461–470; severely ill in Colorado, 468; returns to Eversley, 474; attack of congestion of liver, 474; last illness, 477; death, 482; burial at Eversley, 483; grave, 488; memorial fund, 489; chronological list of works, 491.
Kingsley ancestry, 413.
Kingsley, Charles, father. Rector of Holne, 21; Rector of Barnack, 24; Rector of Clovelly and St. Luke's, 30, 38; death of, 304; epitaph on, 304.
Kingsley, Gen., Governor of Fort William, 279.
Kingsley, Herbert, living of Barnack held for, 24; death of, 35.
Kingsley, Mrs., description of future husband, when she first met him, 42; marriage, 74; narrow escape of, 237; serious illness of, 477.
Kingsley, Lieut., death of, 84.
Kingsley, Miss Rose, letter from father to, 107; account of travels in United States, 454 et seq.
Kingsley, Maurice, memories of father by, 261; at home from Mexico, 442.
Kingsley, Grenville Arthur, second son born, 283.
Kingsley, Mrs., mother of Charles, death of, 442.
Kingsley, Dr., 468.
Kingsley, Dr. William, of New Haven, 459.
Knowledge of God, letter to Thomas Cooper on, 193.

LABORING Man, Message of Church to, sermon by Kingsley, 145.
Ladies' Sanitary Association, address to, 291.
Ladies, work of, in country parish, address on by Kingsley, 223.
Land Colonization question, 117.
Last illness of Kingsley, 477–482.
"Levana," by Jean Paul, quotations from, 257.
Lees, Mr., reads for Holy Orders with Kingsley, 129.
Leopold, King of Belgium, death of, 362.
"Limits of Exact Science applied to History," Kingsley's inaugural lecture at Cambridge, 311.
Linnæan Society, Kingsley made Fellow of, 265.
London Quarterly Review, favorable notice of Kingsley's works in, 269.
Long Game (The), 135.
Longfellow, H. W., 388; dines with, at Cambridge, Mass., 456.
Lorimer, Prof., letter to on "Constitutionalism of the Future," 373.
"Lorraine," ballad of, 471.
Lotos Club, reception by, 454.
Loyalty and Sanatory Reform, sermon on, 433.
Ludlow, John Malcolm, 94; letters to, 105, 128, 131, 165, 168, 228, 232.
Lyell, Sir Charles, letter from, to Kingsley on rain sermon, 309, 311; seconds Kingsley's nomination as Fellow of Geological Society, 326; letter from Kingsley to, 337; made member of Natural Science Society at Chester, 424.

MACLEOD, Dr. Norman, death of, 434.
"Madam How," written, 283.
"Madam How and Lady Why," 387, 398.
Mallet, Sir Charles, 311.
Man and woman, intellectual relations between, 55.
Mansfield, Charles B., 118; death of, 216; sketch of, by Kingsley, 217.
Manchester Exhibition, 267.
Mariposa Grove, 467.
Mark Twain, 459.
Marriage, Kingsley's views on, 267; eternity of, 299; views on second marriage, 302.
Martineau, John, recollections of Kingsley by, 149.
Martyn, Henry, life of, 74.
Massacre of Innocents, 286.
Maurice, "Kingdom of Christ" first read, 61; Kingsley's first personal acquaintance with, 80; letter from, 81; sponsor to Kingsley's eldest son, 91; writes preface to Kingsley's life of St. Elizabeth, 91; trying to control Chartist outbreak, 95; excursion to Crowland Abbey with, 107; letter from, to Prof. Thompson commending Kingsley as tutor, 113; letters from Kingsley to, 131, 135.

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236; on Kingsley's reply to review of "Yeast" in *Guardian*, 142; anecdote of, by John Martineau, 153; "Theological Essays," 181; dismissed from King's College for sermon on Eternal Life and Death, 181; letters from Kingsley on dismissal, 181, 184; Kingsley visits, in London, 206; views on Kingsley writing preface to "Deutsche Theologie," 208; letter to, from Kingsley on Sabbath question, 243; letter to, from Kingsley on father's death, 305; superintends issue of "Tracts for Priests and People," 318; letter to, on Darwinism, 337; letter to, on Pentateuch, 343; letter to, on Stanley's lectures on Jewish Church, 344; letter to, on Athanasian Creed, 354; letter to, on sermons on David, 355; letter to, on Doctrine of the Trinity, and Subscription to Articles, 359; letter to, on Savonarola, 360; appointed to Chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, 366; incident of lecture on Conscience, 387; at dinner to Longfellow, 388; letter to, on overwork, 399; death of, 434, 435.
Medical Education of Women, 404.
Memorial Fund to Kingsley, 485, 489, 490.
Meteor shower, 372.
Middleham, Kingsley Honorary Canon of, 85.
Mills, D. O., 465.
Mill, John Stuart, letter from, 297; letters to, from Kingsley on Woman question, 401; Kingsley's personal impressions of, 401; letter from Kingsley to, on Womans' Rights. 416
Mitford, Miss, mistakes his curate for Kingsley, 125, 135.
Montagu, Rev. James, letter from, 50.
Montagu, Col. Geo. and Montagu's Chirodota, 203.
Montagu, Lord Robert, letter to, on revivals, 299.
Money difficulties, Kingsley on, 206.
Monsell, Rev. Dr., letter from, about "Santa Maura," 281.
Müller, Max, criticism on "Saga," 165; on Kingsley at sea-shore, 204; visits Kingsley, 265; marriage of, to Kingsley's neice, 287; letter to, on Jews' Tin, Jews' Houses, and Germany, 371; on funeral of Kingsley, 484.

NAPIER, Sir W., description of, answering to that of Kingsley, 260.
Napier, Mrs. Wm, asks Kingsley to bless new regimental colors, 279.
Napier, Sir Charles, on the 22nd Regt., 279.
Narbonne, 350.
National Subjects, sermons on, 174.
"Nature's Melodrama," 277.
"Natural Selection," Wallace's Essay on, 419.
New Haven, 459.
Newman's (Dr.) *Apologia pro vita sua*, controversy over, 346.
Newman, F., 117.
Niagara visited, 461.
Nismes, 351.
"North-East Wind, Ode to," 310.
Novel writing, Kingsley on, 105.
"Nun's Pool, The," 135.

ODE to the North-East Wind, by Kingsley, 310.
Omaha, 463.
Owen and Huxley on Hippocampus question, 322.
Owen, Prof., 118.
Oxford and Cambridge Review, 85, 86.
"Oxford Tracts," Kingsley's first impressions of, 43.

PALESTINE, questions about geology of, 310.
Palmer, Gen. and Mrs., 469.
Parker, John, publisher, 94.
Parson Lot, origin of *nom de plume*, 98; on British Museum, 105; last words in "Christian Socialist," 164.
Patteson, Bishop, letter to Max Müller on, 435.
Pau, 349.
Paul, Rev. C. Kegan, Memories of Kingsley by, 121; letter to, 130; letter to, about Justice to Catholics, 285.
Pen-y-gwryd, lines in visitors' book at, by Tom Hughes, Tom Taylor, and Kingsley, 252.
Penny Readings, 367.
Pentateuch, Kingsley's sermons on, 343.
Penrose, Frank, letter from, 50.
"Pepys's Diary" expurgated, 402.
Periodical proposed, 89.
Perkins, Mrs., sister of Mrs. H. B. Stowe, visits Eversley, 234.
Peterson, C. J., 457.
Philadelphia visited, 457.
"Pilgrim's Progress" illustrated, 289, 298.
"Pilgrimage of Grace," unfinished novel, 284.
Plucknett, Mr., memories by, 222.
Poems published, 280.
Poetry, advice to an Oxford friend on writing and publishing, 109.
Poetic faculty, Kingsley's opinion of his own, 169.

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'Politics for People," appearance of first number, 99.
Popery and Protestantism, struggle between, 88.
Popery, article on, in *Fraser's Magazine*, 93.
Potter, U. S. Senator, 460.
Poverty, views of, 60.
Powles, Rev. R. C., reminiscences of Kingsley at Helston Grammar School, 34; letter to, 88.
Price, Rev. Elis, 474.
Prince Consort, 286; by command of, Kingsley delivers annual sermon at Trinity House, 308; delivers lectures before Prince of Wales on Modern History, 314; death of, 316, 319.
Prince of Wales, Kingsley lectures before, on Modern History, 314; marriage of, 327; proposes Kingsley's name to Oxford for degree of D.C.L., 342; in Bramshill Park Camp, 432; attacked with fever, 432; sends Sir William Gull to attend Kingsley, 480.
Pulliblank, Rev. J., memories by, 386.
Punishment, corporal, Kingsley's views of, 389.
Punishment of children, Kingsley's views of, 258.
"Purgatory of Suicides," by Thomas Cooper, 108.

QUEEN'S Chaplain, Kingsley appointed, 286.
Queen, sermon before on "Ezekiel's Vision," 354.

RABELAIS, Kingsley learns from, 119.
Ragged School, Kingsley on, 226.
Rain, sermon by Kingsley on, 309.
Reading for Orders, advice on, to C. Kegan Paul, 130.
Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, 303.
Revivals and revivalists, 299.
Richter, Jean Paul, 259.
Rigg, Rev. Dr., letter to, 269.
"Roman and the Teuton, The," lectures on, by Kingsley at Cambridge, 311.
Rome, Church of, Kingsley's advice to young man about going over to, 114.
Romilly, spot where drowned, 284.
Rothery, Mr. and Mrs. H. C., 458, 463, 469.
Royal Wedding, Prince of Wales, 327.
Russell, Francis, letter from Kingsley to, 255.

SABBATH question, letter to Maurice on, 244.
Sacramento, 465.
"Saint's Tragedy," published, 92.
Salt Lake City, 464.
Sanitary Matters, conference with Lord Palmerston on, 207; gives evidence on before House of Commons, 210; clergy urged to attend to, 205.
Sanitary Science, lectures on, 286.
Sanitary Reform, connection of women with, 291.
"Santa Maura," 135; publication of, 280; Kingsley to Maurice on letter from Dr. Monsell on, 281; Kingsley's reply, 282.
Savonarola, letter to Maurice on, 360.
Schools of Alexandria, Kingsley lectures on, at Edinburgh, 205.
Schulze, Dr. Karl, 440.
Science and Superstition, lectures on at Royal Institution, 368.
Science Congress, 404.
Science of Health, classes and lectures on, founded at Birmingham, 436.
Scriptures, study of, letter from F. D. Maurice on, 81.
Self-improvement, Kingsley's views on, 70.
Sermons for the Times, 227; good worked by, 240; letter to Kingsley on, from chaplain, 272.
Seymour, Sir Michael, 238.
Shaw, F. G., 454.
Shairp, Prof., memories of Kingsley by, 381.
Shields, Frederic, letter to, on illustrating "Pilgrim's Progress," 298.
Shirley, 269.
Sisterhood, letter from Kingsley to a lady on joining, 211.
Sixteenth Century, lectures on, 386.
Sketching, Kingsley's facility in, 223.
Smith, Rev. H. Percy, Curate of Eversley, 118.
Smoking, Kingsley defends his habit of, 129.
Snowdon, expedition to, with Tom Hughes and Tom Taylor proposed, 234; invitation, 248; starting, 251; lines in visitors' book, 252.
Social Science Congress at Bristol, 403.
Sorrow and its lessons, 167.
St. Louis, 461, 462.
"St. Elizabeth of Hungary," Life of, commenced by Kingsley, 56; opinion of Coleridge on, 90; drama of, published by Parker, 91.
Stammering, how to cure, 383.
Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, 94.
Stanley's "Sinai," 214; Kingsley's views of lectures on Ecclesiastical History, 282; first visit to Eversley, 287; on Kingsley's controversy with Dr. Newman, 347; letter from Kingsley

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to, on "Essays and Reviews," 316; "Lectures on the Jewish Church," letter to Maurice on, 344; letter from, on Kingsley's death, 482; preaches sermon on, 483.
Stowe, Mrs. Beecher, visits Eversley, 234.
Strauss's "Leben Jesu," 129.
Strettell, Rev. Alfred, succeeds Kingsley at Queen's College, 114.
Study of History, 354.
Subjection of Women, J. Stuart Mill's work on, 400.
Suffering working out perfection, 227.
Sumner, Charles, Kingsley introduced to, 458; sudden death of, 458.

TAULER'S Life, Kingsley writes preface to, 255.
Taylor, Tom, fishing excursion to Snowdon with Kingsley, 234.
Taylor, Henry, on crime and its punishment, 388.
Taylor, Mrs. Peter, letter from Kingsley to, on women's suffrage, 415.
Teaching, Kingsley's plan of, 113.
Teetotalism, 137.
Temperance question, 451.
Tennyson's poems first mentioned, 56; Tennyson collecting Arthurian legends at Torridge Moors, 119; Kingsley visits Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson at Isle of Wight, 287.
Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," Kingsley's judgment of, 269.
"Theology of the Future," lecture on, by Kingsley, 421.
Thompson, Yates, of Liverpool, proposes to establish American Lectureship at Cambridge, 364; offer rejected, 366.
"Thoughts in a Gravel Pit," lecture on, 275.
"Three Fishers," circumstances under which written, 157.
Times, London, on Woolner's bust of Kingsley, 485.
Toads in a hole, letter to Rev. E. Pitcairn Campbell on, 341.
Tollemache, Lionel, Kingsley's views of article on Egotism by, 402.
"Tom Brown," Kingsley's opinion of, 271.
Torquay described, 201.
Total abstinence, 451.
"Town and Country Sermons," 325.
"Town Geology," lectures by Kingsley, 425.
Tractarians, 89.
"Tracts for the Times," Kingsley's opinion of characterization by *Edinburgh Review*, 51
"Tracts for Priests and People," issued under superintendence of Mr. Maurice, 318.
Trades Unions, letter from Kingsley on, 239.
Transmutation Theory, 203.
Treves, visit to, 148.
Trinidad, arrival at, 408.
Trinity, letter to Thomas Cooper on, 198.
Trinity, doctrine of, letter to Maurice on, 357.
Tulloch, Principal, 379.
"Twenty-five Village Sermons," 171.
"Two Years Ago," completed, 265; favorable opinion of, 268; letter from a naval chaplain about, 273; influence of, 272.

UNITED STATES, Kingsley and daughter sail for, 452.

VAN DE WEYER, M., 379.
Verses by Kingsley, 120.
"Vestiges of Creation, The," 203.
Vicars, Capt. Hedley, death of, 216.
"Village Sermons," 117.
Visitors' book at Pen-y-gwryd, lines in, by Kingsley, Hughes, and Taylor, 252.

WAGES of sin is death; sermon at Chapel Royal St. James's, 354.
Wallace, Alfred "Essay on Natural Selection," 419.
Warre, John Ashley, death of, 306.
Washington visited, 457–460.
"Waterbabies, The," written, 283, 320, 345.
Wellington College, Kingsley's interest in, 328; lecture on Natural History, before, 330.
Westminster, Kingsley made Canon of, 441; first residence at, 451; sermon in Abbey, before sailing for America, 452; allusion in sermon to telegram from Kingsley by Dean of Westminster, 466; Kingsley's last sermon in, 475; Dean of Westminster at Kingsley's funeral, 483; Woolner's bust of Kingsley unveiled in Westminster Abbey, 485.
"Westward Ho!" commenced, 210; correspondence about, 220, 221; letter from naval officer on, 238.
West Indies, Kingsley sails for, 406; return from, 410.
Wharton, Dr., 456.
Whewell, Dr., 303; directs formation of class on Modern History under Kingsley's instruction, for Prince of Wales, 315; death of, 363.

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Whittier, J. G., letter from, 472.
"Why should we pray for fair weather?" sermon, 309.
Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, congratulatory note from, on appointment to Chester, 403; congratulates Kingsley on appointment to Westminster, 443.
Winchester, Bishop of, letter from Kingsley to, on "Essays and Reviews," 317; at Kingsley's funeral, 483.
Winkworth, Miss, translates Bunsen's "Deutsche Theologie," 207; letter to, from Kingsley about preface to "Life of Tauler," 255.
Winthrop, R. C., 457.
Women, and Sanitary reform, 293.
Women, medical education of, discussed at Social Science Congress at Bristol, 404.
Women's Suffrage, letter to Mrs. Peter Taylor on, 415; letter to John Stuart Mill on, 416.
"Wonders of the Shore," 202, 203.
Wood, Dean of Middleham, appoints Kingsley Honorary Canon, 85.
Wood, Peter A. L. H., Rector of Copford, letter to, 67; visits Eversley 68.
Woolner's bust of Kingsley unveiled in Westminster Abbey, 485.
Wordsworth's "Excursion," 75.
Work of ladies in a country parish, address on by Kingsley, 223.
"Working parson, A," 96.
Working men, sermons to, 145.
Workmen's Club, literature recommended for, 319.
Workmen, Kingsley's address to, 95.

YALE College, 459.
"Yeast," published as serial in *Fraser's Magazine*, 92; Kingsley breaks down while writing, 109; publication of, provokes enemies, 133; reviewed unfairly in *Guardian*, 141; testimony to good influence of, 143, 266.
Yosemite Valley, Kingsley preaches in, 465.
Young, Brigham, 463.
Young men, Kingsley's sympathy with, 163.

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